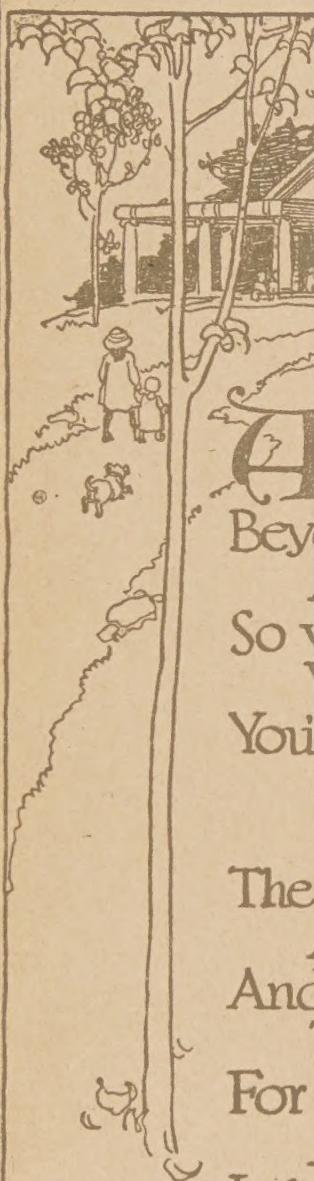


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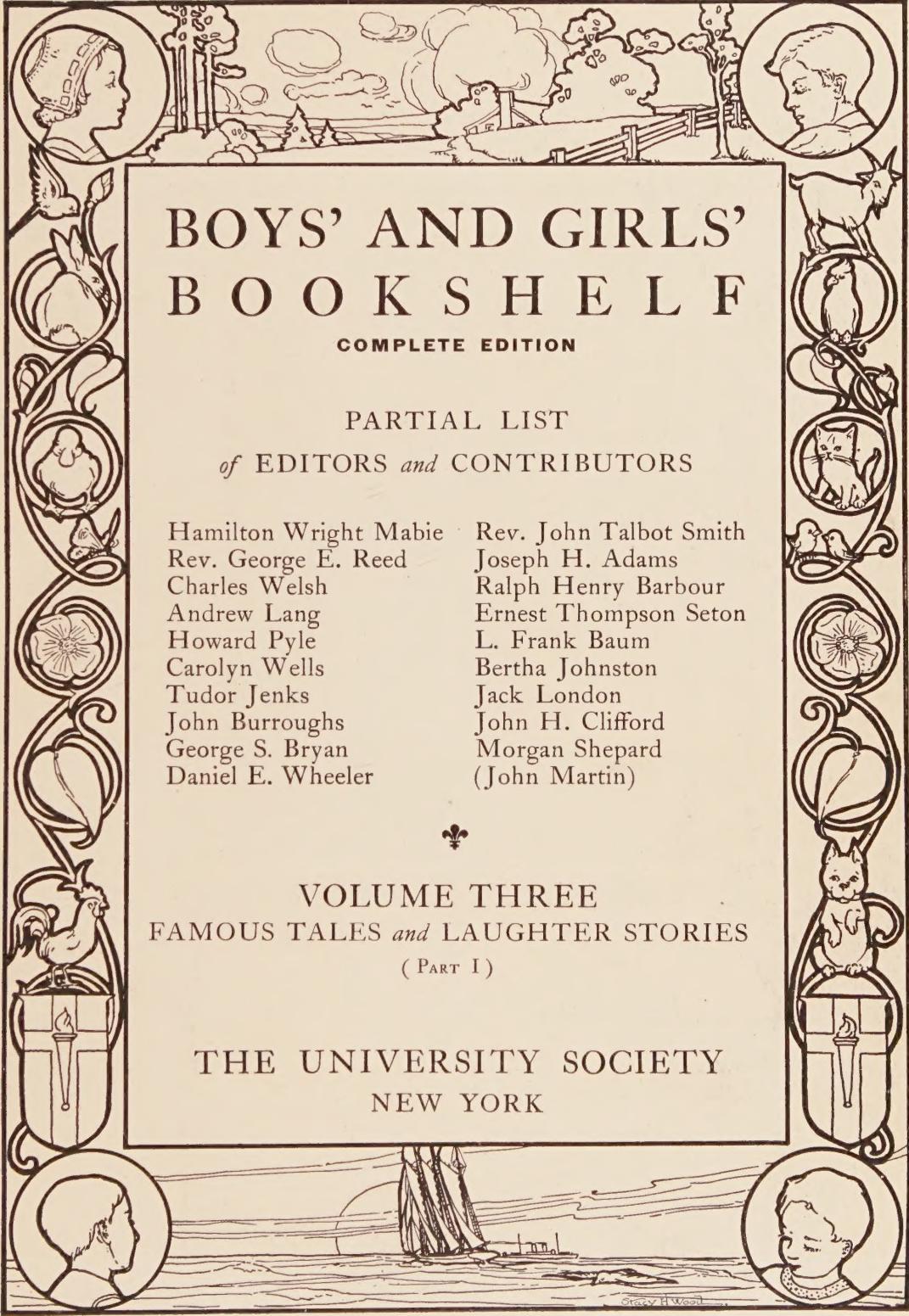


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"I 'SE BIGGEST!"

FROM AN ENGRAVING OF THE PAINTING BY ARTHUR J. ELSLEY.

PLEASANT PICTURES OF CHILD LIFE—IV.



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VOLUME THREE FAMOUS TALES *and* LAUGHTER STORIES (PART I)

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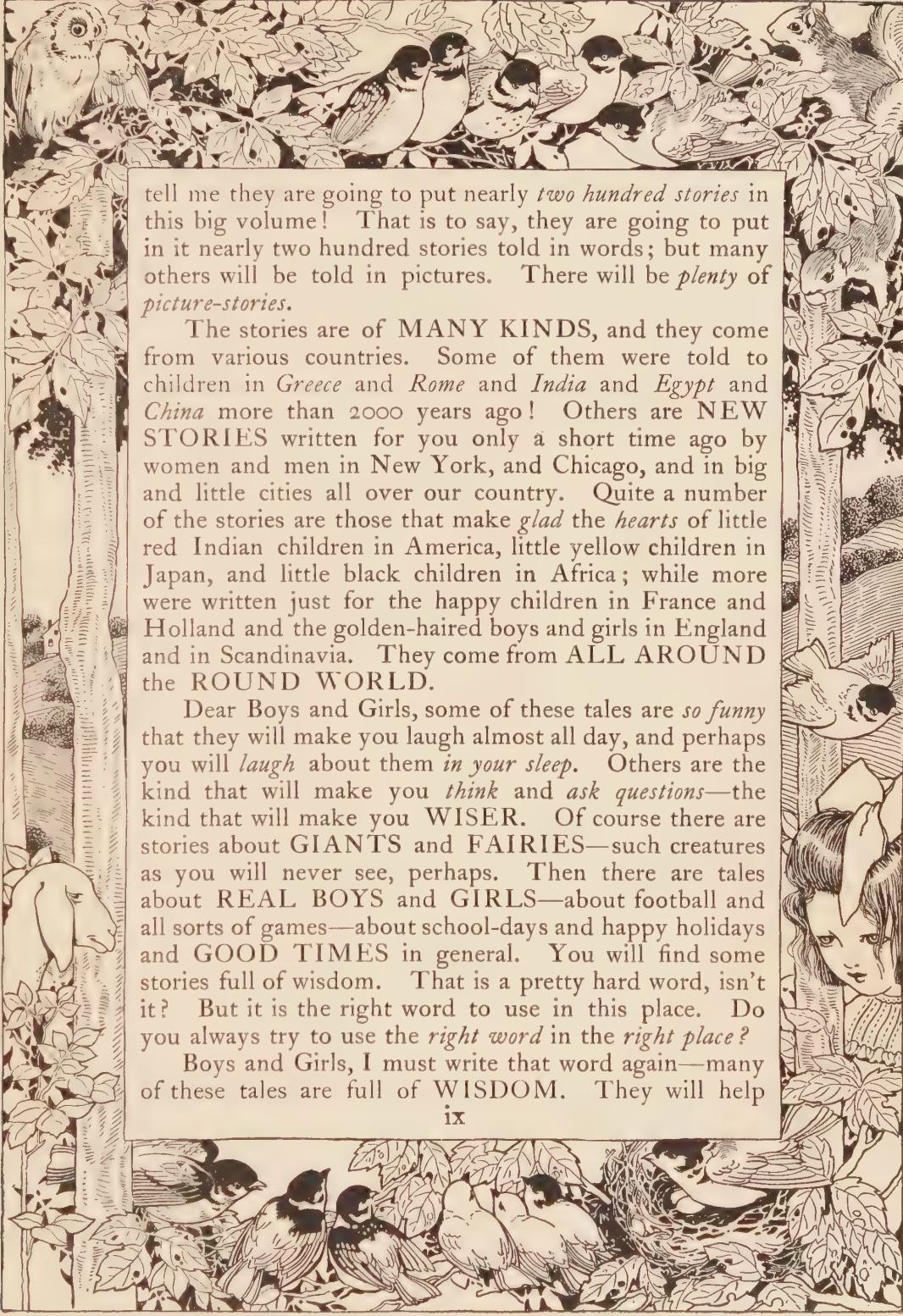
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A FOREWORD

EAR GIRLS AND BOYS: I know you are fond of stories. If I had a boy who did not like a GOOD STORY I would *trade* him off for a girl. If I had a girl who DID NOT LIKE STORIES I would give her away—Oh, no, I don't mean that—*nothing* could induce me to part with her! - But if she did not care for stories, I would take THIS VOLUME and read some to her until I found those that pleased her. She would be *sure* to like many of them. If she were very little, she just *couldn't help* enjoying the stories about DOLLS and DOGS and CATS and CHICKENS. If she were older, tales about SCHOOL-DAYS and VISITS in the country and SLEIGH-RIDING would make her glad.

Yes, little friends, *every girl* that loves her mother, and has bright eyes, and is fond of talking and laughing, will want to know our FAMOUS TALES AND LAUGHTER STORIES. And I guess that means good girls everywhere. As for the *boys*, you cannot find one who will not be happier as he reads or listens to most of these tales of ANIMALS and SPORTS, INDIANS and HUNTING, HEROIC ACTS, and FAITHFUL FRIENDS.

Why, bless you, Boys and Girls, the publishers

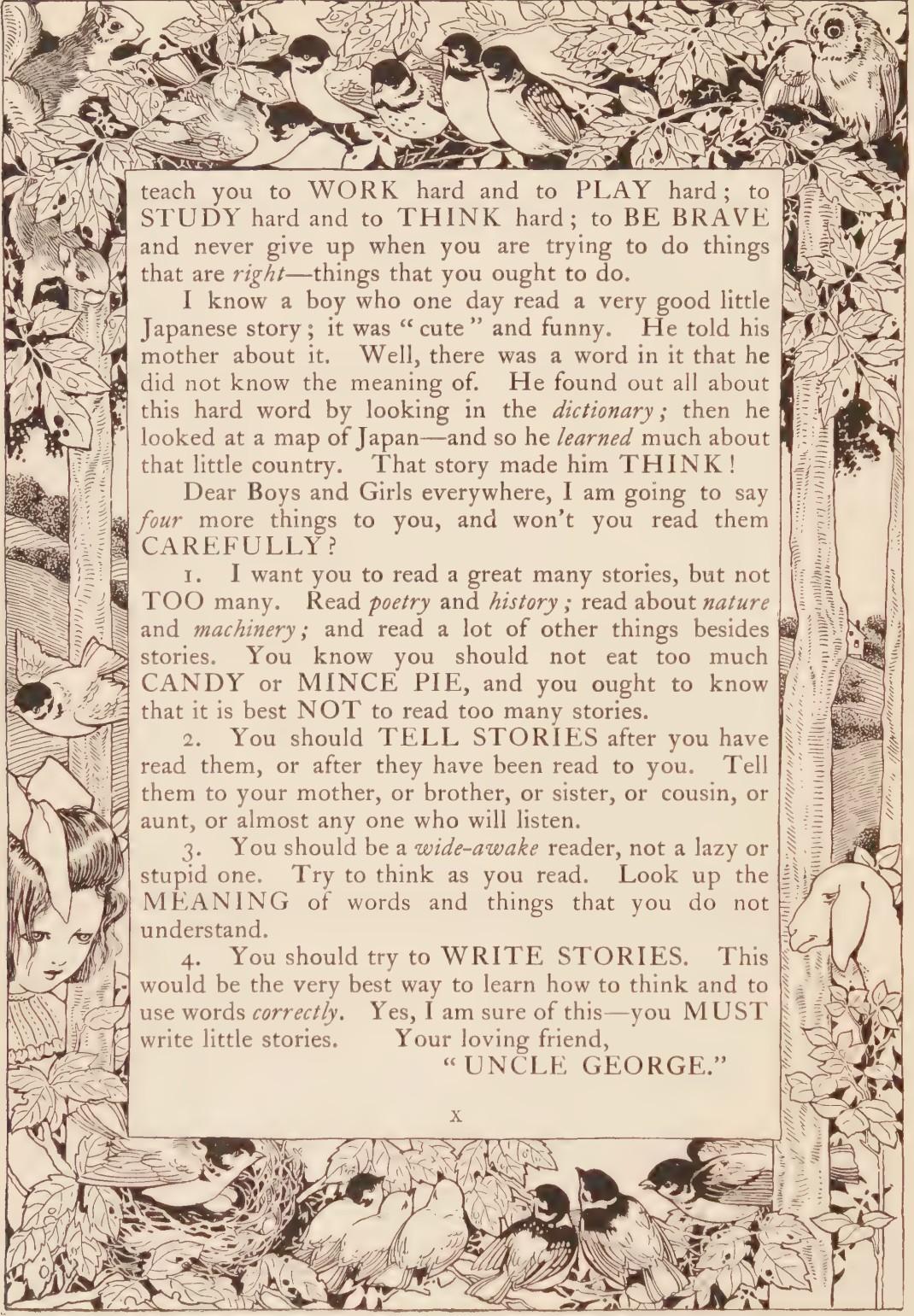


tell me they are going to put nearly *two hundred* stories in this big volume! That is to say, they are going to put in it nearly two hundred stories told in words; but many others will be told in pictures. There will be *plenty* of picture-stories.

The stories are of **MANY KINDS**, and they come from various countries. Some of them were told to children in *Greece* and *Rome* and *India* and *Egypt* and *China* more than 2000 years ago! Others are **NEW STORIES** written for you only a short time ago by women and men in *New York*, and *Chicago*, and in big and little cities all over our country. Quite a number of the stories are those that make *glad* the *hearts* of little red Indian children in America, little yellow children in Japan, and little black children in Africa; while more were written just for the happy children in *France* and *Holland* and the golden-haired boys and girls in *England* and in *Scandinavia*. They come from **ALL AROUND the ROUND WORLD**.

Dear Boys and Girls, some of these tales are *so funny* that they will make you laugh almost all day, and perhaps you will *laugh* about them *in your sleep*. Others are the kind that will make you *think* and *ask questions*—the kind that will make you **WISER**. Of course there are stories about **GIANTS** and **FAIRIES**—such creatures as you will never see, perhaps. Then there are tales about **REAL BOYS** and **GIRLS**—about football and all sorts of games—about school-days and happy holidays and **GOOD TIMES** in general. You will find some stories full of wisdom. That is a pretty hard word, isn't it? But it is the right word to use in this place. Do you always try to use the *right word in the right place*?

Boys and Girls, I must write that word again—many of these tales are full of **WISDOM**. They will help



teach you to WORK hard and to PLAY hard; to STUDY hard and to THINK hard; to BE BRAVE and never give up when you are trying to do things that are *right*—things that you ought to do.

I know a boy who one day read a very good little Japanese story; it was "cute" and funny. He told his mother about it. Well, there was a word in it that he did not know the meaning of. He found out all about this hard word by looking in the *dictionary*; then he looked at a map of Japan—and so he *learned* much about that little country. That story made him THINK!

Dear Boys and Girls everywhere, I am going to say *four* more things to you, and won't you read them CAREFULLY?

1. I want you to read a great many stories, but not TOO many. Read *poetry* and *history*; read about *nature* and *machinery*; and read a lot of other things besides stories. You know you should not eat too much CANDY or MINCE PIE, and you ought to know that it is best NOT to read too many stories.

2. You should TELL STORIES after you have read them, or after they have been read to you. Tell them to your mother, or brother, or sister, or cousin, or aunt, or almost any one who will listen.

3. You should be a *wide-awake* reader, not a lazy or stupid one. Try to think as you read. Look up the MEANING of words and things that you do not understand.

4. You should try to WRITE STORIES. This would be the very best way to learn how to think and to use words *correctly*. Yes, I am sure of this—you MUST write little stories.

Your loving friend,
"UNCLE GEORGE."

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ANIMAL STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

THE LITTLE GRAY KITTEN

BY MARY LAWRENCE TURNBULL

ONCE upon a time there was a little gray kitten, who had wandered far away from home. At first she liked all the strange sights she saw, but by and by she began to feel very homesick, and wished she was once more cuddled up with her brothers and sisters.

Now the only word this little gray kitten knew was "Mew, mew!" So when she was lonely she would say "Mew," when she was hungry, "Mew;" when she was cold or tired, glad or sad, it was always "Mew." At home they knew what she meant when she said "Mew," but out in the wide, wide world, nobody seemed to know.

Wandering along the street, she came upon a little squirming earthworm. "Mew," said she, meaning, "Where is my home?"

The earthworm, however, did not notice little gray kitten, but crawled away across the street.

Next, the little gray kitten met a butterfly on the top of a dandelion. "Mew," said the little gray kitten, meaning, "Can you tell me where my home is?" But the butterfly did not say anything, and flew away.

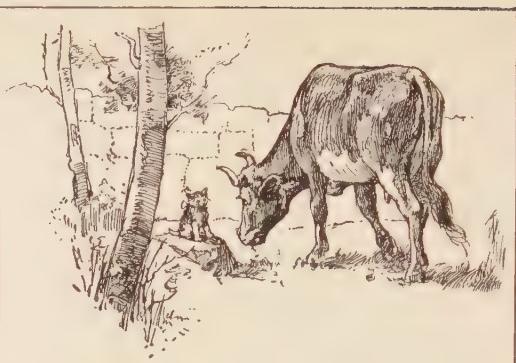


"SHE CAME UPON A LITTLE EARTHWORM."

"THE BUTTERFLY FLEW AWAY."



"THEN SHE SPIED A ROBIN."



"SOON SHE MET A BIG RED COW."

The little gray kitten walked on, and then she spied a robin on a stone wall near-by. "Mew," said the little gray kitten, "Where is my home?"

But the robin, cocking his head on one side, answered, "Chirp, chirp," and then spreading his wings, flew away.



"RUNNING ALONG SHE CAME UP TO A BIG BLACK DOG."

She felt very sad indeed, but running along she came up to a big black dog. "Mew, mew!" said the little gray kitten, "Oh, can you not tell me where my home is?"

But the big black dog shook his tail, and barked "Bow-wow, bow-wow-wow-wow!" so loudly

that the little gray kitten ran away from him as fast as she could go.

The little gray kitten was very tired, but she still ran on, and soon met a big red cow. "Mew, mew-ew," said the little gray kitten, "Can you not tell me where my home is?"

The big red cow, however, hardly looking at the little kitten, stretched out her big head, and shouted, "Moo, moo-oo!" which so frightened the little gray kitten that she jumped over a fence and landed right in the middle of a flower-bed.

There she caught sight of a little girl running up to her, and with such a sweet smile on her face that the little gray kitten ran toward her and said once more, "Mew, do you know where my home is?"

"Oh, you dear fluffy gray ball!" said the smiling little girl, catching the kitten up in her arms. "I'm going to take you right home to live with me."

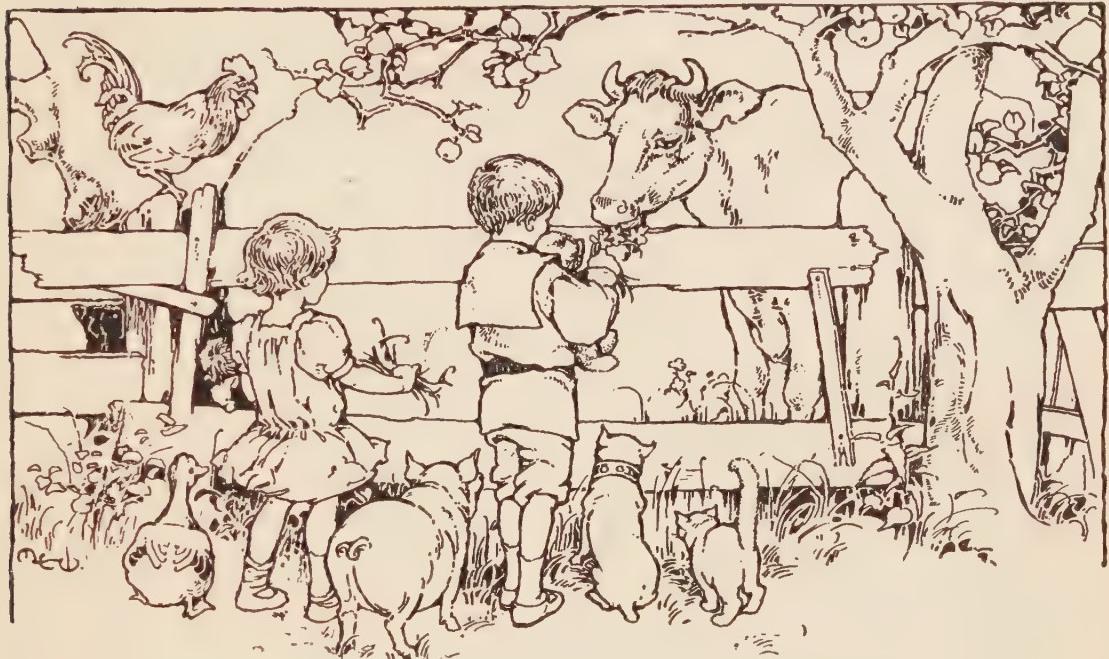
The little girl was the only one who had understood, and the little gray kitten purred softly. She was happy for she had found a home.



"OH, YOU DEAR FLUFFY GRAY BALL," SAID THE LITTLE GIRL."



'The Fine Good Show'



"GOOD MORNING, COW, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US."

A LITTLE girl and a little boy started down the road together to take a walk. They met a dog.

"Good morning, Dog," said the little girl. "Bow-wow!" answered the dog.
"Come and take a walk with us, Dog," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a cat.

"Good morning, Cat," said the little boy. "Miaow!" answered the cat.

"Come and take a walk with us, Cat," said the little girl. So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a rooster.

"Good morning, Rooster," said the little girl. "Cock-a-doodle-doo!" answered the rooster.

"Come and take a walk with us, Rooster," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a duck.

"Good morning, Duck," said the little boy. "Quack, quack!" answered the duck.

"Come and take a walk with us, Duck," said the little girl.

So they all went down the road talking merrily with one another.

Pretty soon they saw a little pinky-white pig with a funny little curly tail.

"Good morning, Pig," said the little girl. "Grunt, grunt!" answered the pig.

"Come and take a walk with us, Pig," said the little boy.

So they all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they came to a pasture.

In the pasture was a nice, old, red cow.

"Good morning, Cow," said the little boy. "Moo, moo!" answered the cow.

"Come and take a walk with us," said the little girl.

But the cow shook her head; she could n't open the pasture bars.

"We will let down the bars for you, Cow," said the little boy and the little girl.

So they let down the bars, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, and the duck, and the little white pig with the curly tail, and the little boy, and the little girl, all went in to see the cow.

The little girl climbed on the cow's back, and the little boy climbed on the cow's back, and the dog jumped on the cow's back, and the cat jumped on the cow's neck, and the rooster flew up on the cow's head, and the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walked behind the cow, and they all went down the road together just as happy as they could be.

Pretty soon they met a carriage with two women in it.

"Mercy on me!" said the two women.

"What's this!"

"This is a fine, good show," answered the little girl.

"Well, I should think it was!" said the two women. "It is a beautiful show."

"Thank you," said the little boy.

"Good-by," said the two women.

"Good-by," said the little girl.

So the cow, carrying the little boy, and the little girl, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, with the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walking along behind, all went down the road together.

Pretty soon they met a wagon with three men in it.

"Well! Well! Well!" said the three men. "Just look! What's all this?"

"This is a fine, good show," said the little boy, bowing very politely.



"GOOD MORNING, DUCK, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US."



"GOOD MORNING, PIG, COME AND TAKE A WALK WITH US."

"Indeed it is!" said the three men. "It's great!"

"Thank you," said the little boy, "I am pleased that you like it."

"Good-by," said the little girl.

So the cow, carrying the little girl, and the little boy, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, with the little white pig with the curly tail, and the duck, walking behind, all went down the road together.



THE FINE, GOOD SHOW.

Pretty soon they came to a store. The Store Man stood out in front of his store.

"Good morning, Mr. Store Man," said the little boy, "I have a little silver piece in my pocket."

"Good morning!" said the Store Man. "What can I do for you?"

"We want to buy some things for our Show," said the little boy.

"I'm glad of that!" said the Store Man.

So the little boy jumped down, and the little girl jumped down, and the dog jumped down, and the cat jumped down, and the rooster flew down.

"We want to buy a little corn for our cow and our pig," said the little boy.

"And we want to buy a little wheat for our rooster and our duck," said the little girl.

"And we want to buy a little meat for our dog," said the little boy.

"And we want to buy a little milk for our cat," said the little girl.

"And we want to buy some great, long sticks of candy for us!" said the little boy and the little girl together. "I hope you have some."

The Store Man took the money and brought out all the things.

The cow and the little white pig with the curly tail ate the corn; the rooster and the duck ate the wheat; the dog ate the meat, and the cat drank the milk, and the little girl and the little boy ate the great, long sticks of candy.

"Good-by, Mr. Store Man," said the little girl.

"Good-by, Mr. Store Man," said the little boy.

"Good-by, all of you," answered the Store Man.

So the little girl, and the little boy, and the dog, and the cat, and the rooster, and the duck, and the little pig with the curly tail, all went back up the road again.

Pretty soon they came to the pasture. The cow walked in.

"Good-by, Cow and Dog and Cat and Rooster and Duck and Pig!" shouted the little boy.

"Good-by, Pig and Duck and Rooster and Cat and Dog and Cow!" called the little girl.

"Moo-moo!" answered the cow.

"Grunt-grunt!" answered the pig.

"Miaow, miaow!" answered the cat.

"Quack, quack!" answered the duck.

"Cock-a-doodle-doo!" answered the rooster. "Bow-wow!" answered the dog.

And the little boy and the little girl put up the bars and ran back home as fast as they could go.

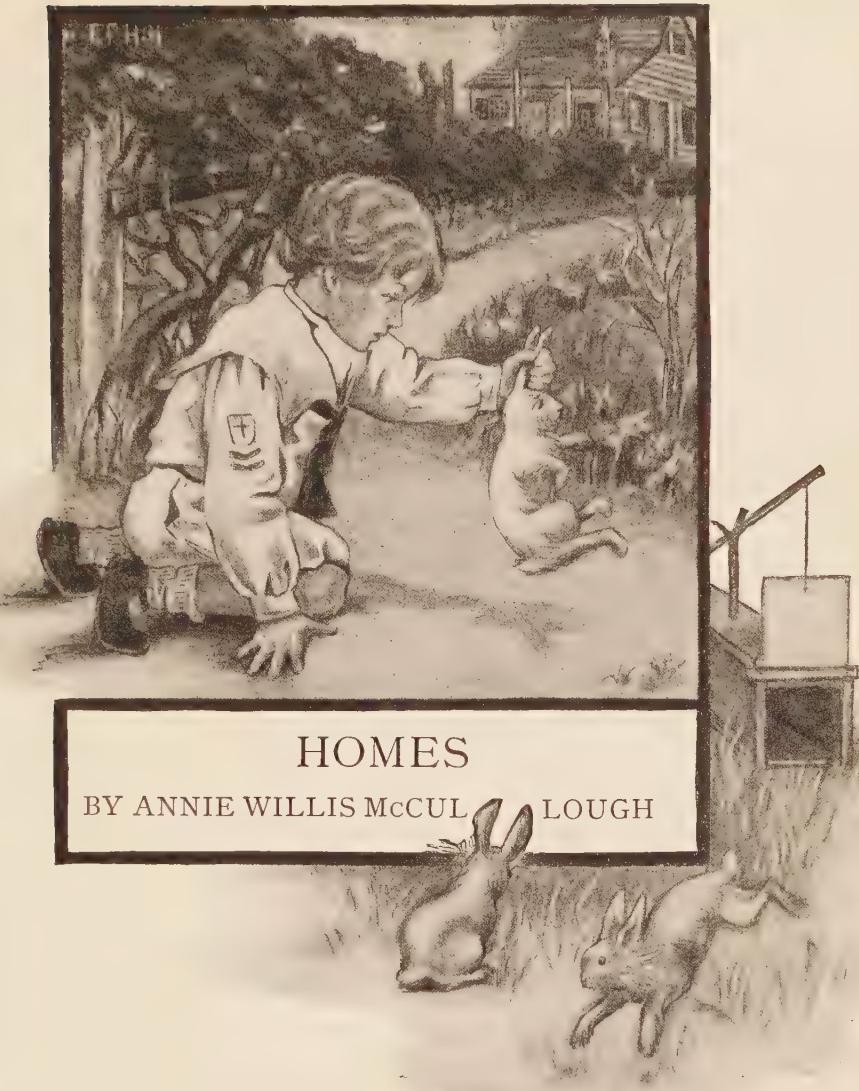


"THE STORE MAN BROUGHT OUT
ALL THE THINGS."

Jessie Wright Whitcomb.



"THE LITTLE BOY AND THE LITTLE GIRL PUT UP THE BARS."



HOMES

BY ANNIE WILLIS McCULLOUGH

My bunnies like their cozy house, although they scamper out to play ;
My chickens like the slatted coop where all the mother hens must stay.
My kitten likes her basket bed out in the woodshed near our door ;
My puppy loves his cellar box ; he sleeps and plays, then sleeps
some more.

But *I* have got the nicest home. My house is better far than theirs ;
Its windows let the sunshine in ; it has a porch, it has some stairs.
But I like best the kitchen warm, with table, stove, and pantry neat ;
The place where Dinah works, and makes good things for us to eat !

THE RABBIT, THE TURTLE, AND THE OWL

THE little girl and the little boy stood in the corn-field near the hollow tree where the Owl lived. The corn was in shocks like wigwams, and the yellow pumpkins lay on the ground. The Turtle came up from the brook below the corn-field, and stuck his head out of his shell to watch. The Rabbit sat on the edge of the slope, with his ears sticking straight up, to listen.

The sleepy Owl stirred behind his knot-hole.

"Don't you think," said the little boy, "that the Rabbit—"

"And the Turtle—" said the little girl.

"And the Owl," went on the little boy, "should have a Thanksgiving dinner?"

"Yes, a good dinner," replied the little girl, "right here in the corn-field."

"We could have a pumpkin table," said the little boy.

"And pumpkin chairs," said the little girl.

So, as Thanksgiving was that very day, and there was no time to lose, they began to work. They found a fine, big, flat-topped pumpkin, and placed it for a table at the foot of the Owl's tree. Then they found three little pumpkins for stools.

"They won't want to eat until night," said the little boy.

"No," said the little girl; and the Rabbit, too,—they

"We will lay everything to Grandmother's," said the come home, we can see all giving dinner."

The little boy ran and brought parsley and cabbage leaves for the Rabbit; and when the Rabbit saw that, he trotted home in a hurry, for fear he might be tempted to eat before it was time.

The little girl brought a fine big mushroom for the Turtle, for she had once seen a turtle nibble all around the edge of a mushroom.

"The Owl will have to bring his own dinner," said the little boy, "but I will get him a piece of bread to eat with it." So he did.

That night the little girl and boy drove home by moonlight from their grandmother's farm. When they were in their own room they looked out of the window toward the corn-field. They saw the corn-shocks, like wigwams, with black shadows. They saw the tree dark against the sky. They saw the big round yellow moon rising above the ridge of the field. They saw the pumpkin table and pumpkin chairs. They saw, sitting on one chair, the Rabbit, with his ears sticking straight up as he ate his parsley and cabbage. They saw the Turtle, stretching his head out of his shell as he nibbled his mushroom. They saw the Owl on his chair, eating the dinner he had brought. "Oh, isn't it beautiful!" said the little girl. "Beautiful!" said the little boy.



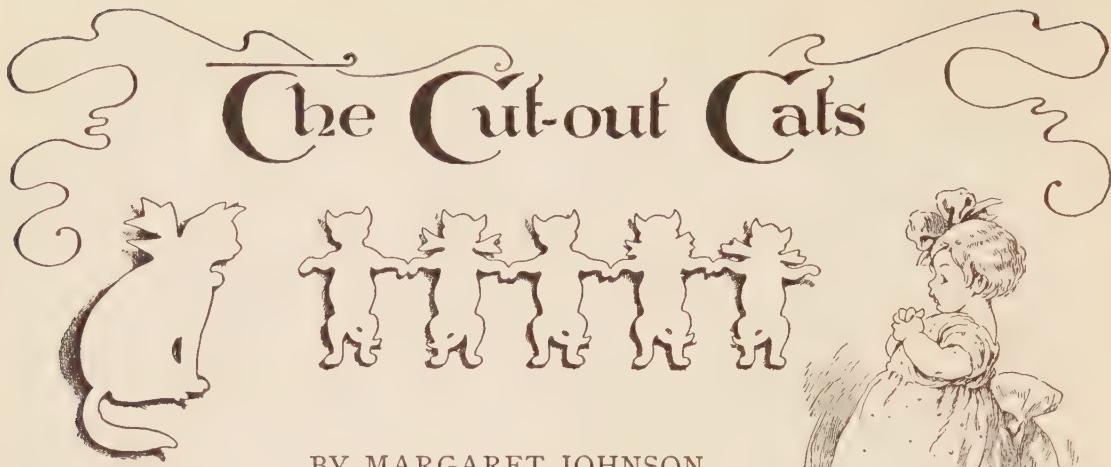
"the Owl and the Turtle
like dinner at night."
out for them before we go
little boy, "and when we
eating their good Thanks-



"IF MASTER FOX'S CHAIN WERE LONGER HE COULD GET SOME OF PUSSY'S MILK, TOO!"



FIDO: "IF MY MISTRESS WOULD ONLY TAKE OFF THIS MUZZLE I COULD HAVE SOME, TOO!"



BY MARGARET JOHNSON

THESE little cats that here you see,
In such a pretty row,
Were all cut out of paper white
With Mother's scissors sharp and bright.
(To please her Pet, you know !)

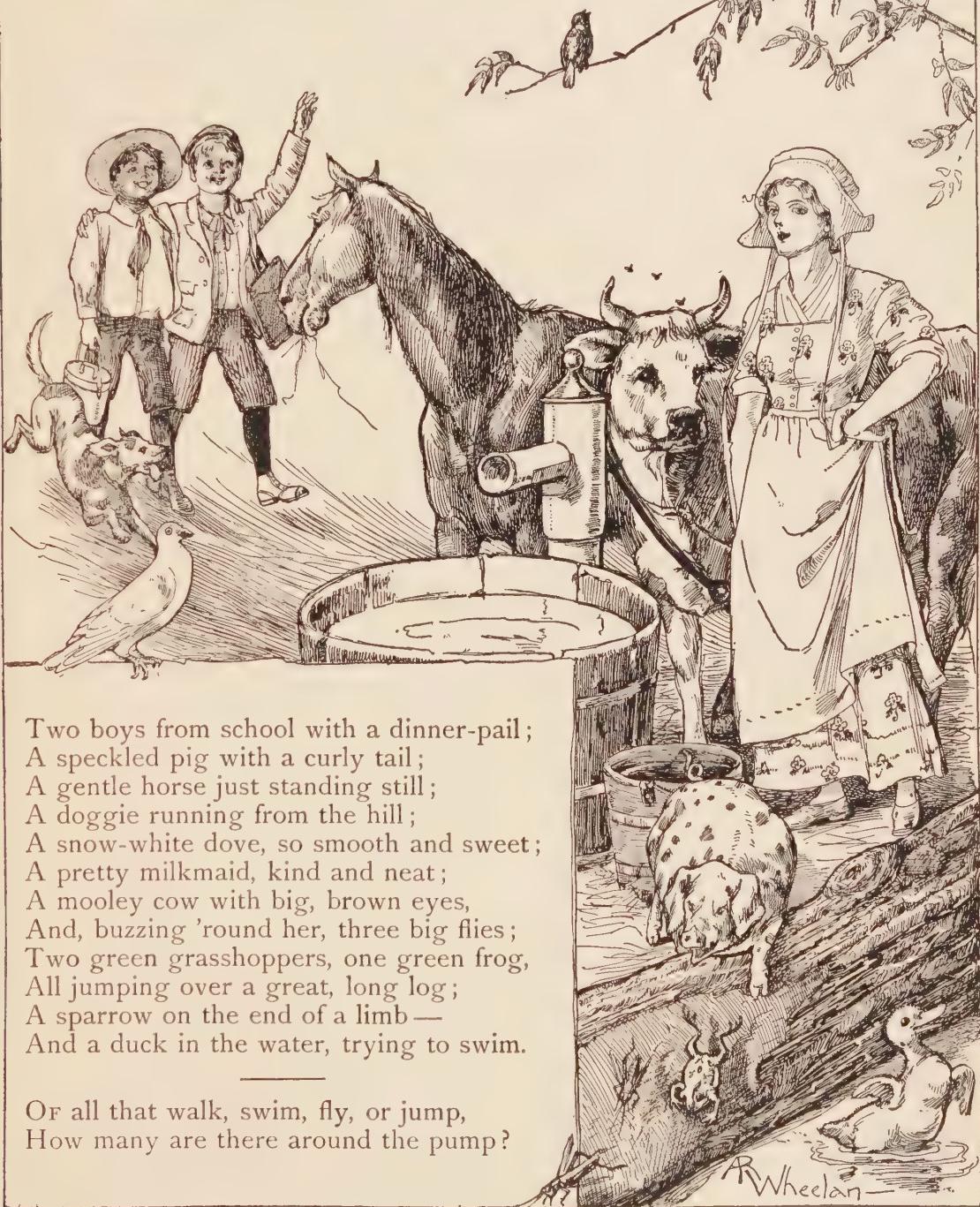
Here 's good old Tabby, keeping guard,
As mother-cats should do ;
Here 's Muff and Puff and little Fluff,
And Fanny—(Fanny wears the ruff)—
And frisky Frolic too.

A lovely family, indeed !
And if you think that they
So still and good must always be,
Upon this very page you 'll see
The Cut-out Cats at play !



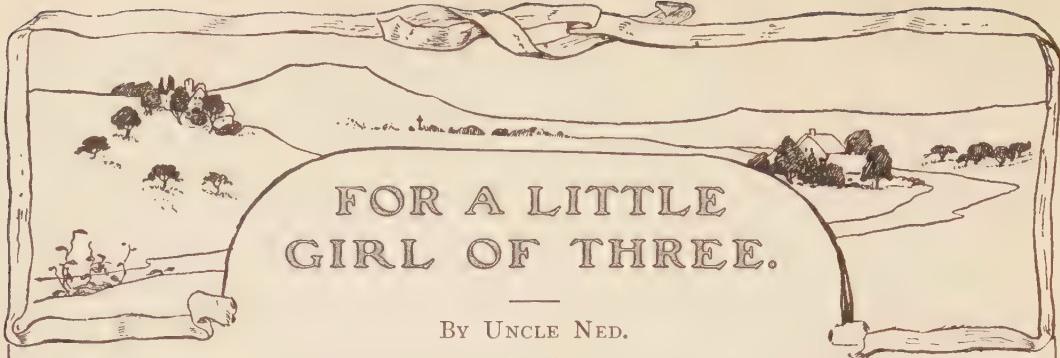
AROUND THE PUMP

BY JOY ALLISON



Two boys from school with a dinner-pail;
A speckled pig with a curly tail;
A gentle horse just standing still;
A doggie running from the hill;
A snow-white dove, so smooth and sweet;
A pretty milkmaid, kind and neat;
A mooley cow with big, brown eyes,
And, buzzing 'round her, three big flies;
Two green grasshoppers, one green frog,
All jumping over a great, long log;
A sparrow on the end of a limb—
And a duck in the water, trying to swim.

Of all that walk, swim, fly, or jump,
How many are there around the pump?



FOR A LITTLE GIRL OF THREE.

BY UNCLE NED.

Moo, moo!

What can I do
For my little girl of three ?
I will eat the sweet grass,
I will give her a glass
Of my milk for her tea ;
Moo, moo ! that 's what I 'll do
For my dear little maiden of three.



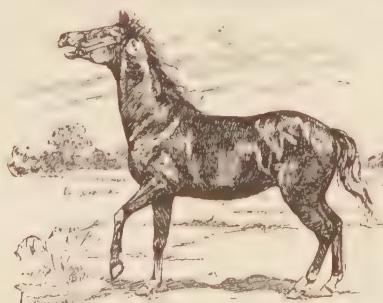
Bow-wow !

I will go now
With my little girl of three ;
I will make a great noise ;
I will frighten the boys,
For they all fear me ;
Bow-wow ! that is just how
I 'll guard my sweet maiden of three.



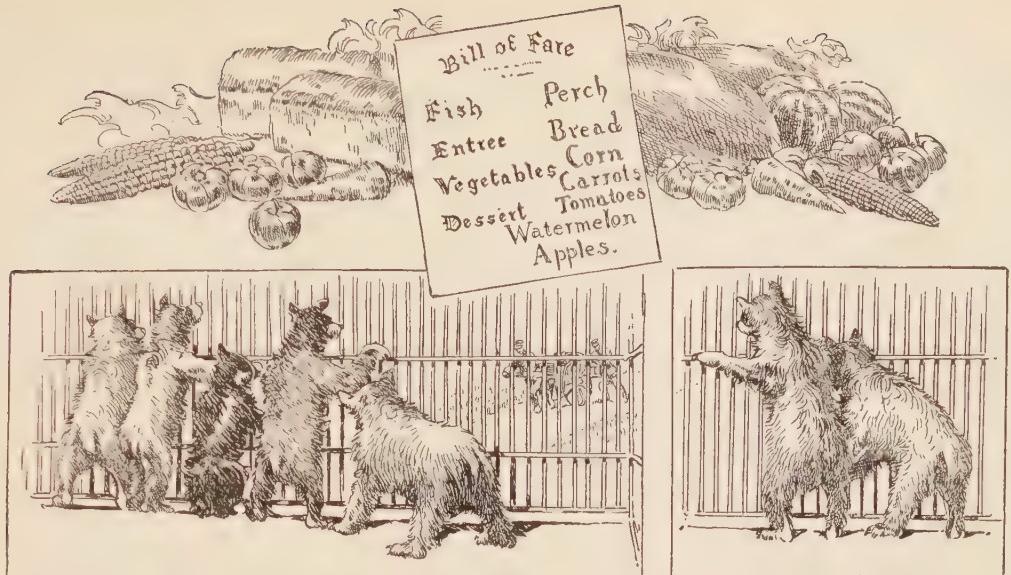
Mew, mew !

What can I do
For my little girl of three ?
I will catch all the mice,
And they shall not come twice
To the cake, you 'll see ;
Mew, mew ! that 's what I 'll do
For my sweet little maiden of three.

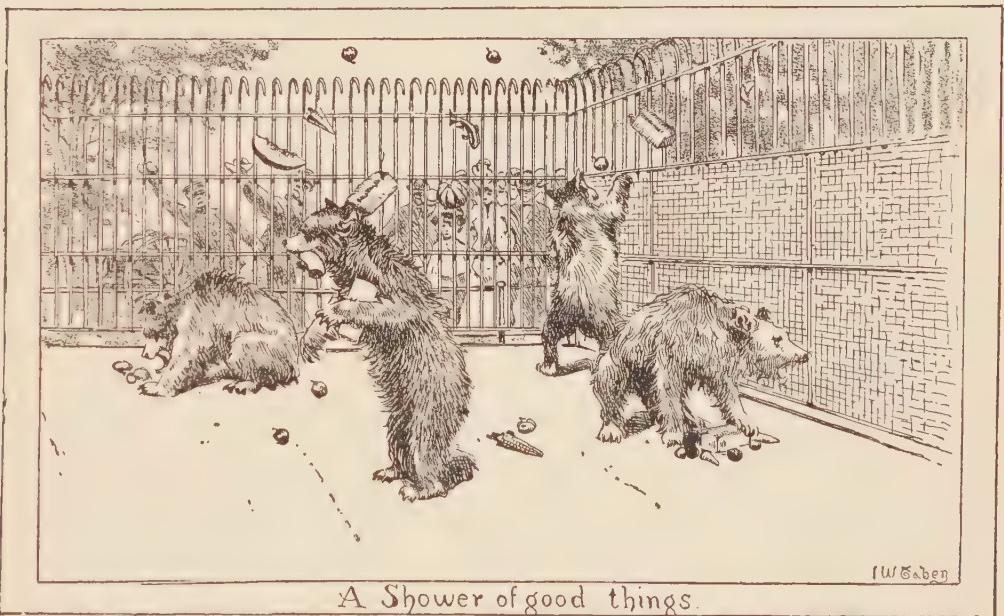


Neigh, neigh !

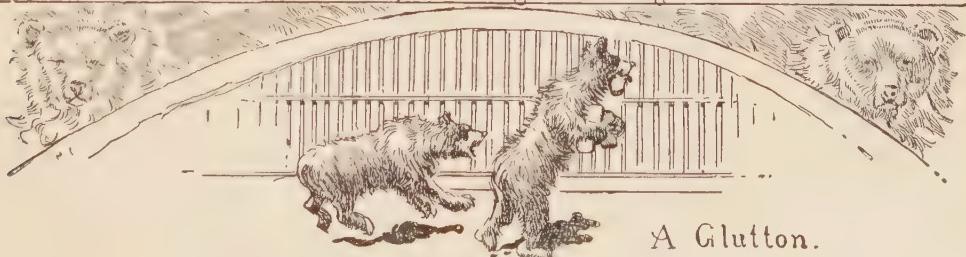
Out of the way
For my little girl of three !
I will give her a ride,
We will canter and glide
O'er the meadowy lea ;
Neigh, neigh ! that 's just the way
I 'll help my sweet maiden of three.



Here comes our dinner!



A Shower of good things.



A Glutton.

MEAL-TIME IN THE BEAR-PITS AT THE ZOO.



"TIME TO GET UP!"

LITTLE ELINOR GRAY lived in a big city, but her grandmother lived in a big house in the country. Elinor and her Nurse Norah were going to visit her, and had to take a long ride in the railway-train, and another ride in a carriage that Grandmother sent to meet them, so it was almost dark when they drove up to the door.

Elinor's grandmother had two beautiful dogs—"Bruno," a big collie, and "Bounder," a little fox-terrier. And when they saw the little girl jump out of the carriage, they barked and barked because they were so glad to see her. And they said to themselves (*I think* they said to themselves): "We will let her have a good sleep to-night, for she must be very tired and it is nearly dark. But to-morrow, bright and early, we will ask her to come for a romp with us in the garden, and show her how much nicer it is to live in the country than in the city, where little girls have to walk so quietly along the streets, and dogs have to be led along the sidewalk, and cannot frolic on the soft green grass."

Elinor was very sleepy after her long ride in the train, and so, after she had had her supper, her grandmother told her she might go to bed early and get a good sleep, and that Nurse Norah would call her at seven o'clock in the morning.

But what do you think happened? Why, Bruno and Bounder somehow got into the house *before* seven o'clock that morning, and came leaping up the stairs, and went straight to Elinor's door. Elinor was a very sound sleeper, and did not hear them at first, and did not wake up. But soon Bounder began to scratch at the door with his little, sharp claws and to make queer little whine-y sounds; and Bruno's bushy tail went "Rap! rap! rap!" on the door, too. Then Elinor woke up, and listened a moment, and then she said: "Oh, *I* know what it is! It's those darling dogs!" And she jumped out of bed and opened the door, and there, sure enough, was Bounder, dashing right into the room, barking, "Good morning! good morning!" and big Bruno, looking at Elinor as if saying, "Good morning! did n't you hear us? It's time to get up!"

Elinor said: "Oh, you beauties! Yes, I know! And I'll get dressed right away!"

But what do you think happened *then*? Why, Bruno and Bounder did n't give her time even to call Nurse Norah and get dressed. You see, Bruno and Bounder did not often have so nice a little visitor, and they were ready to begin play that very minute. Bounder was jumping up and down and all over the room, and at last he spied Elinor's slippers on the floor and caught up one of them between his sharp little teeth and ran round and round the room with it. But Bruno chased Bounder all round the room trying to make him drop the slipper, while Elinor stood still and laughed and laughed!

But just then Nurse Norah came rushing in from the next room, asking what *was* the matter and in a minute, the naughty Bounder was made to give up Elinor's slipper, and Bruno chased him all the way out of the house.

And just as soon as Elinor had had her breakfast, she ran out and had a fine romp with Bruno and Bounder in Grandmother's garden. *Ellen Foster.*



From the engraving of the painting by Arthur J. Elsley.

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"TIME TO GET UP!"



PUSSY'S WHEELS

BY ANNIE W. McCULLOUGH

I wonder what you're thinking of, my darling little cat.
It may be meat, it may be cream, that makes you nice and fat;
It may be all the fun you have in barn-loft warm and dry;
It may be mice you try to catch as by their hole you lie.

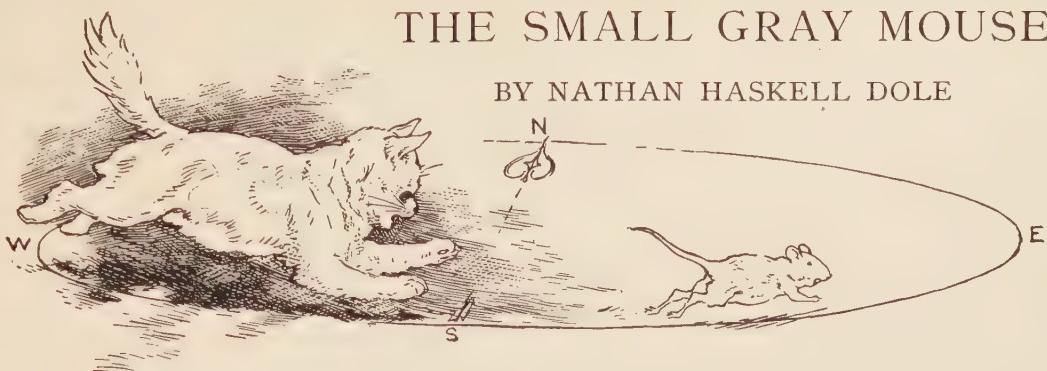
Perhaps you think of trees to climb, with birds that sing up there,
They always get away from you, although you creep with care.
Perhaps you think of warm, green grass, and basking in the sun,
Or of your ball, that slides so fast as after it you run.

I hope you think of me, sometimes, because I love you well;
I hope you love me back again, although you cannot tell;
And how I know you're thinking (it's a secret that I've found),
Is 'cause I hear, close to my ear, your thought-wheels going round.



THE SMALL GRAY MOUSE

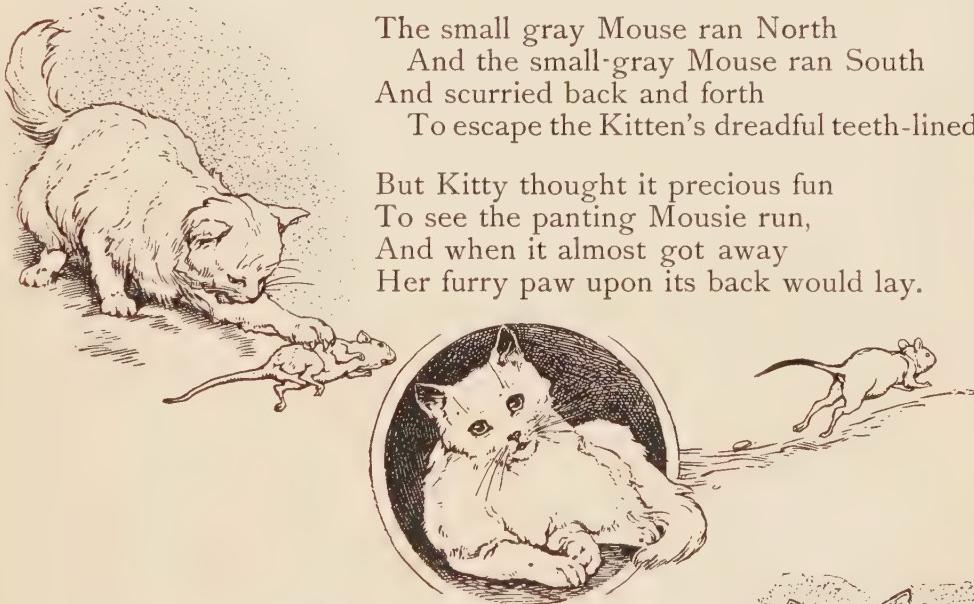
BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE



THE small gray Mouse ran East
And the small gray Mouse ran West
And could not tell in the least
Which way was best.

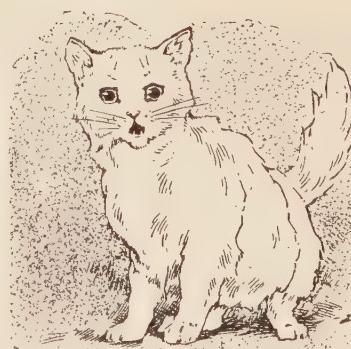
The small gray Mouse ran North
And the small-gray Mouse ran South
And scurried back and forth
To escape the Kitten's dreadful teeth-lined mouth!

But Kitty thought it precious fun
To see the panting Mousie run,
And when it almost got away
Her furry paw upon its back would lay.



But Kitty grew too vain and sure;
She thought she had the Mouse secure;
She turned her head; she shut her eyes;

That was not wise,
And ere she knew
The gray Mouse up the chimney flew,
Where dainty cats could not pursue.
So she had nothing else to do
But miew—oo—oo—!





HOW TINY HARE MET CAT

[IN WORDS OF NOT MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS]

BY A. L. SYKES

ONCE, just as the long, dark time that is at the end of each day came, Mama Hare said to Tiny Hare, who was at play:

"Come in, now, it is time for bed. You know you must hide from Man, and Dog, and Hawk; but I must tell you that you are to hide from Cat, also."

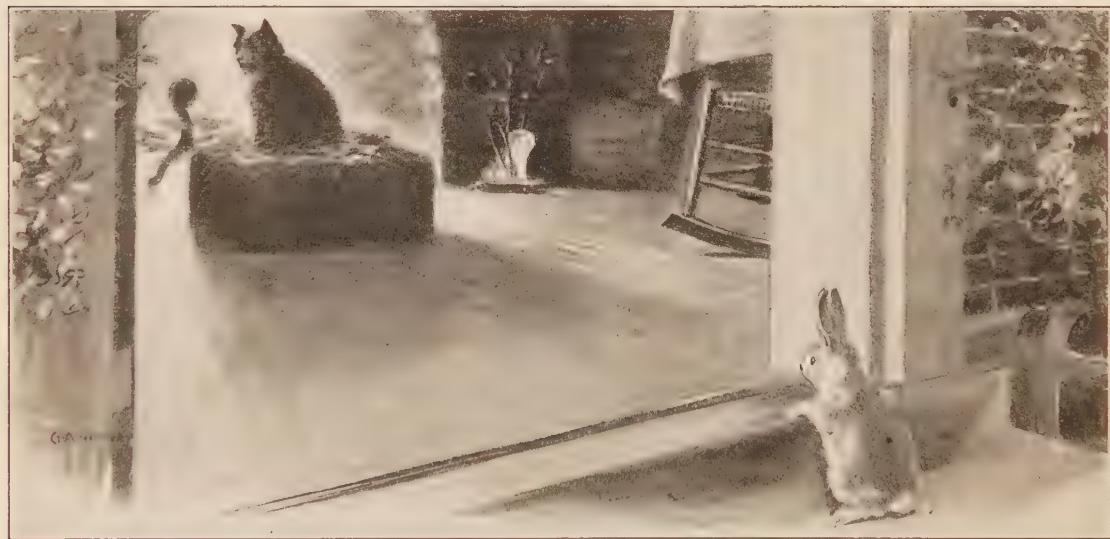
"Who is CAT?" said Tiny Hare.

"CAT is not so big as DOG. She has soft fur and two big wild eyes."

"She is just like me," said Tiny Hare. "I have soft fur and big eyes; then CAT is just a Hare."

"The very idea!" said Mama Hare. "You have not big *wild* eyes, and your tail is not long like CAT'S. CAT is not good for a Hare to meet. She can run very fast, and she has a claw for each toe," and she gave Tiny Hare a wee bite.

"Does CAT live in our wood?" said Tiny Hare.



TINY HARE SEES CAT BY THE FIRE.

"No, she is with MAN and DOG, but she goes out in the day time or at dark, and she can get a Tiny Hare who runs away from home when he is *too* tiny."

"Am I *too* tiny?" said Tiny Hare. "Yes, yes, yes; far *too* tiny," said his Mama; and *how* she did wash him from his head to his feet!

"I wish to see CAT," said Tiny Hare.

"No, no, no," said his Mama; and *how* she did wash his soft fur!

He did not wish to see CAT for many, many days, but one day the rain came, and it was cold, and his Mama told him to stay at home in the dry hay.

"I want to go with you," said Tiny Hare to his Mama and Papa when they were to go out for food.

"It is too wet," said his Mama. "If your fur gets too wet you can't run far and fast, and it is not safe for you to go."

"I like rain. I like the wet. I want to go out. I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare, and he laid his ears back, and half shut his eyes, and put his pink lip out, and did not look kind.

"Hush!" said Papa Hare, in a low, deep tone. And Mama Hare and Papa Hare went away, and left Tiny Hare at home.

Do you know what Tiny Hare did then? Oh, it was not good!

"I will go to see CAT," he said, very loud. He ran out, over the damp moss in the wet, wet wood, and, oh, dear me! up the path to the door of MAN and



"WHEN HE SAW TINY HARE HE GAVE A LOUD BARK, 'BOW-WOW-WOW-WOW!' "

CAT. The door was open. CAT sat by the fire in a box. She was most sad, for once she had two baby cats in that box, and now they were gone. She did not purr. She did not eat. She did not wash her soft fur. She just sat by the fire and was sad. By and by she was *so* sad with no baby cat to love that she said very low and deep: "Mew! Mew!" Tiny Hare was so wet and so weak he just *had* to lie down on the step. Then CAT saw him.

How fast she did jump out of the box, and run to the door! Tiny Hare saw her long tail, and her big wild eyes. He shut his eyes; and how he *did* wish he was at home! But CAT did not eat him. She took him in her soft lips, and laid him in the box by the fire.

"Now she will eat me," said Tiny Hare; and how he *did* wish he was at home!

Then MAN and DOG came in. MAN was wet, and had much mud on him. He took the box away from the fire to put fresh hay in it, and then he saw Tiny Hare. Then MAN went near the fire to get warm and dry, and DOG ran to CAT to look at her baby cat. When he saw Tiny Hare he gave a loud bark, "Bow-wow-wow-wow!" and his tail did not wag any more. But just as he was to JUMP on Tiny Hare, CAT put a claw on his nose.

"Wow!" said DOG, and MAN made DOG lie down, and he came once more to look at CAT in her box. "Well, well," said he, "a hare for a baby cat! Do you mean to eat it, Puss?"

"Purr, purr, purr," said CAT, and Tiny Hare did not like to hear her purr, and he said: "She *will* eat me now"; and how he *did* wish he was at home!

CAT did not want to eat Tiny Hare, but she did want to wash him, and play that he was her own baby cat. And she did wash him, oh, *so* hard, and *so* much, from head to feet, and from feet to head, over and over and over. She gave him a wee bite now and then when she felt a knot in his wet fur.

"Wee! Wee! Wee!" said Tiny Hare, very loud and high, when she hurt him too much, but CAT did not care, and did not stop.

By and by when Tiny Hare was warm and dry, and his fur was like silk, MAN and DOG went out to tea; and CAT saw that the eyes of Tiny Hare were shut, so *she* went out to tea. When CAT was gone, oh, how fast did Tiny Hare *jump* out of the box, and *run* out of the door, and *skip* up the long road, and *leap* past the wet wood, home to his Mama. The rain was over, and the sun was warm, so he was now dry, and his fur was like silk.

"I *will* be good now, Mama." "Oh, dear," said his Mama. "This is a CAT."

"Oh, no, no, no, NO!" said Tiny Hare. "I *am* your Tiny Hare."

"Is it our Tiny Hare?" said Mama Hare to wise Papa Hare.

"Yes," said Papa Hare, "it is, but he is too much like CAT."

Tiny Hare was not glad, and he did not want to play, so he sat near his home till the dark came. Then his Mama grew too sad for his sake, and she came out to him. How she *did* rub him with moss and hay, and how she *did* wash him, from his head to his feet. Tiny Hare did not like it, but he did not say one word.

"Now, you *are* like my dear Tiny Hare," she said at last, and she took him home. When it grew dark, Tiny Hare said: "I am your Tiny Hare, and I *will* be good now," and Papa Hare said: "Yes, I am *sure* you will," and gave the ear of Tiny Hare a wee bite for love.

Then Mama Hare put *her* ears down, and Papa Hare put *his* ears down, and Tiny Hare put *his* ears down, and they all took a long, long nap till the dawn.



TINY HARE AT HOME.



WILLIE AND HIS DOG DIVER

BY H. N. POWERS

WILLIE was a very little child and lived near a mill. One day he saw a big cruel boy come along and throw a little puppy into the mill-pond, and then run away. Willie cried out: "O Papa, Papa, do come here!"

"What is the matter?" said his papa.

"Oh, Papa! I want the little doggie! Please get him for me. He will be drowned!"

His papa took a long pole and put it under the puppy's neck and pulled it out of the water and gave it to Willie. He was very happy with his dog, which, by next year, grew to be a big, strong, shaggy fellow, and was named Diver. He used to go with Willie everywhere the boy went, and he loved Willie very much. Everybody said: "What a beautiful dog!" and Willie was proud of him.

One day when the nuts were ripe, Willie took his basket and went to pick hazelnuts. One big bush full of nuts hung over a deep place in the mill-pond, and, as Willie reached for the top branch, he slipped and fell in the water out of sight. But when he came up, Diver jumped in, took him by his collar, and brought him safe to land. So if it was good for Willie to save the dog's life when he was a little puppy, it was good for the dog to save Willie's life when *he* was a little boy.

And that was Diver's way of thanking Willie for saving his life. It was a very good way, too! And Willie and Diver were always the best of friends.



ABOUT SIX LITTLE CHICKENS

BY S. L. ELLIOTT

A MOTHER BIDDY sat on her nest, with what do you think in the nest? Six smooth white eggs! After she had sat there quite a long time till she was very tired, what do you suppose happened to one of those eggs? There was a noise



"A LITTLE GIRL CAME OUT WITH SOME CORN-MEAL IN A DISH."

that went "snick, snick," and out of the shell stepped something like a little fuzzy ball, but with two bright eyes, and two bits of feet to walk on. What do you think it was? A little chicken? Yes, and Mother Biddy was so glad to see it, and she called it "Fluffy." And Fluffy said: "Peep, peep! I have some brothers and sisters in the shells; if you call them, I think they will come." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck!" and something said: "Peep, peep!" and out came another chicken, as black as it could be, so Mother Biddy called it "Topsy."

"Are there any more?" said Mother Biddy. "Yes. Peep, peep! We're coming; wait for us," and there came four more little chickens as fast as they could run. One was as white as snow, and Mother Biddy called it "Snowball." The next was yellow and white, and she named it "Daisy." Then there was a yel-



low one with a brown ring around its neck, and that was called "Brownie." And what do you think! one was all black, only it had a little white spot on the top of its head that looked like a cap, so Mother Biddy called it "Spottie." Now they were all out of their shells, and they said: "Peep, peep! We're hungry." So Mother Biddy said: "Cluck, cluck! Come see my babies," and out of the house, close by, came a little girl with some corn-meal in a dish, and my! was n't she glad to see the chickens?

After they had eaten all they wanted, they thought they would take a walk and see this queer world they had come to live in.

Pretty soon they came to a brook, and they all stood in a row and looked in. "Let us have a drink," they said, so they put their heads down, when—

"Peep, peep!" said Spottie. "I see a little chicken with a spot on its head." "No, no," said Brownie; "it has a ring around its neck, and looks like me." "Peep, peep!" said Daisy. "I think it's like me, for it is yellow and white." And I don't know but they would all have tumbled in to see if they had n't felt something drop right on the ends of their noses. "What's that?" said Fluffy. "Cluck, cluck!" said Mother Biddy. "Every chicken of you come in, for it is going to rain, and you'll get your feathers wet."

So they ran as fast as they could, and in a few minutes the six little chickens were all cuddled under Mother Biddy's wing, fast asleep.





WHAT THE CAT AND HEN DID

BY ALICE RALSTON

FOUR little children were playing in their garden one day. There were Mollie and Jamie and Betty and Teddy.

They were so busy making mud-pies that they did not see "Mrs. Tomkins," the old cat, when she came and mewed, and mewed, and put up her paw, and



"THEY WERE SO BUSY MAKING MUD-PIES THAT THEY DID NOT SEE 'MRS. TOMKINS.'"

touched Mollie and Jamie and Betty and Teddy—first one and then the other, as much as to say, "Do come, some of you, and help me! Do come, *please!*!"

By and by the children's mama came out of the house and saw how queerly the cat was acting, and said: "Children, Mrs. Tomkins is trying to get you to go with her and see if her babies are all right."

So the children left their play, and said: "Come, Mrs. Tomkins, we will go with you now."

The old cat gave a thankful "m-i-e-o-u," and started down the walk leading to the barn. Every now and then she looked back to see if the children were really coming. When she got to the stable, she ran and jumped up on the manger, and looked down into it, and gave a quick, sharp "m-i-e-o-u," as if to say, "What do you think of that?" And the children looked in and saw a hen sitting upon the old cat's kittens and trying to keep them all covered up! When the cat tried to go near them, the hen would peck at her and drive her away. How the children laughed! Mollie said: "Did you ever see anything so funny! I am going to ask Mama to write a funny story about it,—how our old hen 'dopted the kittens."

The hen had been sitting upon some eggs in a nest near where the cat had set up housekeeping, and when the cat went out, the hen came over and took the cat's little family under her wings, just as if they had been so many chick-



"EVERY NOW AND THEN SHE LOOKED BACK TO SEE IF THE CHILDREN WERE REALLY COMING."

a-biddies. And when the cat went home again, the hen would n't let her come near the kittens. Mollie took the hen off, and Mrs. Tomkins was happy.

The next day she came again, looking as though she said, "I am very sorry

to trouble you, but I *must*." Then she said: "M-i-e-o-u! m-i-e-o-u!" So the children left their play and went to the stable with her, and found the hen playing mother to Mrs. Tomkins's kittens again and trying to make them keep still and stay under her wings. If one of them poked its head out, she would give it a sharp peck to make it go back.

The children laughed again, and Mollie said: "Poor Mrs. Tomkins, I would look for a new house if I were you — you do have such meddlesome neighbors!" Then she took the hen off, and Mrs. Tomkins picked up one of the kittens.



"MRS. TOMKINS GAVE A SHARP 'M-I-E-O-U,' AS IF TO SAY, 'WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT?'"

The children's mama was sitting in the library reading when the old cat came in, with a kitten in her mouth. She put it softly down, went out, and soon returned with another. She kept on doing this until she had moved all her family of five kittens. Then she settled herself in a cozy corner, and looked at the lady, and purred in this way: "If you only knew how much trouble I have had with that bad old hen, you would let me and my children stay here."

The lady laughed and said: "I will see what I can do for you."

Just then the children came in and begged to have the kittens stay. So a new home was made for them in a box in the woodhouse.





"'TROT AS FAST AS YOU CAN TO MARKET AND GET ME A PAIL OF MILK.'"

THE GOOD LITTLE PIGGIE AND HIS FRIENDS

BY L. WALDO LOCKLING

ONCE there was a little piggie, a very good little piggie, who obeyed his mother so well that often she let him out of the pen to play with his friends on the farm. One afternoon this little piggie was playing with them, when suddenly he heard his mother calling: "Piggie, wiggie, wiggie, wiggie!"

"Piggie, dear," she said, as he ran to her, "take this and trot as fast as you can to market and get me a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night."

So Piggie took the pail between his teeth, and off he went to do what his mother told him. Now, you must remember that this little piggie was such a dear, good little piggie, that he had a great many friends among the other



"'WHERE ARE YOU OFF TO, PIGGIE?' SAID BOSSIE CALF."

animals. So he had not gone far when who should spy him but his friend Bossie Calf. "Hello, there!" said the calf. "Where are you off to, Piggie?"

"I'm going to market to bring my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." And the calf leaped over his master's fence, and away he went scampering after Piggie.

By and by, who should come along but Piggie's friend Billie Goat. "Mercy on us!" baa-ed Billie. "Where are you going in such a hurry, Bossie?"

"Going with Piggie," said the calf.

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"Going to market to bring my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Billie Goat ran out of the barn-yard and hurried after the calf.

Just as they were passing the house, who should spy them but Rover the dog.

"Where are you going, Billie," barked Rover, running out to the gate as he saw them rushing along. "Going with Bossie," said the goat.

"Where are you going, Bossie?" "Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to bring Mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie, in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go, too. I am so fond of milk." So Rover hurried along up the road after the goat.

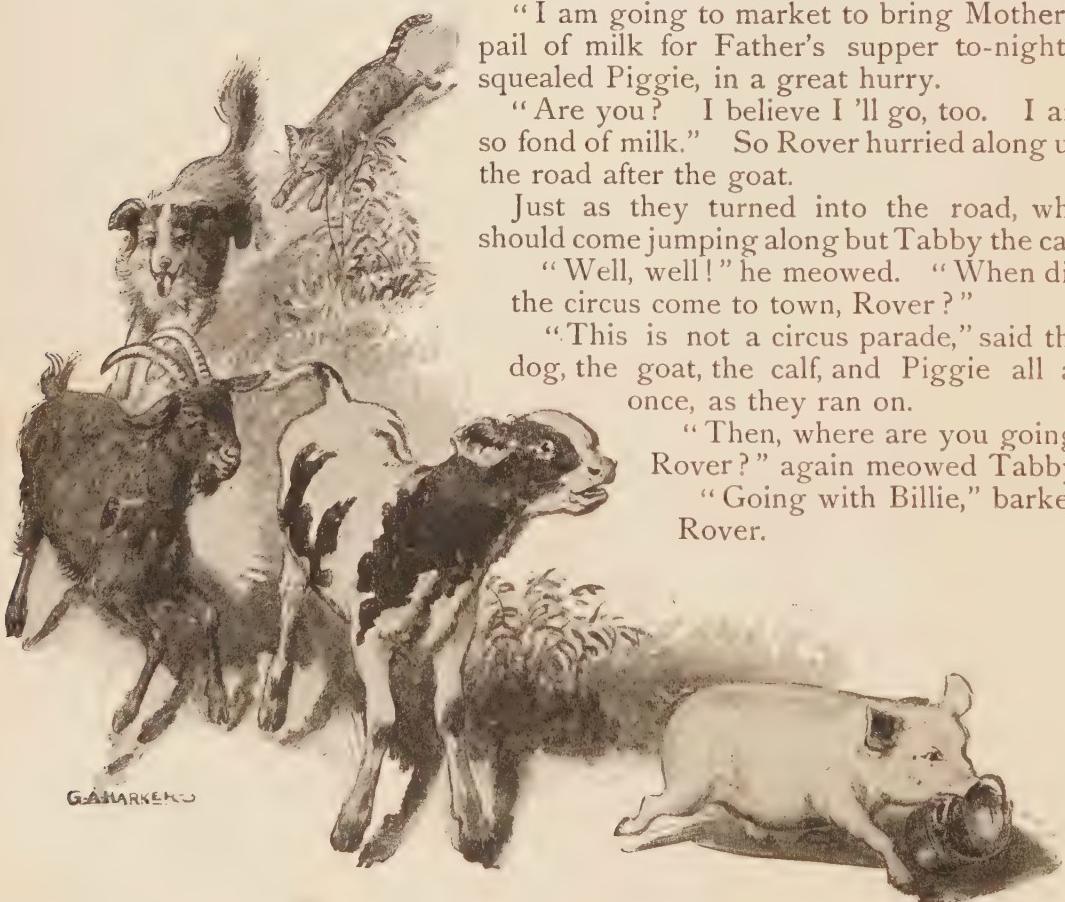
Just as they turned into the road, who should come jumping along but Tabby the cat.

"Well, well!" he meowed. "When did the circus come to town, Rover?"

"This is not a circus parade," said the dog, the goat, the calf, and Piggie all at once, as they ran on.

"Then, where are you going, Rover?" again meowed Tabby.

"Going with Billie," barked Rover.





"MY, THAT'S GOOD!"

"Where are you going, Billie?" "Going with Bossie."

"Where are you going, Bossie?" "Going with Piggie."

"Where are you going, Piggie?"

"I am going to market to get my mother a pail of milk for Father's supper to-night," squealed Piggie in a great hurry.

"Are you? I believe I'll go along. I am so fond of milk." So Tabby raced along after Rover.

When they got to the market, Piggie told his friends to wait outside while he hurried in and got the milk for his father's supper. It did not take him long, and he soon came trotting out because he was to hurry back home.

"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," meowed Tabby the cat, as she stuck her head in the pail. "My, that's good!"

"Pass it to me, Tabby," barked Rover the dog, "for politeness' sake. My, that's good!"

"Give me a sup for politeness' sake," said Billie Goat. "My, that's good."

"Do not forget me, Billie, for politeness' sake," said Bossie the calf. "My, that's good!"

"Oh, dear; oh, dear!" squealed Piggie, when he saw what had happened.

"What shall I do?" And away he trotted all by himself with an empty pail, to tell his mother that he did really and truly get the milk, but that his friends had "supped" it all up!

But just then the farmer came with a great, *big* pail of milk and gave it all to them, so that the good little piggie and his father and mother had a fine supper, and much more milk than Piggie could have brought.



"AWAY HE TROTTED WITH AN EMPTY PAIL."



GAY AND SPY

(A Rhyming Story for Little Folk)

ONE beautiful day in the month of May,
A little girl whose name was Gay
(They called her that, because, you see,
She was always cheerful as she could be)
Went for a walk in the woods near by,
And her dog went with her (his name was Spy).

As they strolled along a fine woodland path
She saw a little bird taking a bath.
She kept very still and watched him splash,
When all at once, with a sudden dash,
Into the brook jumped little dog Spy.
My, how he made the water fly!
“What a bad, bad dog you are!” said Gay.
“Birdie won’t bathe any more to-day.
You frightened him so; but, never mind,
He’s only frightened, not hurt, he’ll find.
We’ll walk on further and you must try
To be good and quiet.”

“*Bow-wow!*” said Spy.



“INTO THE BROOK JUMPED LITTLE DOG SPY.”

They had only walked on a little way,
 When something rustled: "What's that?" said Gay.
 Out from the leaves sprang a squirrel red
 And sped like a flash down the path ahead.
 Close behind him was little dog Spy.
 He paid no heed to the little girl's cry



"YOU'RE YOUNG," SAID GAY, "AND IS THAT WHY YOU ACT SO SILLY?!"

She whistled and called; they were out of sight.
 She waited a moment, then laughed outright.
 For who was this coming? Why, little dog Spy!
 But he did n't look happy — with head held high —
 Indeed, he looked rather ashamed instead
 For he had n't caught the squirrel red.
 Spy could n't climb trees, and so, you see,
 Master Squirrel escaped quite easily.
 "You're young," said Gay, "and is that why
 You act so silly?"

"*Bow-wow!*!" said Spy.

"I'm tired of walking," the little girl said,
 "I think I will pick some flowers instead.
 I will take them home to my Grandma, dear;
 She loves them but she can't walk out here."

There were plenty of flowers all around.
Sweet white violets covered the ground.
There were lovely long-stemmed blue ones, too,
And all around the May-flowers grew.
But when she had all her hands would hold,
It was time to leave, it was growing cold.
The sun was sinking. But where was Spy?
She whistled and called,— but no reply!
“Where can he be?” she said, when hark!
Off in the distance she heard him bark.
“He must have a rabbit,” said she, “that’s all.”
And sure enough, by an old stone-wall,
Spy was barking away as hard as he could—
As if scaring the rabbit would do any good.
“The rabbit is safe in that wall,” said Gay,
“He would n’t come out if you barked all day.
So you better come home for it’s growing late.
And Mother will wonder why I wait.
Supper ’ll be ready, too. Oh, my!
Are you hungry as I am?”

“*Bow-wow!*” said Spy.



ANIMAL STORIES FOR CHILDREN

THE POLAR BEAR

THE Polar Bear lives far away north, in the land of ice and snow. ~ In his thick white coat, on his heavy feet, he wanders to and fro, ~ looking for food; it 's mostly fish, but he often will make a meal ~ (if only he can catch him!) on a nice fat brown young seal. ~

The Polar Bear swims very well: he also can contrive ~ to swim right down under water, or to take a header and dive. ~ He is very fierce and very wild: he is most amazingly strong, ~

climbing about on rocks and bergs, hunting the whole day long. ~

The little Eskimo people, who fish with harpoon and hook, ~ sometimes fight with the Polar Bear; their name for him is Nennook. ~ And they generally win, and Mister Bear gets killed, because ~ their big harpoons, that they can throw, are sharper than his claws. ~ And they drag him home to their round snow-huts: oh, what a fuss they make, ~ if they can have for supper a piece of tough bear-steak! ~

THE CROCODILE

In Egypt, by the river Nile, one sees the crawling Crocodile, ~ among the rushes and the reeds, where the cranes go down and the ibis feeds. ~ And he is dressed from head to tail ~ in a scaly coat, a coat of mail. ~ He lies and basks there half his time ~ in sunshine, on the yellow slime. ~ But if some person came to swim, ~ and did n't chance to notice him ~ until he saw those sharp white teeth ~ just opening in the mud beneath, ~ that horrid long red mouth agape, ~ he 'd have a bother to escape. ~ For Mr. Croco-

dile can run ~ so very quickly after one! ~ But fish are mostly what he swallows. ~

And while he basks, and wades, and wallows, ~ he knows that he need have no fear ~ of any enemies being near. ~ Because, although it seems absurd, ~ he has a friend, a tiny bird, ~ who comes and hovers all about, ~ or perches calmly on his snout, ~ and lets him know, with curious cry, ~ if danger should be drawing nigh. ~ There 's no one so unprepossessing, ~ but has a friend: O, what a blessing! ~

THE ELEPHANT

ONE cannot call the Elephant pretty, or say he 's a graceful figure. ~ But he is so very big, you hardly could think of anything bigger. ~ He has two large tusks, and a long thick trunk, and odd little twinkly eyes, ~ and he is amazingly clever, and also remarkably wise. ~ With his trunk, he can shut and open a gate, he can tie or untie a knot, ~ he can turn a key, push back a bolt, pick fruit, and I don't know what. ~

He is trained to do all sorts of work, in India, where he dwells: ~ carrying people, drawing logs; and everybody tells ~ most curious tales of his sensibleness. He does n't like fish or flesh: ~

he lives upon roots and herbs and leaves, and grass, if he gets it fresh. ~ And he is patient, and mild, and good: he loves to obey his master; ~ the smallest sign will make him kneel, or stop, or travel faster. ~ He seems to like being ordered about, and having to work for men; ~ and I even heard of an Elephant who tried to sweep out his den! ~

The baby Elephant 's very fat; it takes a long time to grow ~ as big a size as its father—some thirty years or so. ~ The mother is very kind to it, she will carry it tucked up tight ~ in her trunk when she crosses a river—it must be a funny sight! ~

THE GIRAFFE

SOME animals, as no doubt you know, ~ have very long legs, the quicker to go. ~ Some have long tails to swish about: ~ some have long teeth, to bite, no doubt. ~ Some have long beaks, the better to peck. ~ The Giraffe has got a very long neck. ~ This is in order that he may reach ~ the leaves of the trees—not oak and beech, ~ but tall, tall trees in the tangled glade ~ of the African wood where his home is made. ~ And big as he is, he is gentle and mild; ~ he would n't be rough with the smallest child. ~ And he 's all over spots; we should think it a pity, ~ if we were like that, but on him they look pretty. ~

He takes the leaves that are tender and young, ~ and, curling round them his long thin tongue, ~ he sucks the juices; his little one, too, ~ eats as it sees its father do, ~ nibbling leaves, which are all it can need; ~ exceedingly simple food indeed! ~

The Giraffe can run very fast if he likes: ~ his long legs carry him over the spikes ~ and thorny boughs of the plants that grow there. ~ But he does n't like it if strangers go there. ~ For, though he 's so big, he is ever so shy, ~ and much more timid than you or I. ~ We should n't run if we saw a stranger. ~ But Giraffes are always expecting danger. ~

THE KANGAROO

OF all the curious animals—there are plenty of them, too, ~ one of the very oddest is the jumping Kangaroo. ~ In the deserts of Australia, the travelers see it roam; ~ it has n't got a den or cave, or any sort of home. ~ So it takes its young ones with it in a pocket, as you see, ~ a sort of pouch: how useful and convenient that must be! ~ And if there 's any danger, they will run at once and hide, ~ in that comfortable pocket—there is room for all inside. ~

The Kangaroo can only jump; it cannot walk

at all. ~ Its forelegs, you may notice, are unusually small, ~ but its hind legs, which it jumps with, they are springy, firm, and strong, ~ and its tail is like another leg, extremely thick and long. ~

It 's a quiet, gentle creature, that lives on odds and ends ~ of leaves and grass and green stuff, among its peaceful friends. ~ But if you were to vex it, oh, then you might turn pale, ~ to see it coming toward you with a jumping-pole of tail! ~

THE LION

THE Beast that is called the King of Beasts has never had a crown; ~ and if he were to be given one, he 'd only throw it down. ~ He has no throne nor scepter; yet he certainly does reign ~ over the other animals, the Lion with tawny mane! ~ They are all so afraid of him, as indeed they have reason to be; ~ for terribly strong, and terribly swift, and terribly fierce is he. ~

He does not care to face the sun, which in Africa is blazing; ~ all day he stays in a shady place; and the deer go peacefully grazing, ~ and the antelopes, and the little gazelles, they sometimes quite forget ~ what a dreadful enemy they

have. But when the sun is set, ~ the lion and the lioness go out on the chase once more, ~ and fill the plain and the forest with the sound of their hungry roar. ~

They prowl along like two great cats, with soft and stealthy feet; ~ it 's very odd if sooner or later they don't find something to eat! ~ Deer or sheep, man or horse, they will certainly make their prey: ~ creeping up and pouncing down, when the shadows are deep and gray. ~ And the other animals huddle and hide, and whisper in a fright, ~ "Their Majesties the King and Queen are out for a walk to-night!" ~

THE MONKEY

THERE are lots of Monkeys of every sort, ~ some of them tall and some of them short; ~ some of them weak, and meek, and mild, ~ with sad brown eyes like a little lost child. ~ Some of them ugly, and spiteful, too, ~ as you will know, if you 've been to the zoo. ~ There are plenty of Monkeys

for your choosing; ~ and many of them are extremely amusing. ~ Most of the Monkeys that one sees, ~ live in the branches of leafy trees; ~ they feed on berries and nuts and fruits, ~ bitter or sweet ones—anything suits. ~

And how they gobble, and how they chatter! ~

It makes you wonder what is the matter, ~ when you hear the Monkeys make such a noise. ~ And, just like mischievous girls and boys, ~ they love to worry and mock and tease. ~ They throw things down at you out of the trees. ~ They try to imitate all you do, ~ that noisy, ugly, chattering crew. ~ And yet they love each other; ~

hairy Monkey father and mother ~ will get in a dreadful state of alarm, ~ if they think their children might come to harm. ~ They guard them carefully night and day; ~ and often join in their games of play: ~ hide-and-seek, up ever so high, ~ and Monkey leap-frog, and Monkey "I spy." ~

THE OPOSSUM

No other creature, I suppose, can play such a trick as the Possum. ~ You might find it lying flat on the ground, as still as a fallen blossom; ~ you might roll it about, and shove it, or even kick it, to prove, ~ it *must* be dead; and all the time that Possum would n't move. ~ But when it had watched you out of sight through the chink of its half-shut eye, ~ it would slowly, slowly come to life, as it seemed; and by and by ~ it would swing itself to the nearest tree, by the aid of its hands and tail. ~ And if you came back to find it again: why, certainly you would fail. ~ For the Possum would be a mile away, hunting birds in the trees: it lives on birds and eggs, and indeed,

on anything it can seize; ~ and it hangs by its tail, its furry tail, which is very thick and strong, ~ and so, as fast as anything, it silently swings along. ~

Some Possums live on shell-fish, in swamps; and there are others, too, ~ who carry their young in pouches, the same as the kangaroo. ~ They are not by any means pleasing; you never can make them tame, ~ but the thing for which they are known the best, is the "playing possum" game, ~ pretending to be dead, you know. But you could soon find out, ~ by putting a finger in Possum's mouth—oh, would n't he make you shout! ~

THE OTTER

THE furry Otter is a beast that 's brown and long and thin; ~ but he has very sharp white teeth, and such a funny grin! ~ Fish is the only food he seems to care for; ~ he lives by streams and running rivers, therefore. ~ If they are deep it does n't bother him, ~ for he can dive as well as he can swim. ~

Anglers and fishermen of every sort ~ hate Master Otter, for he spoils their sport. ~ "That greedy animal!" they say, "I wish ~ he would n't come and eat up all our fish!" ~ So, every now and then, with dogs they go, ~ and hunt him up

and down and to and fro; ~ and then he has to put forth all his cunning, ~ hiding in holes, swimming, or swiftly running. ~

He 's very dainty: all that he bites out, ~ if he has caught a salmon or a trout, ~ is just one bit from the fish's shoulder. ~ He leaves the rest upon a bank or boulder; ~ or sometimes lying on a rocky shelf. ~ And as he does n't want it for himself, ~ poor people come and look there every day, ~ and take the fish that he has left, away. ~ Hunger is hard to bear; but it is harder ~ if folks are driven to rob an Otter's larder! ~

THE REINDEER

IN the countries of the North, where the mountain-roads are steep, ~ the people don't have carts, nor do they ever keep ~ horses, or mules, or ponies. They have, instead of those, ~ a sledge that glides on runners on the hard and frozen snows, ~ and a Reindeer-team to draw it, or one Reindeer, if they 're poor. ~ And a very jolly thing it is to ride like that, I 'm sure. ~

The mild and gentle Reindeer has lived on mountain-edges, ~ but there was n't much to eat there—he might as well draw sledges, ~ for then he will be fed—and sometimes he 'll be getting ~

some sugar for a treat, and a lot of praise and petting. ~

He runs so very fast! he races like the wind ~ the swiftest horse on earth would soon be left behind. ~ And he never seems to tire, he hardly ever shows ~ that he would like to stop, however far he goes. ~

How stately he does look, with his branching horns! perhaps ~ you might think him much more splendid than the little yellow Lapps, ~ the people he belongs to. So kind, and strong and fine, ~ and tame, he is! I wish I had a Reindeer that was mine. ~

THE RHINOCEROS

THERE is, perhaps, no creature quite so ugly or so cross ~ as that leathery, clumsy, one-horned beast, the Black Rhinoceros. ~ Along the rivers of Africa he loves to plunge and wade, ~ keeping close to the reedy shore, for he likes the trees and shade. ~ He turns his little beady eyes cautiously to and fro, ~ to see if any harm is near. But presently he will grow ~ in a temper all about nothing; he 'll rush and rage and ramp. ~ All among the rushes and reeds, he then will snort and stamp, ~ and tear the trees to pieces, and tread the bushes flat: ~ and you, too, if he

met you—there 's little doubt about that! ~ And in these fits of fury he will trample all the ground, ~ and root up all that grows in it, for half a mile around. ~

But when his temper lessens, and he feels a bit more cool, ~ he takes a little plunge-bath in the nearest river-pool, ~ and then he has his dinner: he always wants it quickly, ~ and it 's mostly ready for him. It is very hard and prickly. ~ What do you think he lives on? Indeed, you 'd never guess. ~ He eats the plant called "Wait-a-bit"; *Thorns*, neither more nor less! ~

THE TIGER

"HANDSOME is as handsome does," that 's what the old folks said. ~ Perhaps they had just then a thought of the Tiger in their head. ~ For though he has the handsomest skin that you could wish to see, ~ he 's very cruel, very fierce, as bad as bad can be. ~

In the Indian jungles where he lives, the other creatures go ~ as far as ever they can from him, they fear and hate him so. ~ For he will kill for killing's sake, not simply for his food; ~ and no respectable animal considers that is good. ~ He climbs along the heavy boughs, he crouches in the grass, ~ waiting to spring, like cat on mouse,

on any who may pass. ~ And people come to hunt him, for they say, "We cannot stand ~ a savage Tiger roaming loose and frightening all the land." ~

They ride on great big elephants, they carry guns and shot. ~ But the Tiger would as soon attack an elephant as not. ~ Like some enormous splendid cat, all striped with gold and black, ~ he creeps beneath the bushes while he hears the rifles crack. ~ Till, suddenly, while the hunters think they must have killed him quite, ~ he fastens on the elephant, and then there is a fight! ~

THE WALRUS

THE Walrus lives on arctic shores, where it is very cold; ~ and you can hardly say that he is pretty to behold. ~ A kind of queer moustache, two tusky teeth, a body all too fat— ~ we ourselves should hardly like a make-up such as that! ~

He has a most ferocious face! If you should see him peep ~ around a great big iceberg, I surely think you 'd weep. ~ Still, ugliness may hide a nice kind heart beneath. ~

The Walrus climbs the rocks with help of long sharp teeth. ~ He eats the shrimps and

seaweeds, and sometimes, I must tell, ~ the hungry greedy fellow eats up young seals as well. ~

He also fights the polar bear, the battle is fierce and hot, ~ and the Walrus, with his powerful teeth, will win as oft as not. ~

He is hunted very often for his tusks and for his skin. ~ First come the little Eskimos, and then the sailors begin ~ to follow him across the ice; and he either fights or runs, for he does n't like the big harpoons, nor the sound of the banging guns. ~

THE WOLF

THE Wolf is found in mountains, or in forests dark and drear, ~ sometimes in this our own land—I hope we 've none just here. ~ He simply hates being lonely; it makes him howl and whine, ~ like a dog left out at midnight when the moon begins to shine. ~ He

likes to go a-hunting, with his friends, a countless number, ~ trotting across the snowfields while the other creatures slumber. ~ And then he 's fierce and cruel, for he 's starving for some meat: ~ it 's hard, when you are hungry, to keep your temper sweet. ~ But even after

dinner, he is never really good; ~ no doubt you know about the Wolf that met Red Riding-Hood. ~

And when the winter's very cold, and the frost is very hard, ~ the folks in mountain villages, they have to keep on guard; ~ for the wolves

come down in hordes from the dens where they have hid, ~ to find a woolly lambkin, or a little calf or kid. ~ All round the folds and farmsteads, they sniff and pry and prowl: ~ and if they're disappointed, my goodness, how they howl! ~

THE ZEBRA

ONE looks at him, and says, "Of course, ~ that is a horse. No, not a horse. ~ A donkey." Yet, on drawing near, ~ he is no donkey, that is clear. ~ All over stripes of black and yellow: ~ surely a very curious fellow! ~ But do not try to pat or stroke, ~ or you'll be sorry that you spoke. ~ For he has teeth and loves to bite; ~ and he can kick with all his might; ~ and he has lots of spiteful tricks; ~ and he is crosser than two sticks!

The Zebra, in his home afar, ~ in Africa, where forests are, ~ enjoys himself, and thinks

it grand ~ to gallop in the desert sand. ~ But if he's caught, in the hope to tame him, ~ it makes him angry; who can blame him! ~ If you were shut inside a cage, ~ you surely would be in a rage, ~ to think of all the air and space ~ you had in your own dwelling-place. ~ And in the Zebra's native home, ~ there is such boundless room to roam. ~

He lives on grasses, green or seedy; ~ for though he's cross, he's never greedy. ~ A few small blades of grassy stuff; a drink of water; that's enough. ~

SQUIRREL HALL

IN a lonely part of the country there was a large wood, so large that it might almost be called a forest. Big enough for you to lose yourself in, at any rate. But the people who lived there never lost themselves. They could creep, or fly, or jump, or run, or wiggle—whichever happened to be their favorite way of getting about; they could climb, or burrow, or hop, at any time of the darkest night, from one part of the wood to another. They had roads of their own through the leaves of the oaks and beech-trees; and winding paths of their own through the moss and flowers underfoot. And they needed no map to guide them, nor lantern to light them, in traveling ever so far. Their eyes and ears were very good, and so were their memories. They had learned, without any books, all that they could possibly want to know.

One of the very happiest people in all the wood was Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail. He had a chestnut-brown coat, and a tail so bushy that it covered him completely; and he could eat the hardest nuts without ever getting a toothache. In the winter he slept for months and months, only coming out occasionally if the sunshine was extra warm, and all the rest of the year he spent in racing about the trees. He hardly ever went down to the ground; but he took a great deal of healthy exercise, swinging from bough to bough, leaping from tree to tree, darting in and out and up and down, and having the greatest possible fun. Nobody had a jollier time than he did.

Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail lived all alone by himself, in a house which he had taken when he was quite young. That is to say, he had altered it, and arranged it, and patched it up to suit his own liking, out of an old Magpie's nest which he had found deserted.

The Magpie was not a respectable person at all; he stole this, that, and the other, and was much too fond of other birds' eggs. If Mr. Squirrel had been older, he would n't have had anything to do with him. But on this occasion the Magpie behaved quite nicely. He came and watched Mr. Squirrel busy at work, tinkering away at the big thorny house, making it less prickly and more comfortable. "Do you mind my doing this to your old place?" said Mr. Squirrel. "Not a bit," replied the Magpie, "I don't care—I've done with it. You're quite welcome to it."

"Many thanks," replied Mr. Squirrel, and he worked harder than ever. It is a very odd thing, that the house which one person has got tired of, always seems to suit another person as well.

But when Mr. Squirrel had finished, he made a very disquieting discovery, which was, that he should certainly want a house for night as well as one for day. One for a bedroom, and one for a parlor.

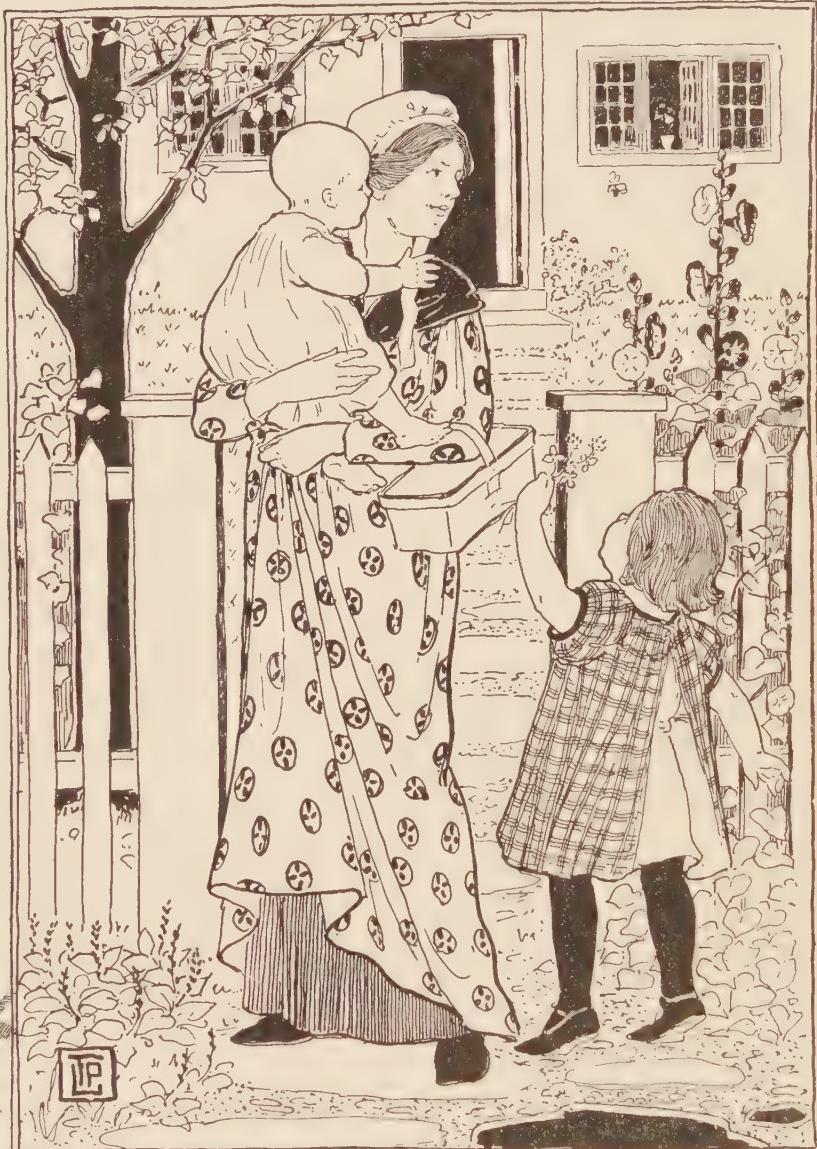
"Bother!" said Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail, "now I shall have to begin all over again."

He looked about for a convenient place, and

HONEY-BEE.



BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



HONEY-BEE, honey-bee! Here is some money;
Take it and bring us a pot of new honey!
Fly away! Fly, you buzzing old rover!
Gather us sweets from the blossoming clover!

began to build in the fork of a bough against a hole in an oak-tree.

"It seems dry and shady here," said he, and he set about collecting building material. "If I'm going to build a new house," he thought, "I may as well make a decent job of it."

For the outside, he needed twigs, bits of bark fiber, and leaves. Mrs. Jenny Wren, who had already made ten nests that season before she found one to her liking, gave him some brown leaves. "Every little helps," said she.

"How do you like the way I'm fitting it into the hole in the tree?" said Mr. Squirrel.

"It's a first-rate idea," said Mrs. Wren, "I could n't have done it better myself. But the great thing, you know, is not to let one's house show. You should always make it look like the place it is in. You have chosen a browny-green place, so you must make your house browny-green."

Then Mr. Robin Redbreast came, and watched his friend at work, busy twining the twigs in and out of each other, and putting up a fine domed roof, which was thick enough to keep out the heaviest rain.

"Walls, and roofs, and rafters, are all very well," observed Mr. Robin Redbreast, "but give me a nice cozy room inside. After all, it's inside that one lives, is n't it?"

"What do you advise?" said Mr. Squirrel, with his mouth full of fiber.

"Moss makes the best carpet," said Mr. Robin, "and with leaves nicely plaited together, you can turn out lovely warm curtains."

"I'll certainly try that," said Mr. Squirrel; and he made himself a perfectly delightful arrangement of moss and leaves. He put the doorway at the east side, facing the sunrise, so that the morning light should wake him early.

And he built an extra room for a larder, in a neighboring tree, and filled it with nuts and beech-mast, which he had stored up several months before; also some excellent acorns and fir-cones.

After all these exertions he was tired out. He went to sleep in Squirrel Hall, as he had named his new house, with his shadowy tail for a counterpane. And the Oak-tree Fairy came at night by moonlight, and sang to Mr. Squirrel while he slept.

Next day, he was taking a little stroll among the tree-tops, when he met a young lady Squirrel in search of furnished apartments. She was all alone in the world, she said, and wanted cheerful society. He felt very fond of her at once, she was so neat and brown and pretty.

"Will you share my houses?" said he. "There's

plenty of room for both of us." And he showed her the beautiful pantry, full of beech nuts, and hazels, and fir-cones; and the still more beautiful Squirrel Hall, with its cushions of velvety moss; and also the old Magpie House; but he was not quite so proud of that.

She was very much pleased with Mr. Squirrel and the houses, and she agreed to get married to him at once. That was an easy matter in the wood: no bother about a cake or a wedding ring. Several people came to the wedding. Some were at the foot of the oak-tree: Mr. Hedgehog, Mr. Hare, and Mr. Dormouse, who kept on falling asleep at the wrong moment. And some were on the topmost boughs: Mr. Bat, Mr. Bullfinch, and the Oak-tree Fairy. It was a quiet but very pretty affair.

The Squirrels then went on a little wedding trip down to the pond, and told Mr. Water-Rat (who had not been at the tree, having been kept at home by business) how exceedingly happy they were.

Mr. Water-Rat stood in his doorway, on the pond-bank, chewing a reed-stem; and he was delighted to see the Squirrel Shadow-tails. He asked them in to tea in his house; and other visitors were waiting there to welcome them.

Mr. Newt had got on a splendid new crest, in honor of the wedding, and Mr. Frog had been practising jumping and other acrobatic feats, to amuse Mrs. Squirrel.

But, unfortunately, Mr. Water-Rat's doorway was too small. The bride and bridegroom could not possibly squeeze through. So they said how sorry they were, and went away; and they took Mr. Water-Rat's wedding present with them: a yellow iris, which he bit off with his yellow teeth and presented to the little brown bride.

Then they went back to their houses, and lived very happily together. They used the Magpie House by day; but one evening they found they had a lot of young Squirrels in the sleeping-house, that is to say, Squirrel Hall. They were extremely pleased. "Just what I always wanted," said Mrs. Squirrel. "Now we will make a day-nursery for these sweet little ones. This must be for the night-nursery; don't you think so, dear?" Mr. Squirrel always agreed with a nod to everything that his wife said; this was generally because his mouth was too full to argue. But also he was a very peaceful person.

So they set to work immediately to make new houses for the family, for they did not think one would be enough. And while they were away, Mrs. Wood-Pigeon very kindly sat by the children and cooed to them. It was a soft, sooth-

ing, lullaby sort of a sound, and it soon sent the baby Squirrels to sleep.

"How very lucky we are to have a friend like Mrs. Wood-Pigeon," said Mr. Shadow-tail, as he heard that crooning sound in the distance. "There are very few people, I am sure, who would take charge of one's children like that."

"All the same," said Mrs. Shadow-tail, "I don't like leaving them, not a bit. One never knows what might happen."

"Mothers are always anxious," said her husband. "I remember mine was just the same."

At this moment they discovered a very fine hole in a tree. "Exactly right for a nursery," they said; and Mr. Squirrel was just climbing in to explore it, when Mrs. Green-Woodpecker poked out an angry head, and screamed, "How dare you! What do you want to come prying into my house for?"

Of course they had to apologize and go away. It is very awkward making a mistake like that, and they felt quite annoyed with themselves; but who could have told the hole was already occupied? One can't know everything.

However, presently they came upon an old crow's nest, which only wanted a little repairing to be quite good; and they began at once to mend it. But they found that Mrs. Jay and her youngsters were living on a branch a little lower down, and the chattering of that family was insufferable. Chatter, chatter, chatter; clack, clack, clack! "I could never stand this," said Mrs. Squirrel; "how would the children get to sleep?"

So they moved on again. And by this time they began to feel a little gloomy. It did seem such a hopeless business, finding a proper house. "Things are much more difficult when one has growing children to provide for," said Mr. Squirrel, solemnly. "I think, my dear, we had better start an entirely new place." They decided that this would be best. So they went hard to work in great haste, and collected stuff for walls and floors. They were just half through a really excellent building when—"What was that?" said Mrs. Squirrel, starting. They stopped. Then they heard a frantic cheeping and chirping and fluttering coming toward them through the leaves. Up flew Mr. Robin Redbreast. He was in a violent state of alarm.

"Hurry up!" he gasped, "the Hawk is trying to steal your children! Quick! quick! or you'll be too late!"

"But Mrs. Wood-Pigeon, what is she doing?" exclaimed Mr. Squirrel.

"She is fainting with fright," said Mr. Redbreast, flapping down exhausted on a bough.

They rushed home, taking each tree at one

jump. Never had they gone so fast in their lives; and that is saying a great deal.

When they came within sight of the oak-tree where Squirrel Hall was, there was Mr. Hawk, with wide outstretched wings and hungry beak, hovering in the very tip-top of the tree, just waiting to pounce down. He saw them coming. He knew what sharp strong teeth they had, and he dashed away with an angry cry, making ugly faces as he went.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel rushed into the tree. Poor Mrs. Wood-Pigeon lay all limp and floppy across the branch; she was never anything of a fighter. She might, perhaps, have given a peck or two and a scratch or so if the Hawk had been wanting to eat her own two fluffy little nestlings, but fighting for other folks' children is quite another thing. There she lay, and the Squirrels whisked past her, for where, oh, where was their house?

There wasn't a sign of it to be seen. And they turned as cold as ice.

But they need not have been so afraid. For the Oak-Tree Fairy, who lived there all the time, had seen the Hawk coming down, and she had taken off her beautiful green cloak, made of the tiniest oak leaves, and had flung it over the house, so that door and all were hidden, and everything looked like a mass of green leaves. And so the Hawk could scent out the little Squirrelkins, but he could not see them in the least, although he has the sharpest eyes in the world. This puzzled him, and hindered him, and that gave just time enough for Mr. Robin Redbreast to go and fetch the Shadow-tails home.

The Oak-Tree Fairy now took up her cloak again, and there stood Squirrel Hall, more pretty and more comfortable than ever.

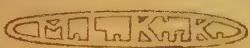
And the little Squirrelkins came hopping out—for they were growing quite big and active and didn't like being cramped up in a night-nursery, however nice and cozy it might be—and played leap-frog among the branches. They all came tumbling out; and you would n't have thought there had been any danger within a mile of them—much less a hungry Hawk just over their heads. They were the merriest little things imaginable, and they all had bushy, shadowy tails.

Mr. and Mrs. Squirrel were so overcome with (first) distress, (secondly) hurrying, (thirdly) surprise, and (fourthly) gratitude, that for some while they could not speak at all. They simply sat and opened and shut their mouths; not a word came out. Then they recovered, and began to thank the Oak-Tree Fairy as well as they knew how.

"Don't mention it," said the Fairy, politely. "It



CHILDREN FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK—II MONDAY:
Monday's child is fair of face.





AN AMERICAN BOY.

FROM A PORTRAIT BY PRINCE PIERRE TROUBETSKOY.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN AND CHILD LIFE BY FAMOUS ARTISTS—IV.

was no trouble at all, I assure you. I take my cloak off and put it on at least ten times a day. It happened to come in handy."

"But we owe you everlasting thanks," said Mrs. Squirrel.

The Fairy said again, "Don't mention it."

"Will you accept a little present of some nuts?" said Mrs. Squirrel.

"No, thanks," replied the Oak-Tree Fairy, "I don't eat."

"Would you like some acorn-cups full of the very best wild-rose dew?" inquired Mr. Squirrel.

"No, thanks," she answered, sweetly, "I drink nothing."

"May we build you a beautiful sleeping-house with a mossy bed?" they cried both together.

"I never sleep; thank you all the same," said the Oak-Tree Fairy; "and now I will wish you good-by for the present." So she disappeared in

the curious way she had; it was impossible to tell if she were inside the tree or not. Her comings and goings were always too strange to be understood.

But the Squirrels helped Mrs. Wood-Pigeon, who was still rather shaky, back to her house in a fir-tree; and then they came home to Squirrel Hall and had tea with the children. It was the happiest tea they had ever had, and there were lots of the most lovely beechnuts.

"Nuts are wonderful things to strengthen the feet for jumping," said Mr. Squirrel Shadow-tail; "there's nothing in the world so good as nuts. And now, my dear, before it grows too dark, we will finish that nice new nursery. For, with you and me, and these children all, it's much too small, is Squirrel Hall."

And he was off through the oak-leaves like a bit of brown lightning.

OUR CAT'S TALE

THIS story was told me by a cat that I know. Perhaps you don't think a cat can tell a story, but this cat could, though you need n't believe it unless you like.

"It happened one day when I was going to bathe in the sea," said the cat.

"Bathe!" I said, "but cats don't. At least, none of the cats I know ever go near the water."

"Oh, well—the cats you know must be a poor lot, then," said he, "but I am fond of a bath myself. Well, as I was saying, I was just going to bathe, and I was standing on the edge of the sea, wondering if it would be cold, when I saw something gleaming and golden in the water. I thought it must be one of those fishes that I have seen so often in glass bowls and never been able to get at without unpleasantness; so I dived straight in. But when I reached the creature I saw that it was not a fish at all.

"'Hallo!' I said. 'What are you?'

"'I am a mer-cat,' said the creature, meaning that it was a sea-cat; and indeed it was something like a cat.

"It had a fish's tail and it was golden. It had two curious ears, which I found out afterward were fins. Its whiskers were not white like ours, but golden, to match its coat.

"'And what are you?' it asked in a beautiful soft voice. No doubt you have heard that mermaids have beautiful voices, and it was the same with this mer-cat.

"'I am a land-cat,' I said.

"'Since you are here,' said the mer-cat, 'per-

haps you would like to come with me to the bottom of the sea and see my home and my friends.'

"Of course I was pleased to go, because it is n't a chance one gets every day in the week; and besides, this cat seemed a nice fellow, though he was a little strange to look at.

"Do you know," said the cat, suddenly stopping in the middle of his tale, "I did n't feel at all wet all the time I was there. Curious, was n't it? Can you explain it?"

"No," I said, "I'm afraid I can't."

"I did n't expect you could," said the cat, sharply. "I have never known you explain anything yet."

"Do go on, pussy dear."

"Very well," said the cat.

"He took me by the paw and led me down, down, down to the bottom of the sea. When we had walked along the sandy bottom of the sea for a short time, the mer-cat suddenly pulled my paw sharply and cried: 'Quick, quick! There is a mer-dog. Get up into that mer-tree, can't you?' And before I knew where I was I was up a tree. I looked down and saw the mer-dog. It was a little like our land-dogs, but even more horrid. It was of a pale greenish color and instead of legs it had two fins, and there were two tusks sticking out of its mouth.

"My new friend was quivering and shaking with fear, but the mer-dog only jumped round the tree, giving short mer-barks for a little while, and then went away. Then the mer-cat took my paw again and we climbed down the mer-tree and



SAILING.

AFLOAT, afloat, in a golden boat!
Hoist the sail to the breeze!
Steer by a star to lands afar
That sleep in the southern seas,
And then come home to our teas!

went on. Very curious things were there. The fishes swam in and out among the branches of the mer-trees and perched on the boughs."

"Fish can't perch," I said, under my breath.

"Fish *are* perch," said the cat, fiercely. "At least perch are fish, and it comes to the same thing in the end."

"Yes, of course it does!" I said, timidly. I did n't really see how it could, but I thought it would be better to agree with him. This time he went on with his story without being asked.

"At last we came to a large cave, and then the mer-cat dropped my paw and told me to walk in behind him. It was a very beautiful cave, with a roof of pink and white coral and walls of mother-of-pearl. There were some mermaids sitting on the floor, which was covered with smooth golden sand, and at the end of the cave there was another mermaid, more beautiful than the others, sitting on a throne of mother-of-pearl. Two mermaids sat behind her combing her long, yellow hair.

"'Come and have some milk,' said my new friend, and he led me to a small shell with some white, hard stuff in it.

"'Milk!' said I. 'Milk is not like that. It is wet and sweet and refreshing. But that—well, I should n't call that refreshing, and it certainly is n't sweet.'

"'Of course not!' said the mer-cat. 'Everything that is wet on land, such as milk, is dry down here, and everything that is dry, such as a cat's bed, is wet with us,' and he waved his scaly tail toward a corner of the cave, where there was a very wet heap of seaweed, on which lay two mer-kittens fast asleep.

"'I am the mer-Queen's own mer-cat,' said my friend, proudly. 'That is the Queen on the throne, and those other mermaids are the ladies in waiting. They have n't noticed us yet, but if we walk up in front of them they will see us, and perhaps one of the ladies in waiting will catch us some fish. I don't care about catching my own fish.'

"'Ah, fish!' I said. 'Yes, I could do with a fish or two. I feel as if it were dinner-time.'

"So we walked up to the throne, and when the ladies in waiting saw me they all shrieked and whisked their tails about.

"'What is that strange creature?' cried the Queen.

"'Your Majesty, I think I can tell you that,' said one of the ladies in waiting. 'One day, when I was near the shore, I saw just such a creature

in the arms of a little land-maid; and the little land-maid called the creature "Pussy," so I suppose it was a land-cat.'

"Oh, said the Queen, 'I have heard that the land-cats will play with any small, moving thing. Give me a strand of seaweed and we will try.' One of the ladies in waiting handed her a strip of wet stuff and she began to draw it over the sandy floor. Of course I knew what she wanted me to do, and as the mer-cat nudged me with his fin and whispered, 'Do all you can,' I patted the horrid wet thing and lifted it up in my paws. Then all the mermaids laughed, and their laughter was much prettier than land-laughter, for it sounded like water running over pebbles, and you know how musical that is.

"I did n't like touching the seaweed, but I thought of the fish, so I frisked and frisked as if I had been a mere kitten. But, unfortunately, in one of my beautiful leaps, I happened to fall on the Queen's tail and my claws caught in her scales instead of in the seaweed. She screamed and tumbled back on her throne, and all the other mermaids jumped up and tried to catch me, and I really do not know what might have happened if the good mer-cat had not seized me by the paw and dragged me up through the water quickly, out of the reach of those horrible mer-hands.

"When we reached the shore we were both quite out of breath, and, as we rested for a moment in the shallow water, I said: 'How very strange that your Queen should have been so hurt by a little scratch? You must often have scratched her by accident?'

"'No!' said the mer-cat, 'it is a disgrace to have claws in the sea. It is only the crabs and lobsters—very low creatures—who have them here. You must get rid of yours before you can live with us. Good-by!' and with a whisk of the tail he sank slowly down into the waves.

"I walked up the shore, and thought that I would rather live on dry land, with my own handsome claws, and nice wet milk.

"Good wet milk," said the cat, thoughtfully. I got up hastily and put down a saucer of milk for him.

"But is it really true, pussy?" I said. "How could you manage to live down there without any air?"

"True!" said the cat, indignantly. "You doubt my word—well?"

And do you know, that cat has never spoken to me since, and I don't believe he ever will again!

NAUGHTY PETER, THE RABBIT

ONCE upon a time there were four little Rabbits, and their names were Flopsy, Mopsy, Cotton-tail, and Peter.

They lived with their Mother in a sand-bank, underneath the root of a very big fir-tree.

"Now, my dears," said old Mrs. Rabbit one morning, "you may go into the fields or down the lane, but don't go into Mr. McGregor's garden: your Father had an accident there; he was put in a pie by Mrs. McGregor."

"Now run along, and don't get into mischief. I am going out."

Then old Mrs. Rabbit took a basket and her umbrella, and went through the wood to the baker's. She bought a loaf of brown bread and five currant buns.

Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail, who were good little bunnies, went down the lane to gather blackberries; but Peter, who was very naughty, ran straight away to Mr. McGregor's garden, and squeezed under the gate!

First he ate some lettuce and some French beans; and then he ate some radishes; and then, feeling rather sick, he went to look for some parsley.

But round the end of a cucumber frame, whom should he meet but Mr. McGregor!

Mr. McGregor was on his hands and knees planting out young cabbages, but he jumped up and ran after Peter, waving a rake and calling out, "Stop thief!"

Peter was most dreadfully frightened; he rushed all over the garden, for he had forgotten the way back to the gate.

He lost one of his shoes among the cabbages, and the other shoe among the potatoes.

After losing them, he ran on four legs and went faster, so that I think he might have got away altogether if he had not unfortunately run into a gooseberry net, and got caught by the large buttons on his jacket. It was a blue jacket with brass buttons, quite new.

Peter gave himself up for lost, and shed big tears; but his sobs were overheard by some friendly sparrows, who flew to him in great excitement, and implored him to exert himself.

Mr. McGregor came up with a sieve, which he intended to pop upon the top of Peter; but Peter wriggled out just in time, leaving his jacket behind him, and rushed into the tool-shed, and jumped into a can. It would have been a beautiful thing to hide in, if it had not had so much water in it.

Mr. McGregor was quite sure that Peter was somewhere in the tool-shed, perhaps hidden underneath a flower-pot. He began to turn them over carefully, looking under each.

Presently Peter sneezed—"Kertyschoo!" Mr. McGregor was after him in no time, and tried to put his foot upon Peter, who jumped out of a window, upsetting three plants. The window was too small for Mr. McGregor, and he was tired of running after Peter. He went back to his work.

Peter sat down to rest; he was out of breath and trembling with fright, and he had not the least idea which way to go. Also he was very damp with sitting in that can.

After a time he began to wander about, going lippity—lippity—not very fast, and looking all round.

He found a door in a wall; but it was locked, and there was no room for a fat little rabbit to squeeze underneath.

An old mouse was running in and out over the stone doorstep, carrying peas and beans to her family in the wood. Peter asked her the way to the gate, but she had such a large pea in her mouth that she could not answer. She only shook her head at him. Peter began to cry.

Then he tried to find his way straight across the garden, but he became more and more puzzled. Presently, he came to a pond where Mr. McGregor filled his water-cans. A white cat was staring at some goldfish; she sat very, very still, but now and then the tip of her tail twitched as if it were alive. Peter thought it best to go away without speaking to her; he had heard about cats from his cousin, little Benjamin Bunny.

He went back toward the tool-shed; but suddenly, quite close to him, he heard the noise of a hoe—scr-r-ritch, scratch, scratch, scritch. Peter scuttled underneath the bushes. But presently, as nothing happened, he came out, and climbed upon a wheelbarrow, and peeped over. The first thing he saw was Mr. McGregor hoeing onions. His back was turned toward Peter, and beyond him was the gate!

Peter got down very quietly off the wheelbarrow, and started running as fast as he could go, along a straight walk behind some black-currant bushes.

Mr. McGregor caught sight of him at the corner, but Peter did not care. He slipped underneath the gate, and was safe at last in the wood outside the garden.

Mr. McGregor hung up the little jacket and the

shoes for a scarecrow to frighten the blackbirds.

Peter never stopped running or looked behind him till he got home to the big fir-tree.

He was so tired that he flopped down upon the nice soft sand on the floor of the rabbit-hole, and shut his eyes. His mother was busy cooking; she wondered what he had done with his clothes. It was the second little jacket and pair of shoes that

Peter had lost in one fortnight. How careless!

I am sorry to say that Peter was not very well during the evening.

His mother put him to bed, and made some camomile tea; and she gave a dose of it to Peter!

"One tablespoonful to be taken at bedtime."

But Flopsy, Mopsy, and Cotton-tail had bread and milk and blackberries for supper.

THE STORY OF THE TERRIER

A TERRIER, with a coat like black satin and the most exquisite manners, one day told his companions this story:

"Of all the masters I have had," he said, "the one I loved best was the first I went to. He was a genius, and of course absent-minded. At first he used to astonish me, but after a while I got used to his ways, and took quite an interest in the things he left behind him. At that time of my life"—he blushed under his dark skin—"I am ashamed to say that I had a great weakness for kid gloves. There was something in the smell of them I never could resist, and when I learned that my genius had a way of losing at least one pair a week I thought I might just as well indulge my taste.

"Dear me, Mary," he would say to his wife in a distressed tone of voice, "my gloves have gone again. I can't find them anywhere."

"You must have left them somewhere," she would answer. (As often as not they were in my basket.)

"He was just as absent-minded about other things. One day when he was lunching alone, and reading at the same time, our great black cat, Miranda, jumped on the table and quietly took the cutlet off his plate. The poor man was mildly puzzled when he found it gone; but he only said, 'I must have eaten it!' and contentedly drank his coffee. I often wondered if he thought he had swallowed the bone.

"I did not approve of Miranda, but she taught me many things. One was, that the friendliest cats have the sharpest claws (this was when I had interfered with her kittens, who had taken possession of my basket). I might have grown into a genius myself if I had stayed in that house very much longer, but unfortunately I wandered too far from home, and was stolen.

"I won't tell you all I went through then, nor how I fretted for my master. I have never cared for the taste of a kid glove since. For the next two years my life was a very troubled one, and I was weary of moving about; then I was bought

by a middle-aged lady with a discontented expression but—so her maid said—"a good heart." The white mouse, who could n't escape if he had wanted to, explained to me that this is always said of bad-tempered people who are difficult to live with.

"'You 'll find her very grumpy,' he remarked. 'It does n't matter to me, you know, because I do not have much to do with her, but no one else except her maid ever stands her for more than a month.'

"I stood her for three. Then I 'got lost.' It was quite easy—all I had to do was to slink out of the shop where she was scolding over the price of candles, and then run as fast as possible in the opposite direction.

"When I was tired I walked into the first open door I came to, and saw a little creature with soft pink cheeks playing with a doll in front of the fire. I decided at once to stay with her—especially when I found that the doll's basket made me a most comfortable bed. No one ever inquired for me, and I soon became one of the family.

"They were very poor. Nelsie, the little girl, had hardly any toys, and I know for a fact that her mother had to go without a winter bonnet to buy my license. For all that, though, they were the happiest people I ever met, and I never heard a cross word from them in all the time that I was with them.

"One day Nelsie was sick. I don't know what was the matter with her, but her eyes grew too big for her tiny face, and she had n't a bit of color. A tall man with a very kind voice came in and looked at her, and said she was to have all sorts of things—'jelly and wine and seaside air.' Her mother did n't say anything at the time, but when he had gone she just put her head on the table, and cried and cried. Of course I knew what that meant, and I felt so miserable that I rushed out and nearly frightened a harmless white kitten into a fit by chasing her for at least a mile. I was rather out of breath myself

when I had done; and while I was resting, a lady in a bath-chair caught sight of me.

"Do look at that dog!" she cried to her husband. "Isn't he the very image of poor Fido? Oh! I wish I could have him—I would willingly give fifty dollars for him if his people would sell him!"

"Now the more clever you are, the sooner you think, and it flashed through my mind that if she bought me Nelsie could have the things. It was a great sacrifice, but there was nothing else to be done. So I smiled at that lady in my best manner, and let her see how fine my tail was.

"Is n't he *sweet?*" she said, patting me with a very white hand that glittered with things like dewdrops. "Oh, George, do get him for me!"

"They followed me home, and George explained that his invalid wife had taken a great fancy to me, and would give any price they cared to ask. My mistress hesitated—I loved her for that—but the thought of all that the money would buy for Nelsie was too much for her. So she said he could have me."

Let us hope that the terrier, whose story ended here, was as happy as he deserved to be with his new mistress.

THE RESPECTABLE KITTENS

THERE were once three little kittens who lived in a very nice house with their father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Cat. This was in Catland, of course, for in this country cats never live in their own houses, but always in some one else's. But these kittens' mother had once, in her youth, lived in our country, and always in the best families; and she had been so well brought up and so well fed and cared for that she had grown to look upon mousing as a very low sport, only fit for common cats. And she had brought up her three little kits so well that they had no idea that there were such things as mice in the world, and they remained in complete ignorance of the great mouse-fact until they went to school.

"Wake up, Blanche!" cried Tabitha very early one morning; "wake up, Tom! This is the great day! We're going to school, so please hurry up."

"Bother school," said Tom, sleepily, rubbing his eyes—but he got up all the same.

"You might comb my fur, Tabby," said Blanche a little later. "I've got the soap in my eyes as usual."

And Tabby did as she was asked, for she was a very good-natured kitten. But Tom interrupted their toilet by throwing the soap at his sisters, and then they began to romp and forgot all about school; and they would never have been ready at all if Nurse had not come in and boxed their ears well and finished dressing them.

Tommy led the way very boldly.

"Who's afraid of going to school?" he asked, defiantly; but Tabby and Blanche felt a little shy and frightened as they answered:

"No one, of course."

Yet, when they came in sight of the school, Tommy walked more and more slowly, and when they got close to the school door he stopped al-

together, and I believe that he would have run off home then and there, if his little sisters had not each taken one of his paws and dragged him, between them, in to school.

It was not terrible after all. Mrs. Tittums, who kept the school, was very kind, though the kittens could not help noticing how big and strong she seemed, and what a large birch it was that hung behind her chair. Every one was very good; but Blanche, who was always of a dreamy nature, went to sleep so often during the geography lesson, that at last Mrs. Tittums said: "I fear that if you can't make up your mind to keep awake sometimes for a few minutes, you will grow up a dunce."

So Mrs. Tittums stood Blanche on a stool with a dunce's cap on her head, just to let her see what being a dunce felt like; but in less than three minutes Blanche fell asleep, and in falling asleep she also fell off the stool. Tabby could n't help laughing at this.

"You'll never keep Blanche awake," she said; "you may be clever, but you're not clever enough for that!"

"You impudent little cat," cried Mrs. Tittums (she always called her pupils "kittens" when she was pleased, and "little cats" when she was cross). "You shall have the dunce's cap."

So Tabitha had to take her sister's place on the stool, and Blanche had a slate given to her, behind which she was soon dozing very comfortably.

Meantime Tom had been learning his lesson. He had to learn to spell some words, which, curiously enough, were the very same words so many children learn out of their little books.

"A cat sat on a mat—a fat cat sat on a mat."

And he learned how to spell all those different words, but when he had to stand up and repeat

what he had learned he began, "A fat cat sat on a hat," which made everybody laugh, because hats are not meant to sit on, and as the cat was a fat one, the hat must have had a very bad time of it. Then the kittens learned a verse of poetry, beginning:

"I love little pussy
Her coat is so warm,"

and then—oh, joy!—it was time to go home.

The three kittens had often seen pictures of kittens coming out of school, and they knew that it is the correct thing to throw up one's hat and shout for joy, so they all did it.

And then they went home to dinner—nice, wholesome minced veal, and milk and water—not a hint of mouse.

It was in the afternoon that Monsieur Beau-lerat came to Mrs. Tittums to give his interesting natural history lessons.

He was a very clever professor. He wore spectacles, and every one knows his delightful and instructive book on "The Mouse: its Origin, its History, and its Destiny."

And he was very clever at drawing, and made the most charming pictures on the blackboard.

The three little kittens opened their eyes very wide when they saw his spirited sketch of a cat catching a mouse.

"What *is* a mouse?" asked Tom, as soon as he had got over his astonishment enough to be able to speak.

"What *is* a mouse?" repeated Monsieur Beau-lerat. "You do not know what a mouse *is*? Where have you been brought up?"

And then he went on to tell the kittens all he knew of the habits and nature of mice; and, as he knew a good deal, the lesson was a long one.

"And remember, my dears," he said at last, "that the first duty of a good cat is to catch a mouse whenever and wherever it sees one. Never hesitate a moment. If a mouse appears, your duty lies plain before you: catch it."

"Catch my duty?" said Blanche in a muddled sort of way. She was, as usual, half asleep.

"No, miss! Catch the mouse. Be bold, be brave, be wary. Remember that you come of a great and noble race, and for the honor of Cat-land you must strike down every mouse who dares to cross your path."

"I never heard of such a thing," said Tom.

"So it seems, sir," said the professor, indignantly, and glaring fiercely at Tom over his spectacles. "I hope you're not going to grow up a milksop."

"What's a milksop?" asked Tom with gentle curiosity.

"Oh, bother!" cried the professor, very much annoyed. "Class dismissed!" and he put on his great coat and went home.

The three kittens also went home.

"Look here," said Tabitha, "don't let 's say anything to mother about mice. I dare say one reason why she has never said anything to us about them is that a mouse is such a terrible wild beast, and she is afraid we might be hurt if we tried to catch one."

"I don't care," said Tom. "I'm not going to be called a sop in the milk again. We won't say anything to mother, but the next mouse we see we'll catch, and we'll take it to mother. *Won't* she be pleased?"

"Yes—won't she!" echoed Tabitha and Blanche.

Next day was Saturday, and in the afternoon all the kittens were nicely dressed and sent out to walk. Tommy wore his little new jacket and high hat, and Blanche and Tabby looked very smart with their new sunshades.

Suddenly something ran out from a garden. In an instant the parasols went flying one way, the high hat another, and the three kittens sprang forward. It was a mouse!

Alas for the smart clothes of the three kittens! Blanche's frock was covered with mud. Tabitha's jacket had burst across the back, Tom had cut both knees of his trousers badly, and both the sunshades had blown right away.

They went home by back ways and sneaked in by the area door. They hoped to get their clothes changed before mother could see them. But she met them on the stairs—and when she saw their torn, mud-stained clothes and grimy faces she thought some accident had happened to them. But when they told her what had really happened she scolded them all and put them to bed.

"We can't go on sending the children to that school," she said to Mr. Thomas when he came home from the city. He was a cat's meat salesman—wholesale, of course. "They have actually taught the children to catch mice. I've sent them to bed. I wish you'd go and talk to them."

So Mr. Thomas went up and explained to the kittens how wrong and vulgar it was to try to catch mice. "Only low, common, hungry, hard-up cats do that," he said; "if you do it people will think you don't get enough to eat at home—that we can't afford to feed our kittens properly; and that would be very dreadful. Now, mind, you are the kittens of a highly respectable family, and this sort of thing must stop."

They all cried bitterly, and said they would never, never, never—and so on.

As Mr. Thomas reached the door he turned back and said carelessly:

"You did n't catch the mouse, I suppose?"

"Yes, I did, father," sobbed Tom, "and here it is under my pillow."

Mr. Thomas opened his arms; the cat nature overpowered all his carefully nursed respectability. "Come to my arms, my lion-hearted boy." He said, "So you really have caught a mouse! Well, well! How clever! I'll ask your mother

to overlook it this time, only it must never occur again."

He kissed his children and he took the mouse away with him. The kitten, of course, never saw it again.

And they never returned to school. Mrs. Thomas teaches them herself now, and the vulgar name of mouse is never heard in her genteel schoolroom. That must be a very pleasing thing for the mice to know!

OUR COW'S COW-FIGHT

IT was our Sussex brown cow who told me all this, so I am sure it is true. If you had ever seen our Sussex brown you would know how very truthful she is. I used sometimes to go to her house, and sit by the door in the evening, after milking-time, and listen to the stories she would tell me. She knew many very different stories, but she was most fond of this one. I will tell it to you just as she used to tell it to me.

"You know, my dear," she would begin, "I did not always live at this farm. I used to belong to a very rich farmer, who had a large farm in Sussex. I was born and bred in Sussex—the best place for a cow to be born in, I can tell you—and it was only three or four years ago that I came to live here.

"Well, we used to be driven into one field in the morning and taken back to our houses in the evening, and in that field there was an old black horse. I believe he stayed there night and day, for I never saw him taken into a stable. He was very black, and had no doubt been handsome in his day, but he was getting very old, although he always pretended to be as young and gay as ever. He would come up to us when we were grazing and start clearing his throat. Did I hear you laugh, my dear?" she said suddenly, looking at me rather sadly out of her velvety-brown eyes. "Horses, like men, clear their throats to draw attention when they are going to speak."

"What did the horse do when he had cleared his throat?" I asked.

"Oh, he said 'Excuse me, ladies, but did I ever tell you that I come of a very ancient Spanish stock?'

"Generally we just said, 'Yes,' and went on eating, but it didn't stop his talk.

"'Oh, those were good old days!' he would say. 'I was ridden by a toreador in those days.' If there were a calf in the field the silly little thing would say, 'What is a toreador?' and that was just what the old horse wanted to be asked.

"'A toreador is a man who fights bulls,' he would say, proudly. 'I and my companions used to be ridden by these toreadors into the arena, which is a large round place, like the thing that is called a circus ring, I believe. We did n't wear harness as horses do here, but what our toreadors called "trappings." And these trappings were made of bright red cloth. Our toreadors were dressed in scarlet, too, and carried little pieces of red silk in their hands. Then some one would open a door in the side of the arena and the bull would come in. He was always rather stupid at first and used to stare about him without seeing anything, until the toreadors galloped up with us and shouted and waved their red flags. Then the silly old thing would get angry, and try to run his horns into us, but we were always too quick for him. At least, of course, some of the horses used to get hurt sometimes, but I never did. It only needed a little sense to keep out of the way of such a stupid old noodle as a bull. And he always got killed in the end by our brave toreadors.'

"'Brave toreadors, indeed!' we used to say very angrily, because of course it was very rude of him to come and talk of our relations the bulls like that. Besides, we never really believed him at all. He only made it up to annoy us."

"Oh, no, Brownie!" I said, "there really are bull-fights, you know."

"Nonsense," said Brownie, "don't try to teach me! I know more of the world than you do, and I don't believe it."

"All right, Brownie dear," I said quickly, "you do know ever so many things. Please, go on with the story."

"Well, perhaps we should n't have minded so much if the old horse had only told us this once, but he did it every day and we got tired of him.

"So, one day, before he had come up to us, I said to the others, 'Look here! Let's see if he is as brave and as quick at bull-fights as he says.'

We can't give him a bull-fight, but we can show him what cows can do. In his bull-fights there were always a lot of horses and only one bull. Well, in our cow-fight there will be only one horse and a great many cows. Now, all of you, when he comes to speak to us this morning, put down your horns and run at him!"

"Oh, Brownie, Brownie!" I said, "I thought you were always kind and gentle. Poor old horse!"

"No, my dear, *not* poor old horse! We had had quite enough of that tiresome old creature and it was time we stopped his nonsense," said Brownie. "The others all agreed to do as I had told them, and when the old horse came up to us we made a dash at him. He was dreadfully frightened and ran away, but we chased him and chased him, and wherever he turned he found a cow ready to try and toss him. Of course, we never really touched him, but he was just as frightened as if we had tossed him all to bits. At last, he began to beg us to stop, and I said, 'We will stop, if you will promise us something.'

"'Oh—*anything*,' he said, and sank down on the grass. We all lay down around him and laughed and laughed. 'Oh dear, oh dear!' said

our Sussex Brown, beginning to laugh at the thought of it.

"Have you ever heard a cow laugh? If ever you do I am sure you will laugh, too, because it is much funnier than most things.

"At last," Brownie went on, "when I had got my breath and was able to stop laughing, I said: 'You must promise never to talk of bull-fights again. We are thoroughly tired of your boasting stories, and we know just how brave you are now. If you can't win a cow-fight I'm sure you could never get the better of a bull.'

"'I promise,' said the old horse, 'but you ought to have seen our toreador when the bull was dead and they——'

"'Get up!' I called to the others, 'he is ready for another cow-fight. Down with your horns, my friends!'

"'No, no!' said the old horse, 'I will never talk about it again.' And he never did. But oh, my dear, I wish you could have seen us chasing that horse all round the field. It was *so* funny! And our Sussex Brown began to chuckle and laugh so loudly that she did not answer me when I said 'Good night,' and went out of her house. I could hear her still laughing to herself as I went into the farm."

FLEECY AND FLOSS

TOLD BY FLEECY

WE were orphans, Floss and I, and every one was very sorry for us, so we tried to be sorry for ourselves—at least I did, and I tried to make Floss feel what a poor miserable lamb she was; but she would n't. She said it was very nice and comfortable in the warm corner by the kitchen fire, and although mothers were no doubt very nice things to have, when you had never known one it was best to be contented with what you had. Floss was a very poor-spirited lamb, she would have put up with anything; but I always made a great fuss if I were uncomfortable, or hungry, and bleated and bleated until I was attended to, and so I had a great deal more attention paid to me than my sister received.

We had had the misfortune to be born very early in the year, when the snow was still on the ground; so that, as mother died when we were a few hours old, the shepherd just carried us to his home, and told his wife and little daughter to make us as comfortable as they could, and he promised Peggy, the little girl, that if she succeeded in rearing us both she should have one of us for her very own.

In my own mind I was quite certain she would choose me, for, although Floss and I were twins, I was much handsomer than she was, and every one admired me more than her, and I was quite determined to live if it depended on my taking all the milk I could get and always sleeping on the warm side of the basket.

Sometimes Peggy would say, "Don't be greedy, Fleecy; you take Floss's share as well as your own"; and she would push me away and hold the bottle of milk she fed us with to my sister's mouth. By degrees it dawned on me that Peggy actually had the bad taste to like Floss better than she did me. I was greatly alarmed at first, for I had never seen a field as yet, and I was afraid she would keep Floss for her pet and have me turned out into a strange place with strange sheep who might not treat me kindly.

But when the spring suddenly burst upon us and Peggy took Floss and me out for the first time, and we saw the green grass and the blue skies, I wondered how I could ever have wished to spend my whole life in the shepherd's kitchen, and I longed to be old enough to be turned out into the

fields altogether. But after racing about for a time, and playing at hide-and-seek with Floss, we both grew tired and were glad to come back to Peggy and her bottle of milk.

I think, perhaps, we neither of us guessed how much we owed to Peggy's love and care until it was taken from us.

One morning no kind little girl came hurrying down the steep wooden staircase to give us our breakfast. The shepherd's wife gave her husband his meal and said that "Peggy looked mortal bad," and it was not until their own meal was over that we were fed at all. But worse things still were in store. Peggy was very ill it seemed, and a tall man in a black coat came every day to see her, and sent her food in bottles that was not at all like the nice milk she had fed us with; for one day I knocked a bottle down and it broke, and Floss and I tasted a little. Oh! dear, how bitter it was! I don't wonder Peggy was ill if they fed her on such stuff.

The shepherd's wife talked of sending us to the fold to be cared for, now that Peggy was so ill, and she had so much to do; but Peggy, when she heard of it, begged that we might not be sent away.

How glad we both were when at length the little girl was brought down-stairs and put into her father's big armchair by the fire. It was quite warm weather by this time; but Peggy was so thin and white that the least breath of air seemed to chill her.

She was very much pleased to see us again, and we were quite as pleased to see her. As for Floss, she would not move from her side, although I could not resist the sight of the open door, and scampered out to play on the green with the kitten.

Peggy, although well enough to come down-stairs, recovered so slowly that her mother became alarmed, and one day when the gentleman in the black coat came to see Peggy her mother suggested that sea-air might do her good.

"The very thing," said the gentleman, "but where can she go? She will need great attention and care for some time to come." Peggy's

mother said she had a sister living at the seaside, some thirty miles away, and that she was quite sure she would be only too glad to have Peggy and take care of her. Peggy's father came in then, and the matter seemed settled, when all at once Peggy burst into tears. "Oh! my lambs, my dear darling lambs, I can't leave them!" she sobbed.

"Nonsense," said her mother, "they are quite big enough to take care of themselves now."

But Peggy refused to be comforted, and at length her father said: "Well, Peggy, if nothing else will please you, you shall take one with you. Master did say if you reared the two you should have one for your very own, so choose which you will have."

Judge of my surprise when Peggy actually chose Floss. "Fleecy won't miss me as much," she said, "though I love him, too."

"Well, Peggy, I'm glad you chose as you did," said her father, "for Fleecy is so much handsomer than Floss, that I should scarcely have liked to let you have him."

These words made me feel very proud, and I frisked about and gave myself great airs. I must confess that I half hoped Floss would be a little jealous of me; but to my annoyance she seemed delighted to be thought less handsome than I was, because the shepherd did not mind her staying with Peggy. I'm afraid I made myself rather disagreeable to Floss that night; I called her "an ugly lamb," and I took up nearly all the room in the basket, so that she had to sleep on the stones. If only she had been sorry for herself I would have pitied her, but she was n't.

But the next day, when Peggy drove off in the farm-cart, with Floss beside her, I felt as though my heart would break, and I said to myself: "It is better a thousand times to be loved as Peggy loves Floss than to be the handsomest lamb in the countryside."

But Peggy will be coming back some day, and then I will try and show her how much I really love her. I hope it will not be very long before that day comes round.

THE RETRIEVER'S STORY

"My name's Nelson," said the Retriever, at the dogs' party, "but I'm not a hero of any kind. I often wish that I had been christened something else. My being named after the great naval hero makes people expect too much of me, and then they wonder why I don't distinguish myself. And

when I do go out of my way to oblige them they are not satisfied!"

"There was that affair of the chickens. How could I be supposed to know that though I might not touch them, the cook might? I had often been blamed when the young ones were missing

(nice little things they were, too—so I was told), and when I saw the new cook come out in full daylight and openly seize the fattest hen, I naturally thought that she was doing wrong. So I just caught her by the ankle (I remember she wore red stockings, which I never like) and held her firmly until some one came out with a whip to punish her. I won't tell you what occurred, but it was n't the cook who suffered."

"Dear me!" murmured Crinkle, the pug, as though sorry for his friend; but there was a roguish twinkle in his eye as he inquired: "Did n't I hear something about your rescuing a little girl from drowning?"

"It was what I intended to do," answered Nelson with dignity, "but the absurd child was only paddling, she said, and they made a great fuss over my dragging her down and pulling her ashore by her hair. After that I gave up trying to be a hero, and went in for sport. I made friends with a poacher, and many's the outing that we had together when the nights were dark! He lived in a queer tumble-down cottage some little way from the village, with a starved-looking wife and a white-faced boy named Tom, who had a great admiration for me. He used to call me Bouncer, which I liked much better than Nelson, and no matter how much pain he was in—he could never run about like other children, but had to lie all day on a rough kind of straw mattress—he always had a smile for me.

"One evening when I trotted round as usual to the cottage—I'm very partial to rabbit, and there was generally some for supper—I found Tom crying, and his mother feeling just as bad. There was no rabbit either, and my friend the poacher had disappeared. I never quite knew what had happened, but Tom said they had taken him away.

"Poor Tom! he was very lonely that winter, for his mother used to be out all day, trying to earn a little money. No one ever went near them but me, and when I saw the scraps of dry bread, which seemed to be all they had to eat, I used to feel ashamed of my own good meals.

"'Could n't you bring me a bone, Bouncer?' he asked me one day as he snuggled up to me for warmth. He pretended he was only in fun, but I felt sure he was hungry, and I tried to think what I could do to help him. That very afternoon on my way home I met a pretty, dark-eyed girl carrying a basket. I knew it had things to eat

in it—I could smell the bacon—and I at once made up my mind that Tom should have it. So I took it out of the girl's hand—not roughly, you know, but firmly—and trotted back to the cottage with it. She ran after me pretty fast—you would never guess from her looks how fast she could run—and we both arrived at the door together. I pushed it open and hurried in, and she was just beginning to scold when she saw Tom. Then she said, 'Oh!' and nothing more at all for a moment. I took that opportunity of getting away, for it was quite likely that she would have made unkind remarks to me about taking her basket.

"When I went round next day—it was about dinner-time, I remember—I found things looking much brighter. There was a lovely fire in the grate, and a warm covering over Tom. And he had a delicious plate of bones all ready for me. I often saw that dark-eyed girl there after that, and I think she had something to do with taking Tom away to a great red brick place in the city, where they said they would make him quite well. I hope they did, but I never saw him again. For my people took me away for a while, and when I came back the cottage had been pulled down and I could n't find Tom anywhere."

A small yellow mongrel, who had crept in unnoticed among the dogs at the party, here barked excitedly.

"Had he black hair and a tiny red scar across his forehead? Then I know him well! He is my dear master, and runs errands for the grocer."

Nelson jumped up and nearly shook the little mongrel in his impatience.

"Take me to him at once!" he cried. "He 'll be my master too before nightfall! I 'll never lose sight of him again."

"Oh, sir," the mongrel pleaded, his thin little body quivering with anxiety, "*don't* turn me out! I 've never had a home before, and you 're big and handsome and can shift for yourself. And he could n't keep two dogs, you know."

Tears came into Nelson's soft brown eyes, which were full of sympathy.

"I suppose you 're right," he said. "Don't be afraid—I will not turn you out." And the yellow mongrel thanked him joyfully, and "You are a hero, after all!" said Geoff, one of the finest dogs at the party.

WONDER STORIES FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK

TINY HARE AND THE WIND BALL

A STORY FOR VERY LITTLE FOLK TO READ. NO WORD IN IT HAS
MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS

BY A. L. SYKES

"I WANT to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare to his Mama one day, as he ran to the door of his home.

"What do you want to do, my dear?" she said.

"I do not know, but I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may run out a wee bit of a way, and run and jump and play in the sun," said his Mama.

"I do not want to run and jump and play. I want to do just as I like," said Tiny Hare.

"You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," said his Mama, "but if you go far MAN may get you, or DOG may eat you, or HAWK may fly away with you."

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like."

Papa Hare then said very low and deep, "*What* do you want to do, my son?"

"I do not know," said Tiny Hare, "but I want to do just as I like."

Then said Papa Hare, "Do not wake me from my nap any more now, and when the big moon is high in



"SOON MAN CAME BY."

the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat, and be very safe, for MAN will be in his home, and DOG in his, and HAWK in hers."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me," said Papa Hare, and he shut his eyes and put his ears down.

"Come here," said Mama Hare, "and I will tell you a tale of the cold time of the year when snow is over bush and tree and our good food, and what came to the hare who did just as his Mama told him not to. Step, step, step in the snow he went till he came to the Red Fire, and—"

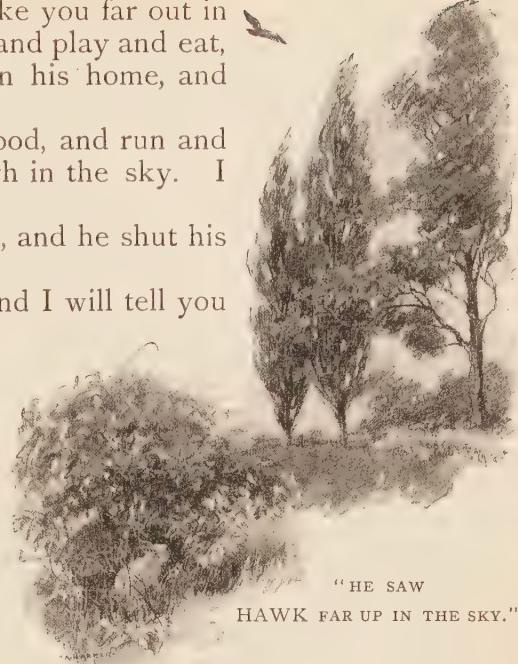
"I do not want to hear the tale," said Tiny Hare. "I want to do just as I like."

"Do not wake me from my nap, then," said his Mama, and she shut *her* eyes and put *her* ears down.

Just then Tiny Hare saw a Wind Ball roll by. A Wind Ball is the part of one kind of a weed that is left when the weed does not grow any more, and it is dry and like wool, and it can roll like a ball, and fly as fast as a bird.

"I can run as fast as you," said Tiny Hare. "I can do just as I like, and I want to get you."

On went the Wind Ball, roll, roll, roll, and on went Tiny Hare, leap, leap, leap. Just as he was near it, the Wind Ball rose into the air, and flew like a bird, and on went Tiny Hare, jump, jump, jump. Roll and fly, roll and fly went the Wind Ball, and leap and jump, leap and jump went Tiny Hare till he was not able to run any more, and his feet were sore. He lay down to rest, but soon MAN came by, and Tiny Hare ran into a hole in a tree, and now how he *did* wish that he was at home!



"HE SAW
HAWK FAR UP IN THE SKY."



"DOG CAME BY, AND TINY HARE
RAN INTO A HOLE."

home! By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and he ran, and he ran, and he ran! And, by and by, he saw HAWK far up in the sky, and Tiny Hare ran into a bush, and how he *did* wish he was at home.

By and by he came out to try to hunt for his home, and Wind Ball went by once more.

"I can't get you, and I don't want to," said Tiny Hare, but the wind was low, and Wind Ball went roll, roll, roll, slow, slow, slow, and Tiny Hare went with it, limp, limp, limp, and by and by he saw his home. Tiny Hare ran as fast as a hare with lame feet can run, and soon he went in and lay down in the home by his Mama.

"I have not been good, Mama," he said very low in her ear in a way that a tiny hare has.

"Be good now, then," she said.

"I want to," said Tiny Hare, and then he said, "Do not wake me," and he shut *his* eyes, and put *his* ears down, and they *all* took a nap.





POOR, PATIENT ROVER! WON'T SOMEBODY SAY "SPEAK!" SO HE CAN HAVE THE LUMP OF SUGAR?



BY JASMINE STONE VAN DRESSER

ONCE there was a little pink pig with five little spotted brothers and sisters. They had a nice home in the wood lot with their mama, and a nice yard with a little white fence around it. The little pigs were very happy playing in the yard. They made mud pies and baked them in the sun.

One day the little pink pig asked his mama to let him go out of the gate into the big road.

"You are too little and do not know enough yet," said his mama. "When you grow bigger I shall teach you about the big road, and then you may go. Now, be a good little pig, and run and play with your brothers and sisters."

But the little pink pig would not play with his brothers and sisters. He ran off in a corner by himself and would not make mud pies.

Pretty soon the milkman came in his wagon to bring the milk for dinner. He carried it in and knocked at the back door, and poured it in a pail for mama. Then he ran out as fast as he could and hopped up in his wagon and drove away.

But he forgot to close the gate.

The little pink pig saw the gate was open, and he ran right out into the big road.



"THE BLACK AND WHITE THING ROLLED HIM OVER IN THE DUST."

"I will show my mama how much I know," he said. And he trotted down the big road as fast as his little pink legs would carry him.

He had not gone very far when he saw a big black and white thing. The black and white thing ran after the little pig, and rolled him over in the dust.

The little pig squealed and squealed, and the black and white thing rolled him and rolled him over, and kept saying "Bow wow!" But by and by he turned and went away.

The little pig got up and tried to shake off the dust, but he could n't shake it all off. He wanted to go home, but he had rolled over and over so much, that he could n't tell where home was. So he ran into a cornfield to hide, till he was sure the black and white thing was gone.

Pretty soon a man came along and found him in the cornfield and said:

"Hello, pink pig, are you eating my corn?"

"Oh, no!" said the little pig. "I would not eat your corn."

"Then you should keep out of my cornfield," said the man. "I will take you home and shut you in a pen."

And he took the little pink pig home and shut him up in a pen.

"I do not want to be shut up. Please let me out," said the little pink pig.

But the man did not let him out. It was not a nice pen, and the little pig got all muddy and dirty in it. He wished he was at home in his own little house with his mama, and his spotted brothers and sisters.

He ran round and round till he found a little hole in the fence. He was such a tiny pig that he squeezed through the hole and got out, though he had a hard time, for the buttons on his jacket got caught, and he could hardly get loose. He did not know which way to go to find his home, but he ran as fast as he could to get away from the pen.

He ran through a fence into a big place where there was plenty of grass. There were some very big red things in there, and one saw the little pig and ran after him.

"Oh, dear!" said the little pink pig (only he was not pink any more because he was all covered with mud), "are you a big pig?"

The big red thing shook its head and said "Moo!" and tossed the little pig up in the air. The little pig fell on the ground with a hard bump. He lay still till the red thing went away. Then he got up and ran as fast as he could.



"AND HE TOOK THE LITTLE PINK PIG HOME."



"THE BIG RED THING TOSSSED THE LITTLE PINK PIG IN THE AIR."

He ran out in the road, and right into a black and white speckled thing with two legs. The speckled thing puffed up and said "Squawk!"

The little pig ran as fast as he could because he thought the speckled thing was chasing him. But it was n't.

The little pig did not know where he was running, and he did not have time to find out. The first thing he knew he almost ran into a lot of two-legged things. They had big yellow mouths.

One of them said "Hiss-ss!" and ran out and nipped the little pig's hind leg. The little pig squealed and ran the other way.

"Oh, dear!" he thought, "if I ever get back to my mama, I will never try to go down the big road again, till she teaches me what these queer things are."

Just then he found himself in front of his own little house with the white fence around it. He ran into the house and told his mama everything that had happened to him.

"Oh, mama," he said, "what was the black and white thing?"

"It was a dog," she said. "Dogs sometimes chase little pigs."

"Oh, mama," he said, "a man found me in his cornfield and put me in a pen."

"You must keep out of cornfields," said mama. "People do not like pigs in their cornfields."

"Oh, mama, what was the big red thing with sharp things on top of its head?"

"It was a cow," said mama. "You should



"THE SPECKLED THING PUFFED UP AND SAID 'SQUAWK!'"

not go where cows are till you are big enough to keep out of their way."

"Oh, mama, what was the speckled thing that puffed up and said 'Squawk?'"

"It was a hen," said mama. "She was not chasing you, she was only going to the other side of the road."

"Oh, mama, what was the white thing that nipped me?" "It was a goose. You should always keep away from them."

"Oh, mama, this is a big world, and there are lots of funny things in it."

"Yes," said mama. "That is why it is best for little pigs not to go out on the big road till they know more. You need not be afraid of anything if you know what it is. You have learned a great deal today for such a little pig, but if you are patient and wait till I teach you, you will not have such a hard time. We shall walk out every day, and I will teach you how a little pig can take care of himself all the time." Then she put the little pig in the wash-tub, for he was all covered with mud, and washed him nicely—and before long he was the little pink pig again.



"'HISS!' IT SAID, AND IT NIPPED THE LITTLE PIG'S LEG."



THE LITTLE PINK PIG RUNS HOME TO HIS MOTHER.

TOMMY AND HIS SISTER AND THEIR NEW PONY-CART

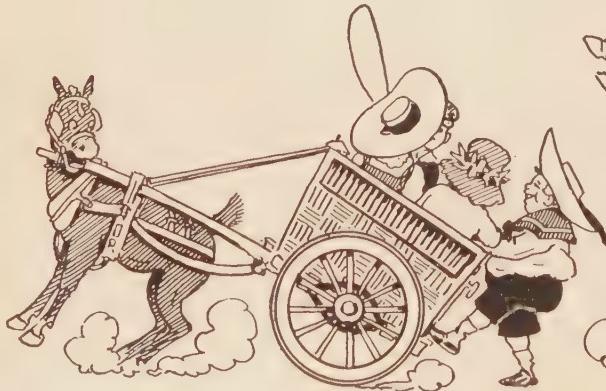
BY DEWITT CLINTON FALLS



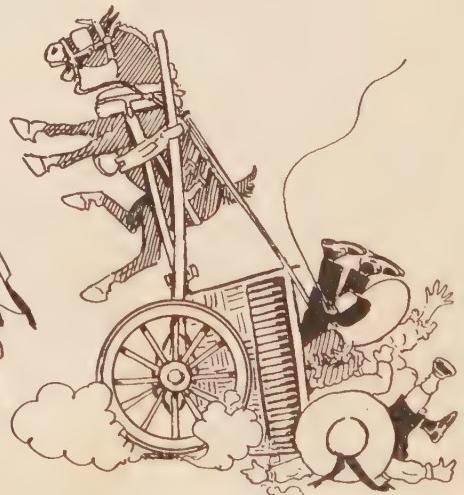
Tommy took his sister out in their new pony-cart for a ride.



They met a little friend very soon, and asked her to ride, too.



Then Billie came along and of course they had to invite him.



But they had forgotten how fat Billie was, so their ride ended very suddenly!

PHILIP'S HORSE



PHILIP IN HIS "ROUGH-RIDER" SUIT.

LITTLE PHILIP was very fond of horses, and as he was too old to sit on a chair or box or trunk and make believe a rocking-horse was pulling it along his bedroom floor, his father bought him a horse all spotted brown and white, with a beautiful white mane; and Philip loved to get up on his back.

In winter he would go out in his sleigh, even when the snow was deep. It was jolly fun to be in the sleigh all wrapped up cozy and warm in furry robes. He would crack his long whip and make it sound almost as loud as a fire-cracker. He used to carry a make-believe pistol when he dressed up in his "Rough-Rider" suit and went horseback-riding. But all the neighbors thought it was funny that Philip would always leave the saddle on his horse when he went out in his sleigh.

But you won't think it is funny when I tell you a secret—maybe you have guessed it already—Philip could n't get the saddle off, because, don't you see, his horse was only a make-believe, hobby-horse.



PHILIP IN HIS SLEIGH.

An Up-to-date Pussy-cat.



Pussy cat, pussy cat,
where have you been?
I've been to London
in my new machine.

Pussy cat, pussy cat,
what did you there?
The auto broke down
and was hard to repair.

Adeline Knapp

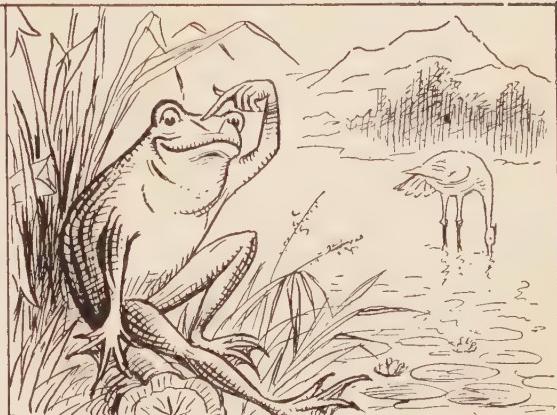


Albertine Randall Wheelan,

THE FROG WHO WOULD A-FLYING GO



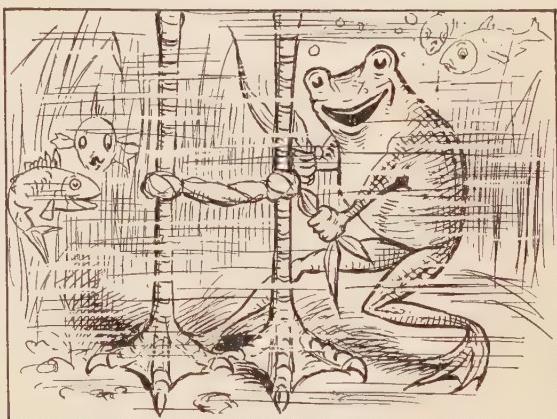
"OH, HOW DULL IT IS HERE!
I WISH I COULD FLY!"



"AND WHY NOT? I WONDER IF THAT BIG BIRD OVER
THERE IS STRONG ENOUGH TO CARRY ME!"



"HERE GOES!"



"WHY DID N'T I THINK OF THIS BEFORE?"



"NOT SO BAD—EH?"

A LITTLE BOY'S SUMMER

By Emily Hewitt Lealand

(To be read aloud)



ONCE there was a little boy and a Mama. It was beginning to be summer-time at last, but all the summer-time the little boy knew was a little starched-up,

best-clothes visit to the Park on Sunday afternoons, for he and his Mama lived away

up, up many stairs, in a flat, and his Mama was too busy to go to the Park on other days.

The weather grew warmer and warmer,

and by and by the little boy did n't feel well. He could n't sleep nice and sound, and he was n't good and hungry for breakfast. So Mama went to the telephone and called up Doctor John. Doctor John came and looked at the little boy's tongue and held his hand, and then he said to the Mama: "All he needs is fresh air, pure water, good milk, whole-wheat toast, soft-boiled eggs, chicken-broth, baked potatoes, lots of fruit, and a chance to roll and tumble about in the soft grass under the shady trees—and in the sunshine too—all day long. Can't you take him to the country for about seventy days?"

"Why, yes," said Mama. "I can take him to Grandma's. She lives up among the hills where there's the best kind of fresh air—and Jersey cows and berries and shady trees and chickens and little lambs, and everything that is lovely!"

"All right," said Doctor John, "that is the place for this little man. Better take him there right away." Then Doctor John said, "Good Morning," and went away.

Then Mama and Mary, the girl who helped with the housework, just flew about, packing a lunch-box and books and clothes, and Mama remembered to pack the little boy's blocks and cart and little shovel and the rabbit bank. Then she rushed to the telephone and said: "Mr. Carriage Man, please send a carriage around for the ten-fifteen choo choo." And the carriage man answered back:

"Yes, ma'am, all right, ma'am!" Then Mama telephoned to Grandma and said: "Grandma, dear, we are coming out to-day to make you a long visit." And Grandma answered back: "Oh, I am so delighted! I'll have Jimmy at the station to meet you with the ponies."

Then Mama dressed the little boy in his pretty clothes and Sunday hat, and by and by Mr. Carriage Man hurried up to the door and they hurried down-stairs and got into the carriage with their grips and lunch-box and umbrella and shawl and fan, and away they went down the street and up another street and along another street, until they came to the station, and there was the Choo Choo huffing and puffing and almost ready to start. So they hurried and climbed up into the Choo Choo, and the Choo Choo man brought in their things, and the



"HE TOOK THE LITTLE BOY UP ON THE SEAT WITH HIM AND LET HIM HOLD THE ENDS OF THE LINES."

engine said *Whoof—Whoof!* and off they went. The little boy knelt up by the window and had such a good time watching the houses and people and carriages flying by, and pretty soon the Choo Choo huffed and puffed away out into the country, and the little boy could see the hills and trees, and the horses and cows in the fields, and the blue sky and white houses and red barns and little dogs that ran out and barked at the Choo Choo and made the little boy laugh.

By and by the little boy said he was hungry. So Mama opened the lunch-

box and spread a napkin in his lap and gave him a little wooden plate with a bread-and-jam sandwich, a cooky and a banana on it, and he ate every bit and drank a cup of milk, too. And Mama laughed and said he must be feeling better already.

Then the little boy knelt by the window again, but pretty soon he got tired of seeing so many things flying by, and he lay down on the seat and went sound

asleep with Mama's shawl for a pillow. When he woke up the Choo Choo was getting pretty near the place where Grandma lived, so he and Mama put on their hats and gathered up their things, and by and by *there* was Grandma's house away over on a lovely green hill with shady trees all about it and red chimneys and white fences, just as it was in the picture in Mama's dining-room.

Presently the Choo Choo stopped, and Mama and the little boy hurried out, and there was Jimmy to meet them! Jimmy was a big boy—almost as big as Doctor John—and he had two *beautiful* gray ponies and a pretty carriage with yellow wheels. He took the little boy up



"AND HE PLAYED AND SPLASHED UNTIL THEY HEARD THE DINNER-HORN."

on the front seat with him and let him hold the ends of the lines, and Mama sat in the back seat with the grips and the lunch-box and the shawl and the fan and the umbrella. Then they drove away over the smooth country road, the air sweet with clover and wild roses, and the birds singing their sunset songs in the trees. By and by they drove through a wide gateway and trotted straight up to Grandma's house, and there was Grandma waiting in the porch to hug and kiss them. After she had hugged and kissed them she said: "Supper is almost ready, but there's time for him to pick his strawberries, bless his heart!"

So after he was washed and brushed, Grandma gave him a bright tin cup and

Showed him where the strawberries grew. And was n't that fun? In a little while he picked the cup full, besides three big ones which he carried in his hand. And Grandma pulled off the stems and put the berries in a pretty china dish and poured yellow cream over them and sprinkled them with sugar, and the little boy had them for his supper with two g-r-e-a-t b-i-g slices of toasted whole-wheat bread.

Then, after supper, he went out to the barn with Jimmy and helped him feed the ponies and milk the cows. And Jimmy showed him a little baby cow and three baby sheep, and let him gather the eggs from a hen's nest and carry them in his hat—*very carefully*—to Grandma.

But the greatest fun was the next day. The weather was bright and warm, and Mama and the little boy went down through the orchard and climbed a fence, and pretty soon they came to the nice clear water of a little brook. And Mama took off the little boy's shoes and stockings and rolled his trousers away up high, and let him go spul-lashing and spul-lashing about in the lovely water. And he played and splashed until they heard the dinner-horn toot-toot-tooting for dinner.

And the next day, and the next day, and the next day—and all the seventy days they stayed at Grandma's—the little boy played with the brook and the lambs and the baby cows and gathered eggs—*very carefully*—and drank fresh milk and ate fruit and brown bread and chicken-soup and soft-boiled eggs, and rolled and tumbled in the grass, until, when he went back home—what do you think?—all his cool weather clothes and shoes and slippers were too small for him, and Mama had to buy all kinds of new things for him right away!

And Mama said it was so much nicer than paying a big doctor's bill.

BIG ENOUGH TO GO SWIMMING ALONE



The Good King

By Margaret and Clarence Weed



ONCE upon a time there was a King in Spain who had only one leg. He was a Good King and he had a big Animal Farm where he kept all the animals who had lost one or more of their legs.

In another part of Spain there was a Little Half Chick with only one eye, one wing and one leg. The other chickens with two eyes and two legs gobbled up the corn so fast that Little Half Chick was nearly starved.

One day a Donkey told Little Half Chick about the Good King and his Animal Farm. Little Half Chick at once started hoppity-hop for Mother Hen and said,

"Mother Hen, I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"All right," said Mother Hen, "good luck to you."

So Little Half Chick started off, hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop along the road to Madrid to see the Good King.

Soon she met a Two-legged Cat going along hippity-hip, hippity-hip on her leg and crutch. The Cat said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said, "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Two-legged Cat.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Cat fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat.

Soon they met a Three-legged Dog going along humpty-hump, humpty-hump. The Dog said:

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said: "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the Three-legged Dog.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."



"THEY BOTH LAUGHED AS ALL THESE FUNNY ANIMALS CAME UP."

So the Dog fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpty-hump, humpty-hump went the Three-legged Dog.

Soon they met a One-legged Crow going along jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump. The Crow said:

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

Little Half Chick said: "I am going to Madrid to see the Good King."

"May I go too?" said the One-legged Crow."

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Crow fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpty-hump, humpty-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow.

Soon they met a Snake with no legs at all. He had caught his tail in his teeth and was rolling along loopy-loop, loopy-loop. The Snake said,

"Hello, Little Half Chick, where are you going so fast?"

"I am going to Madrid to see the Good King," said Little Half Chick.

"May I go, too?" said the Snake.

"Yes," said Little Half Chick, "fall in behind."

So the Snake fell in behind. Hoppity-hop, hoppity-hop went Little Half Chick. Hippity-hip, hippity-hip went the Two-legged Cat. Humpty-hump, humpty-hump went the Three-legged Dog. Jumpity-jump, jumpity-jump went the One-legged Crow. Loopy-loop, loopy-loop went the Snake with no legs at all.

Soon they came to Madrid and saw the Good King. With the King was his little daughter Margaret. They both laughed as all these funny animals came up. The King said to Little Margaret:

"Do you want to see us all go out to the Animal Farm?"

"Yes," said Little Margaret, "I will lead the way."

So she led the way along the street to the Animal Farm. Behind Margaret came the One-legged King. Next came the Little Half Chick, next the Two-legged Cat, next the Three-legged Dog, next the One-legged Crow, and last of all the Snake with no legs at all. So they all went out to the Animal Farm. And there they lived happily ever after.



EARLY AND LATE.

By W. S. REED.

Go to bed early — wake up with joy; Go to bed early — no pains or ills;
Go to bed late — cross girl or boy. Go to bed late — doctors and pills.

Go to bed early — ready for play;
Go to bed late — moping all day.

Go to bed early — grow very tall;
Go to bed late — stay very small.



GORDON'S TOY CASTLE ON THE HILL

BY EVERETT WILSON

LAST Christmas little Gordon Bruce had a fine, large Christmas tree and lots of toys, just as a great many other nice boys and girls had. The tree was up in his playroom, a great, big, sunny room that used to be called the "nursery" when he was a baby.

A few days after Christmas, Gordon's mother said: "Now, Gordon, I think we will have to take down your Christmas tree, for it is getting all dried up, and the little pine needles are dropping all over the floor, and the maid has to sweep them up every day."

Gordon was sorry to have the tree taken down, for it looked so bright and Christmas-y, and he knew it would be a whole year before he would have another Christmas tree, so he asked his mother if she wouldn't wait just one day more. I think that is the way almost all the girls and boys feel. And his mother said she would wait until to-morrow.

It was a rainy day, and as none of his little friends were with him, he began to play with all his toys one after the other; there were many of them, and some of the little ones were still hanging on the tree.

Gordon's father came from Scotland, and he had read to Gordon many stories of the old days in Scotland, when the great generals and the noble lords lived in strong castles set high up on the mountains, so that the soldiers could not get near them. Now among Gordon's Christmas presents was a tiny castle just like the ones he had seen in the books his father read the stories from; and with this castle came a lot of soldiers.

So this day Gordon got out his castle and soldiers and began to play with them. First he got a chair and put a big, thick rug over it to make it look like a steep hill; then he set the castle on top of the hill and stood the soldiers on the ground at the bottom of the hill—all in a row. He was making believe that the soldiers were trying to get up to the castle. Then he dropped some beautiful colored glass marbles, that his Uncle George had given him, down on the floor of the castle. The marbles rolled out of the front door of the castle and down the rug to the bottom of the hill, and bang! they would bump right against the tall soldiers and tumble them down. One after another Gordon would roll the marbles down until by and by every one of the soldiers would be knocked over, and as they were only wooden soldiers, of course they could n't get up by themselves. Then Gordon would stand them all up in a row again and roll the marbles down the hill until not a single soldier was standing. It was lots of fun for Gordon, for you know it really did n't hurt the soldiers a bit, for they were only made of wood and their uniforms were just red and blue paint.

The next day Gordon's mother took down the tree, and packed up the beautiful things that were on it, and put them away until next Christmas.



GORDON'S MAKE-BELIEVE CASTLE ON THE HILL.



The Kitten That Forgot How to Mew

By Stella George Stern

ALL little girls, and little boys too, like to read stories about kittens. Here is a story about a dear little kitten that belonged to a dear little girl named Peggy.

Peggy had two brothers, and three cousins—all boys—and every boy had a little dog. At first the dogs would tease the kitten, but they soon learned better. The dogs and the kitten played together. All day long, out in the yard, you could hear them going, “Bow-wow!” and “Mew!”



But, you see, there was only one little "Mew" and ever so many "Bow-wows," and after a while the kitten hardly ever spoke at all.

But one day the kitten wanted to mew, and—what do you suppose?—she had forgotten how to do it! She tried and tried, and all she could say was "M-m-m-bow!"—just as much like a dog as a kitten. She was so sad. She ran out into the yard and cried.

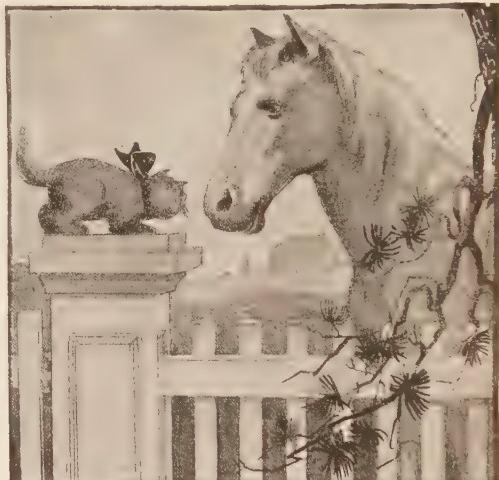
The Big White Hen passed by and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Big White Hen," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Hen; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-cut, cut, cut, cut, cut-ca-*da*-cut!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Sheep and asked, "What is the matter?"



"Oh, Sheep," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Sheep; "I will teach you to talk. Listen: M-m-m-baa!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Horse and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Horse," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Horse; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-neigh!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

Then along came the Cow and asked what was the matter.

"Oh, Cow," sobbed the kitten, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, as hard as I ever can, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"



"Never mind, Kitty Cat," said the Cow; "I will teach you to talk. Listen to this: M-m-m-moo!"

"No," said the kitten; "that is more like it, but that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she cried again.

The New Baby was sitting in her high chair at the kitchen door.

"Baby dear," sighed the kitten, "I am in trouble. I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and all I can say is, M-m-m-bow! Can't you teach me?"

The Baby nodded her head and began, "M-m-m-google-google-goo!"

"No," said the kitten; "that's not the way to talk kitten-talk." And she sat on the kitchen step and cried again.

"What is the matter?" asked a soft voice behind her.

"Oh!" sobbed the kitten, without looking up, "I have forgotten how to talk kitten-talk. I try and I try, and nothing can help me. All I can say is, M-m-m-bow!"

"Look at me," said the soft voice.

The little kitten looked. And there stood a beautiful big gray cat!

"I can teach you to talk," said the Cat. And she did. She taught her so well that the little kitten never again forgot how to mew, though she played out on the soft, green grass with the dogs every day.



AFTER HIS FEAST

By C.F. LESTER



"Oho!" cried Rudolph, with a smile,
Eying his empty plate the while,
"I fear my health is not just right;
I've wholly lost my appetite!"

A LITTLE ECHISM



By Margaret Johnson

When Pussy to the Library
Anon doth daily jog,
How does she find her little book?
"Consults her



What does she see in foreign lands
When far and wide she roams?

"Why, Saracids and Sarapults,
And shadowy



But if a sad catastrophe
Poor Pussy should befall,
What then?

"Alas! she could but give

A little Werwaul!"



THE WEE HARE AND THE RED FIRE

[IN WORDS OF NOT MORE THAN FOUR LETTERS]

BY A. L. SYKES



"It is FIRE," said his Mama. "It can burn and hurt. You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," and she bit his ear for a kiss.

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like. I want to pick the red food from the red bush. I know it is like buds in the warm time."

"Hush," said Papa Hare, very low and deep. "You are not good. When you are good, and the moon is high in the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat the food that is best for you."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like. I want to eat the red buds from the red bush," said the Wee Hare.

"Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap," said his Mama. "You are too tiny to go away from me. Now, hush, do not say one more word. The red bush is the RED FIRE. It can hurt and burn. MAN has it, and DOG is with man. They can hurt you, and if you run too far in the wood, WIND may blow too hard for a wee hare, and SNOW may come and bury you. Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap."

It was noon; the sun was high in the sky.

Good Papa Hare took *his* nap, and Mama Hare took *her* nap. The Wee Hare shut his eyes, and put his ears down, but he took no nap. By and by he

ONE day in the cold time when he lay snug and warm by his Mama, Tiny Hare said: "Tell me of the hare who went step, step, step in the snow till he came to the RED FIRE."

So his Mama gave him a hug and said:

ONCE upon a time was a wise Wee Hare who knew how to run fast when MAN came by. He knew how to hide when DOG was near, and when he saw the dark spot in the sky that HAWK made, how fast he did jump to his Mama! But Wee Hare did not like to go out and run and jump and play in the sun.

"I do not want to run and jump and play in the sun. I want to run far, far in the wood, and find the red bush. I have seen it away off in the dark. It is good for me to eat, I know."

"Only MAN can make it, and it is not good for you. It can burn and hurt. You may eat the good food that you can find near our home," and she bit his ear for a kiss.

"I do not want to eat the good food that I can see here. I want to do just as I like. I want to pick the red food from the red bush. I know it is like buds in the warm time."

"Hush," said Papa Hare, very low and deep. "You are not good. When you are good, and the moon is high in the sky, and it is just like day, I will take you far out in the wood, and you may run and jump and play and eat the food that is best for you."

"I do not want to go out in the wood, and run and jump and play when the moon is high in the sky. I want to do just as I like. I want to eat the red buds from the red bush," said the Wee Hare.

"Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap," said his Mama. "You are too tiny to go away from me. Now, hush, do not say one more word. The red bush is the RED FIRE. It can hurt and burn. MAN has it, and DOG is with man. They can hurt you, and if you run too far in the wood, WIND may blow too hard for a wee hare, and SNOW may come and bury you. Shut your eyes, and put your ears down, and take your nap."

It was noon; the sun was high in the sky.

Good Papa Hare took *his* nap, and Mama Hare took *her* nap. The Wee Hare shut his eyes, and put his ears down, but he took no nap. By and by he

went out of the door, and ran and ran till he came to the wood. Then he ran and ran in the wood, but he did not come to the RED FIRE, and he ran and ran till his feet were sore, but he did not come to the RED FIRE, and he ran and ran and ran and ran till he was not able to run any more, and no RED FIRE did he see. He lay down to rest in a bush, and very soon his eyes were



"THEN DOG SAID: 'WOW!' AND PUT HIS EARS UP."

shut, and he did not see or hear, for it was long past the hour for his nap. When he woke SNOW lay on all the open ways of the wood. The Wee Hare gave a leap from his bush, for he knew that SNOW can grow deep and deep, and a wee hare cannot walk in it. How he *did* wish he was at home!

The sun was far down in the west, and its last rays lay red on the SNOW. Step, step, step went the lame Wee Hare in the cold SNOW. He went back into the wood to try to find his way home. It grew gray, and it grew dark, and SNOW grew so deep that the Wee Hare had hard work to walk. Then WIND came. It was *so* cold, and blew him out of the path, and how he *did* wish he was at home! Step, step, step in the SNOW he went. The WIND blew more and more.

"I can not walk; my feet are too lame," said the Wee Hare, and just then he saw the RED FIRE! It grew in the path in the wood, and by it sat MAN and DOG. Oh, how the Wee Hare felt! His nose grew hot, and his ears grew cold, and he was not able to move. Then DOG said: "WOW!" and put his ears up, but MAN said: "Lie down," and DOG lay down by the RED FIRE. The Wee Hare went into a tiny, tiny hole in a tree, and sat on his feet to warm them. He saw the RED FIRE. He did not like to see it. MAN and DOG did not let it come too near them, and he saw *them* keep away from the RED FIRE.

"They fear it, too," said the Wee Hare. "It is not good for me. I must take care or it will come and hurt me." He sat on his cold feet, and did not dare to take a nap.

By and by MAN put SNOW over the RED FIRE, and he and DOG went away, and the Wee Hare went step, step, step in the snow, soft, soft, soft, for fear.

"I wish I had been good," said the Wee Hare, and WIND and SNOW were able to hear, and they felt sad for a wee hare.

"We will help him," they said, but low and soft so he did not hear. The moon came up high in the sky till it was just like day, and it grew very cold. SNOW grew hard as ice in the cold, and the Wee Hare did not sink in it any more. WIND did not blow so hard. It came back of Wee Hare now, push,



"HOW FAST HE WENT—HOP, SKIP, AND JUMP!"

push, push, to help the Wee Hare over the SNOW. How fast he went—hop, skip, and jump! Soon he came to his home. How glad he was! He went in and lay down by his Mama.

"I have not been good, Mama," he said, very low in her ear.

"Be good now, then," his Mama said, and he did not know how glad she was to have him back.

"I want to be good," said the Wee Hare; and he shut his eyes, and put his ears down, and they all took a nap till the dawn came.

"JUST like us," said Tiny Hare, and he was glad that he lay snug and warm by his Mama, and he was glad she had told him the tale of the Wee Hare and the RED FIRE.



EDITH'S TEA-PARTY

BY LOIS WALTERS

EDITH was a little girl who was just learning to write. Her mother told her one day that she could have a tea-party on the next Tuesday, if the weather was fine, and that she could invite her little friend Helen, who lived on the same street, though not very far away; but she must write the letter to ask Helen to come. So, Edith got up at her mother's writing-desk and took some of her own writing paper, and began to write. She could make the letters but she could not spell very well. She asked her mother how to spell the words and then she wrote them down. And this is the letter she wrote:

Dear Helen.

*Mamma says I may ask you to come
to my tea party next Tuesday at four o'clock.
Bring your dolly.*

*your loving friend.
Edith*

Then she sealed the letter in the envelop, and put a stamp on it, and stood on the front piazza so as to give it to the postman herself.

When Tuesday came, Edith's nurse dressed her in a fresh, white frock, and Edith dressed her dolly in her best dress, and went out under the trees where her nurse had set the table for two. And then she sat in a chair at the table and waited. But the big town clock struck four and no Helen came; and then she waited for half an hour longer. Then Edith put her dolly down on the chair and went in the house to find her mother.

"Mama," she said, "I think Helen is very rude; she does n't come to my party and I invited her!"

"Just wait a little longer, dear,"



EDITH WAITING FOR HELEN.

said her mother, "and she will come. Maybe her nurse was busy dressing Helen's little sister and brother and could n't get her ready in time."

"But I invited her," was all Edith could say; "but I invited her, and she does n't come."

Then her mother went to the telephone and called up Helen's mother. In a moment she came back.

"Edith, dear," she said, "what day did you write Helen to come? Her mother says she thought it was to be Thursday, and so did Helen, and this is only Tuesday."

"But I *did* say Tuesday, mama," said Edith, who was almost ready to cry. "I remember because that was the hardest word to spell, and I think I made a blot when I wrote it."

"Well, never mind, dear; Helen is getting ready now and will be over in a few minutes," said her mama.

And Edith was very happy, and ran out to the tea-table under the trees with her doll to wait.

But she did not have to wait very long this time, for in a little while Helen came running across the lawn carrying her doll; and so happy were both little girls that Edith forgot all about the long time she had been waiting for Helen to come.

Helen wanted Edith to know that she had not been rude in staying away, so she brought with her the letter Edith had sent to her, so she could show

it to Edith. And there, sure enough, the word "Tuesday" was written so badly that it looked more like "Thursday," and that was why Helen did not think she was expected on this day.

Well, the very first thing they did was to undress their dolls and put them to sleep under one of the bushes on the lawn—in the shade, so that the sun would not hurt their eyes, and so that the wax would not be melted from their cheeks. Edith put her napkin over both dolls for a comforter, for you never know when it will blow up cold, and little girls have to be as careful of their dolls as their own mothers are!

Very soon the maid came out with cookies and lady-fingers and make-believe tea, and another napkin to take the place of the one Edith had put over the dolls, and they had tea. Then the two little girls and Edith's nurse had a nice game of croquet, and they had a lovely tea-party after all, and Edith forgot all about waiting so long for Helen to come.

But Edith never again made a mistake when she spelled "Tuesday."



HELEN AND HER DOLLY.



HOW POLLY HAD HER PICTURE TAKEN

BY EVERETT WILSON

IT was a bright spring morning, and all the animals on the Meadowbrook Farm had been given their breakfast, and the Piggy-wig family had settled down to a cozy nap. Suddenly there was heard a great noise and rushing out in the apple orchard. Old Mother Piggy-wig jumped up on her hind legs and looked over

the fence of her sty to see what it was all about. The little pig that went to market, and the little pig that stayed at home, also jumped up, quite as excited as their mother. Then the little pig that had roast beef, and the little pig that had none, woke up, and they, too, scampered about, wishing to know what was going on down under the apple-trees. But before old Mother Piggy-wig could tell them, the little pig, who, one day, could not find his way home, found a big hole in the lower board of the sty, and at once shouted:

"Oh, I see what it is! It is little Polly going to have her picture taken."

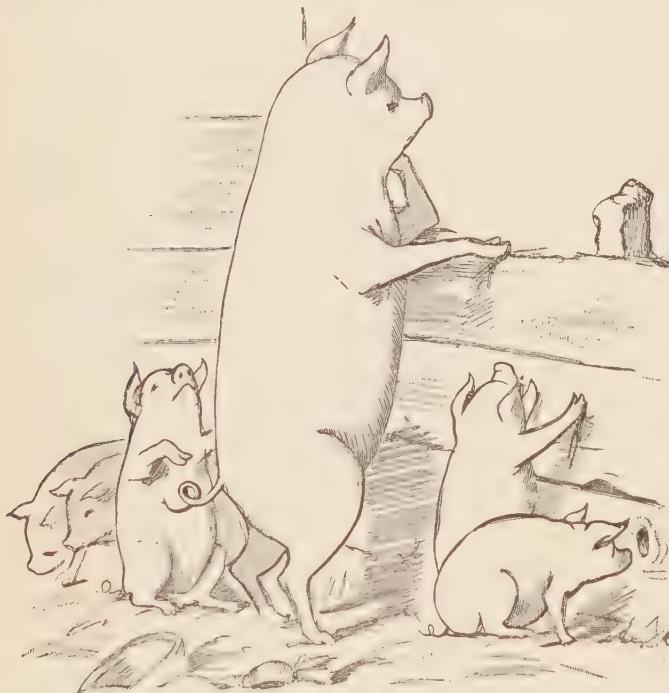
And, sure enough, there was

Polly's brother Ned with his camera; and after him came Polly, and after Polly came—guess what!

Well, first there came Blackie, the cat; then came Banty, the hen; and then came Gyp, the dog. And such a mew-mewing, and cluck-clucking, and bow-wow-ing you never heard!

Polly had often had her picture taken, but it was always with her papa or her mamma, and she had never had her picture taken with her pets. So brother Ned had promised that on her birthday he would take her picture with all of her pets—if they would only keep still. This day was Polly's birthday, and, as the weather was fine, her brother had told her to follow him out to the orchard.

Ned fastened his camera on its three sprawling legs, while Polly tried to gather



her pets around her. But by this time Blackie, the cat, was chasing a squirrel (though he did not catch him); and Banty, the hen, was away off scratching for worms; and Gyp, the dog, was barking at a bossy calf down by the brook, for, of course, Polly's pets did not know it was her birthday and that they were to have their pictures taken with her.

Polly called, as loud as she could: "Here, Blackie, Blackie; here, Banty, Banty; here, Gyp, Gyp," and as quick as a wink the animals came running up to her.

At first she sat down, but all three of her pets got in her lap until you could scarcely see Polly behind them. That would not do, of course, because it was Polly's picture that was the most important.



Finally, she stood up and made her pets stand up, too. Then she had more trouble, for Gyp wanted to stand next to her, and so did Banty, and so did Blackie, but she told them if they were not good and did not stand just where she put them, they could not have their pictures taken at all. She even said she would get the little pig that could not find his way home, and would have her picture taken with *him*. They did not like that, so they promised to be good. She stood Banty on one side of her, and Gyp on the other side, and then she put Blackie on one end next to Banty. But Gyp and Blackie jumped around so lively that Brother Ned ran into the house and brought out Polly's toy cow, and stood her next to Blackie, and that kept *him* quiet, because he was afraid the cow would hook him with her horns—he did not know it was not a *real* cow. Then Ned brought out Polly's toy lion and put him next to Gyp, and that kept *him* quiet, because he thought the lion would eat him up,—he did not know it was not a *real* lion.

So, after they were all nice and quiet, Ned called out:

"Ready! Look pleasant! One, two, three—all over!"

And here is the way they looked in the picture that Ned took that morning.

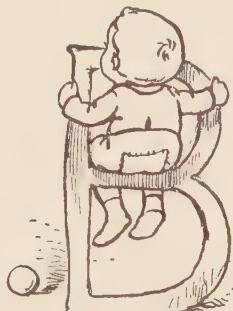


A LITTLE FOLKS' ALPHABET

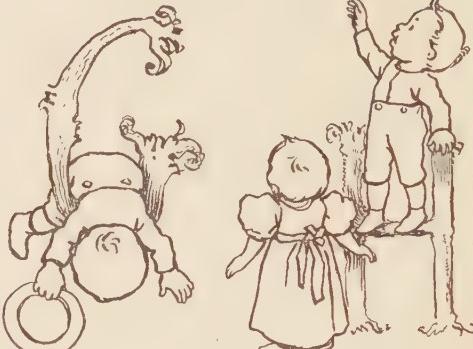
BY CAROLYN WELLS



AFFABLE Andy
Ate sugar candy.



Boisterous Ben
Shot at a hen.



Gay little Guy Helen and Hugh
Thought he could fly. Called the sky blue.



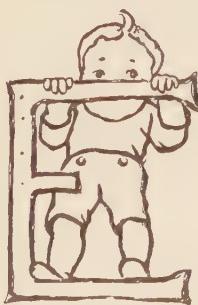
Careless Corinne
Lost her gold pin.



Dear little Davy
Liked chicken gravy.



Ignorant Ike Jaunty young Jack
Fell off his bike. Stepped on a tack.



Elegant Ed
Had a new sled.



Fair little Fanny
Wrote to her Granny.



Kind little Kay
Gave things away.



Lovable Lenny
Lost his new penny.



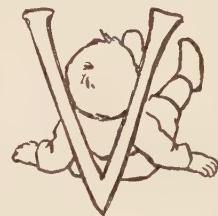
Merry young Mac
Rode in a hack.



Nice little Nettie
Never was fretty.



Unsocial Una



Vigorous Vinton
Gazed up at Luna. Always was "sprintin'."



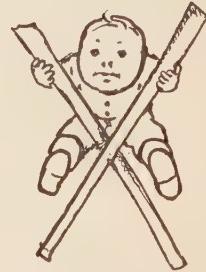
Opulent Ollie
Rode on the trolley.



Popular Polly
Made pies so jolly.



Whimsical Winnie
Started for Guinea.



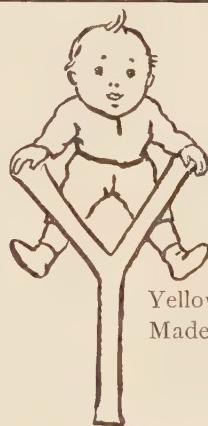
Xenophon Bump
Tried a high jump.



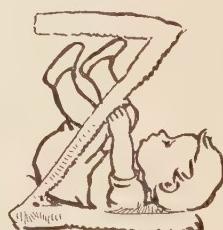
Queer little Queen
Always wore green.



Rollicking Rory
Read a long story.



Yellow-haired Yorick
Made leaps historic.



Zealous young Zed
Stood on his head.



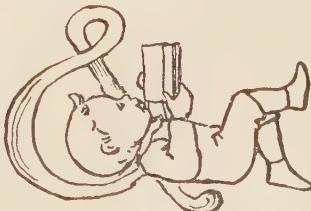
Sturdy St. Clair

Marched everywhere



Tommy and Teddy

Climbed straight and steady.



Ampersand held a book in his hand.

WONDER STORIES FOR CHILDREN

LITTLE BLUE GOWN AND THE BUTTERFLY

IN a dear little house with a little blue gate, at the foot of a grassy down, ~ there lived a nice little girl, about eight: and they called her Little Blue Gown. ~ For the only frock that she had to wear—and she had to make it do ~ for weekdays and Sundays, wet or fair—was a little old gown of blue. ~ It was getting very ragged now, with the long while it had been worn; ~ and she mended it as best she knew how; but still it looked rather forlorn. ~ And she lived alone: there was nobody, only herself and her old, old cat, ~ and sometimes she felt extremely lonely; but she said, "I must n't mind that!" ~

One day she heard a knock at the door, which startled and rather upset her, ~ for nobody ever came. On the floor, she found a little blue letter. ~ The letter said, "Dear little What 's-your-name (for it is n't Blue-Gown by right) ~ I know how good you are: for I came and watched you, morning and night. ~ And I 've got a beautiful frock for you, with a sash to tie behind it— ~ a lovely dress, all nice and new: but you 've got to go and find it. ~ And whatever happens don't lose heart, however things may look black, ~ and I promise I 'll help you, for my part, and bring you happily back. ~ Follow my small blue messenger-boy, whenever he can be seen, ~ and he 'll show you how. And I wish you joy! Yours ever, *The Fairy Queen.*" ~

Oh! how delighted was Little Blue Gown, when she finished this charming letter. ~ She clapped her hands and danced up and down. There could n't be anything better. ~ And she washed her little plate and cup, and tidied her little room, and brushed her little fireplace up, and swept the step with a broom— ~ and out she ran and gazed around. No Messenger could she spy. ~ But on the flowers at the gate she found a small blue butterfly. ~

So she walked just straight through the garden gate: she did n't know where to go; ~ but she

thought, "I 'll go on, at any rate—I shall find him soon, I know." ~ And she went right on and along-along, until she came to the mill. ~ And on the steps, very big and strong, was the miller's boy, named Will. ~ She asked him, "Have you happened to see a Fairy Messenger pass? ~ He 's got a pretty new frock for me." ~

But Will said, "Silly lass! Here 's a frock, I hope it will suit!" and he threw down a floury sack. ~ She was covered with flour from head to foot, and flour all over her back. ~ And Will burst into a loud guffaw, and jeered with all his might. ~ "A pretty new frock as ever I saw!" he said, "it 'll never come right!" ~

And Little Blue Gown went sadly away. There was nobody near to guide her. ~ And she never noticed the Butterfly gay, although it was close beside her. ~

And she went right on and along-along, till she came to the house of the sweep; ~ and the sweep's boy Mark, who was big and strong, came to the window to peep. ~

And she said, "Have you seen a Fairy, in blue, go past a short time back?" ~ But he cried, "Here 's a fine new frock for you!" and threw down a sooty sack. ~ She was all over black from head to foot, and she tried to shake it off: ~ and Mark said, "How do you like the soot?" and began to jeer and scoff. ~ And she went away, and she tried to smile, but it took some time to recover. ~ And she never noticed, all the while, the Butterfly close above her. ~

And she went straight on, and along-along, and so in the end she came ~ to Four-Winds'-Cross-Roads. She thought she was wrong, but no, that was really the name. ~ And Little Blue Gown sat down and cried, because she did n't quite know ~ which of the Four-Winds-Cross-Roads was the real right road to go. ~ Down the North Road, blue speedwell grew, and bluebells along the East, ~ and in the South Road, blue succory. But

in the West, nothing—at least, ~ there was only a little tiny brook, Blue Gown could see herself in it. ~ Oh! how very bad she did look! she nearly cried for a minute: ~ she was speckled with soot, and mottled with flour, and covered with way-side dust. ~ She said, "I will stay here for half an hour, for I must get clean—I must!" ~ What would she say, the Fairy Queen, if she saw me all over grime!" ~ And she took off her frock, and washed it clean; it took a very long time. ~ And she hung it up in a sunny place, on a beautiful leafy bough; and she washed her hands, and washed her face, and said, "I feel better now!" ~

She had thought, on the West Road, no flowers grew, but now she saw quite a lot; ~ along the brook there were masses of blue, it was all forget-me-not! ~ And down among the forget-me-nots there, flitting now low, now high, ~ just as blue as the blossoms were, was a little blue butterfly. ~

She was just putting on her frock again, when she saw a boy close to, ~ he was really a gypsy boy named Ben, in a ragged old coat of blue. ~ She cried, "O, are you the messenger, please, that was sent from the Fairy Queen?" ~ He called to her, between the trees, "I don't know what you mean. ~ I'm trying to catch this butterfly, and it's led me such a chase!" ~ And he followed it, with his ragged old hat, running all over the place. ~ He caught it, and would have killed it, too, but Blue Gown cried, "O, what a pity! ~ Oh, please don't hurt it! Give it me, do! It is so small and so pretty!" ~

"Give me your little blue necklace," he said, "and I'll set the butterfly free, ~ or you can have it yourself instead—it's not much good to me." ~

Now, these blue beads were the only treasure Blue Gown had ever had. ~ But she said, "I'll give my necklace with pleasure," though it made

her rather sad. ~ And she pulled it off, and the gypsy lad went away, and said, "This is grand!" ~ But Little Blue Gown, feeling very glad, took the butterfly in her hand. ~

And at once it rose up bigger and bigger, and said to her, "Mount and ride! ~ I am the Fairy Messenger—I've been all the time at your side!" ~ So she rode on his back, away and away, over hill and field and dale. ~ They went so high and they went so fast, it made her feel rather pale. ~ And she held on tight, and she shut her eyes, for fear that she might drop— ~ and she opened them in great surprise, when at last they came to a stop. ~ For there they were at her own little door. Had the messenger made a mistake? ~ But, no. He said, "You're at home once more!" as he gave his wings a shake. ~

And Blue Gown went in: and her poor little room was full of the prettiest things— ~ chairs and carpets and curtains, as blue as the Fairy Messenger's wings. ~ Blue plates and cups, blue flowers in pots, blue tiles and walls were there— ~ a bed as blue as forget-me-nots—and, hanging on a chair, ~ the very loveliest frock of blue that ever yet was seen. ~

The Butterfly said, "They're all for you, they're sent by the Fairy Queen." Little Blue Gown looked up—and now, she was surprised at him! ~ He had changed into a Fairy Boy, ever so pretty and slim. ~ And he said, "I hope you're really pleased with the things that you have found!" ~ And both her hands in his he seized, and merrily danced around. ~

So Little Blue Gown will never, I think, be lonely any more. ~ She has fairy food to eat and drink, and fairy flowers at her door. ~ The Butterfly Boy, he comes and brings her presents, as nice as can be: ~ and he sometimes gives her rides on his wings; and he always stops to tea. ~

THE YELLOW JAR

LONG ago, in the land of Japan, where the paper umbrellas are made, ~ lived Nikotuchi, a fisherman. He went out each day to his trade, ~ from his little white and yellow house beside a laburnum-tree, ~ on the river that flowed through iris-beds, down to the sparkling sea. ~

One day he saw a curious thing on the water. He watched it float, ~ and he followed it, and managed to bring it safely into his boat. ~ It was an enormous Yellow Jar, immensely heavy. "How funny!" ~ said Nikotuchi in great surprise, "no doubt it is full of money." ~ And he got it home, and put in his hand to take out the treasure—

but, O no! ~ he saw instead a beautiful lady in a yellow silken kimono. ~ She seemed asleep. He lifted her out, and laid her down on a mat. ~ But as for the Yellow Jar, he lost no time in hiding that. ~ Soon the lady opened her eyes, and was terrified when she found ~ she was there in the fisherman's cottage. She cried with a pitiful sound, ~ and said, "O, shut up my jar again! O, put me back in the water." ~ "Who may you be?" he asked her then. She told him 'I am the daughter ~ of the Deep Sea King, a fairy King, and I have been traveling far, ~ and I just was going home again in my beautiful Yellow Jar. ~ Where

is my jar? How did I get here?" exclaimed O Haru San—*she* for that was her name. "You are far from home: you are in the land of Japan," said Nikotuchi, "and as it seems you have lost your jar at sea, *she* had n't you better be my bride, and live here along with me? *I* will make you very happy." The lady, with tearful voice, *said*, "Very well, I will then"—for indeed she had got no choice. "But," she added, "I will only stay if you 'll promise me that you 'll never *speak* crossly to me. For if you do, I shall leave you at once forever." They were married then, but O Haru San never one moment thought *she* he had taken her out of the jar—she supposed she must have been brought *she* to the fisherman's house by magic. Nor did she guess that he *had* buried the precious Yellow Jar beneath the laburnum-tree.

One day she went to set lily-roots there, when Nikotuchi came, *and* when he saw what she was doing, he was cross, and began to blame. "Have n't I told you," he said, "that tree was a thing you were never to touch?" *and* he pushed her away with angry words.

This grieved her very much. *He* He had broken his word, and spoken crossly—so now she would have to go. "But there 's something beneath the laburnum-tree, or why does he guard it so?" *she* she said to herself. And when he was gone, she watched him ever so far, *and* then she dug beneath the tree, and there was the Yellow Jar. *And* And she saw how she had been tricked, and this distressed her sadly, *for* for she really was fond of Nikotuchi, though he had behaved so badly. *She* She lugged out the Yellow Jar, and she rolled it down to the shore, *got* in, and said some magic words; and the lid shut down as before. *And* And the jar went floating off, and she thought it was going to bring *her* safely home to the palace of her father, the Deep Sea King. *But* But a fearful storm came on, and the jar was nearly sunk. *After* After beating about for several hours, it was caught by a Chinese junk.

That evening, when Nikotuchi came home, the house was empty and gray. *There* There was n't a trace of O Haru San, but a little letter that lay *tied* to her fan upon the floor, a little letter to say:

"Seek me near or seek me far,
Seek me under sun or star,
You shall never find me, never,
Till you find the Yellow Jar."

So he set out at once to find her. He wandered all over Japan *for* a year and a day; but he could n't see a sign of O Haru San. *And* And he wandered all over India for a year and a day: no

good. He never heard a word of her. And he wandered all over China: and at last he came to a stop *by* a Yellow Jar in the window of an old curiosity shop. *But* But it was n't a bit the same as his when he had looked at it twice. *The* The shopman said, "I 'd a Yellow Jar five times as big and as nice, *but* but the Yellow Mandarin has bought it who lives in the castle there; *and* and I hear that he is treating it with the very greatest care. *It* It is sealed with wax, and wrapped in silk, and set among flowers, they say, *on* on a table of gold and ivory, and he talks to it every day."

"Where does he live?" asked Nikotuchi. The shopman told him; and soon *he* he was standing outside the castle, by the light of the yellow moon, *and* and climbing up a yellow rose-tree to a window, where he looked in. *And* And there, at a gold and ivory table, the Yellow Mandarin *had* had taken off the seal of the jar, and the silk that wrapped it about, *and* and there was the beautiful little head of O Haru San looking out. *He* He said to her, "Lovely lady, say, will you be my bride?" *No, no, no,* said O Haru San. The Mandarin replied, *"Then I shall shut you up again till you answer yes."* And he did. *And* And this had happened every night for a twelvemonth. Then the lid *was* was sealed fast on with yellow wax, and the Mandarin went to sleep *on* on some yellow silken cushions all piled up in a heap. *But* But he hid beneath the cushions a candle he always kept *with* which he had melted the yellow wax.

And while he soundly slept, *a* a sad little singing came from the jar—O Haru San, in despair, *calling* on Nikotuchi, though she did n't know he was there.

"Seek me near or seek me far,
Seek me under sun or star,
You shall never find me, never,
Till you find the Yellow Jar."

Then Nikotuchi got through the window, and whispered, "Listen to me; *here* I am, O Haru San, how shall I set you free?" *She* She said, "You can't unless you melt the wax on the seal before and behind— *it* it needs a magic candle-flame, and that you will have to find." *So* So he searched all over the room, while the Mandarin snored like two, *but* but he could n't find the candle, and he said, "What shall I do?"

Then three little mice came out of a hole. "When we used to live in your house, *O* O Haru San was good to us," said the biggest and eldest mouse. *"She* She fed us well with bits of cheese, and we 've followed her, as you see, *and* and now we 're going to help her." So they crept about, all three, *under* under the Mandarin's cushions, and pres-

ently, soft and still, ~ they brought the yellow candle. "Say 'Show a light,' and it will," ~ they said to Nikotuchi. So he told it "Show a light," ~ and it lighted up with a yellow flame, exceedingly clear and bright. ~ And he held it to the seal, and the wax ran down in a stream, ~ and O Haru San came out of the jar, as beautiful as a dream. ~

Then they walked right out of the castle, and

the doors flew open wide, ~ and they took the yellow candle, and the three little mice beside. ~ And the candle lighted them all the way home, and they did n't mind how far ~ it was, now they had found each other. ~

But as for the Yellow Jar ~ it was left behind on the table. And when the Mandarin woke, it ~ made him so angry to find it empty, that in his fury he broke it. ~

THE VIOLET IN THE VALLEY

THERE was once a girl named Violet, who lived by herself alone ~ in a cottage down in a valley. She 'd a garden, all of her own; ~ a large old-fashioned garden, with a sun-dial and a pond. ~ And there she grew all sorts of flowers, of which she was ever so fond. ~ Purple flowers of every kind, each at its time, you know—~ crocuses and hyacinths, all in a lovely row, ~ pansies, irises, larkspurs, clematis, and sweet peas, ~ asters, Michaelmas daisies—beautiful things like these. ~

But chiefly she grew violets—purply, pinky, and white, ~ mauve ones, single and double: her violets were a sight! ~ And once a week she went to sell her flowers at the market-town, ~ and there she bought herself some fruit, and a little white bread and brown. ~ For Violet was extremely poor. ~

One day she opened out all ~ her basket-full of flowers upon her nice little market-stall, ~ when a curious-looking woman came up and said, "I need ~ all your flowers for some one who 's in very great trouble indeed." ~

"Oh, certainly!" said Violet. But the stranger went on to say, ~ "I cannot give you money for them—I have none in the world to pay." ~

"I 'll give you a few," said Violet. The stranger said, "All or none!" ~ Violet looked at her in amaze: but, no, she was n't in fun; ~ she meant what she said. Then Violet stared at the lovely purples and blues, ~ and thought, "How can I spare them?" and then, "How can I refuse?" ~ And at last she said, "Here, take them all!" ~

The woman said, "Thanks: you 're kind. ~ And this is all I have to give: but it 's worth the having, you 'll find." ~ She gave her a little white cake, and went off. And Violet then could see ~ the stranger was just like a wooden doll—as like as like could be! ~

She now had nothing left to sell, nor money with which to take ~ any supper back: so she went straight home, and ate her little white cake. ~

Afterward, in the cool of the evening, she went to spend some hours, ~ as she always did, in the garden. And she heard the voices of flowers, ~ dear little tiny voices, chattering all around: ~ she never had heard before such a soft and musical sound. ~ She could n't quite tell what their language meant: but it all was remarkably sweet. ~ "There must have been some magic," she thought, "in that cake I had to eat." ~

Next morning she gathered a lot more flowers, and was packing them ready to go, ~ when she heard an odd little knock at the door. It was some one she did n't know, ~ a curious, stiff-looking soldier. He said to her, "I need ~ all your flowers for some one who 's in very great trouble indeed." ~

"Very well," replied Violet, "I have gathered, you see, a great many." ~ "I cannot pay for them, though," said the soldier, "no, not a single penny." ~

Then poor Violet's heart sank: and she said, "Will half of them do?" "All or none," said the soldier. ~

And Violet thought, "It 's true, ~ I shall certainly starve if this sort of thing is to happen every day, ~ and instead of selling my precious flowers, I have to give them away. ~ But I can't refuse them to folks in trouble—so he can take them." ~ And she gave him all the flowers, and said, "Carry them gently—don't break them." ~

The soldier stiffly saluted. "I wish I 'd some money," he said, ~ "but this little bottle 's worth having: I 'll offer you this instead." ~ He handed her a very small bottle of milk, and marched away. ~

Violet went to her garden, and worked very hard all day. ~ At supper-time she drank the milk: then she took a last look round, ~ before she went to bed.

And what do you think she found? ~ All the flowers had got fairies in them, dear little tiny things, ~ with delicate smiling faces, and silvery gauzy wings. ~ They talked and laughed, and

presently came out and danced up and down, ~ the charmingest creatures, every one in a purple scarf or gown. ~ And Violet could hear what they said, and understand it, too. ~

Then a dove fluttered down on her shoulder, and crooned in her ear, "Coo! coo!" ~ It sounded like that; but she knew what it meant. It really said, "I need ~ all your flowers for some one who 's in very great trouble indeed." "Oh! but I can't give all," said Violet, "that can never be done. ~ Will you choose the ones you like the best?" The dove said, "All or none." ~

Then a sweet little flower-fairy, all a-sparkle with dew, ~ leaned from an iris and whispered softly, "Say she must take you, too!" ~

So Violet said, "My flowers shall go—if I go with them." "I see," ~ said the dove. "Well, round my neck you 'll find a little gold key. ~ Take that off, and follow me." Then all the fairies passed, ~ each of them carrying a flower, in procession, till the last ~ had disappeared through the garden gate: and Violet followed behind, ~ up the hill and down the dale—"It takes a long while to find ~ this person who 's in need of flowers," Violet thought as they went. ~ Darker and darker still it grew: the light was nearly spent: ~ she could only just see the white dove's wings, as it fluttered on ahead. ~ But suddenly they turned a corner—"We 're here!" the white dove said. ~

And there was a beautiful Doll's House, as big as a real house, quite, ~ with real smoke from the chimneys, and the windows full of light. ~ Wooden soldiers stood sentry outside, there were wooden-horse stables as well. ~ Violet went straight up to the door: there was neither knocker nor bell. ~ But she turned the golden key in the lock, and the door flew wide: she was able ~ to go right in, with all the flowers. The dove flew up on the gable. ~

A lot of Dutch dolls, as large as life—the servants, they seemed to be—~ ushered her into the finest room one could ever possibly see. ~ And among a lot of purple flowers, on a silken sofa there, ~ lay a handsome china-headed doll, with curly flaxen hair. ~ "This is the Prince," the Dutch dolls said. "You see he 's extremely ill. ~ Give him *all* your flowers, give him all or none—it 's the one chance left for him still." ~

The fairies had laid the flowers at the door in a wonderful purple heap. ~ She gathered them up, and said to the Prince, who lay in a restless sleep, ~ "Here they all are, I have n't one left. I 'd give you more if I could. ~ Take them, take them, every one: and I hope they 'll do you good!" ~ And she piled them up beside him; and he looked so ill and queer, ~ she stooped and kissed his forehead, and whispered gently, "Poor dear!" ~

Then a clap of thunder came—and the Doll's House seemed to rise, ~ and rock and roll about in the air; and Violet shut her eyes. ~ But when she opened them again, next minute—lo and behold! ~ the House had turned to a splendid palace, all of marble and gold. ~ And the dolls were lords and ladies—and the soldiers had come alive: ~ and scores of guests from far and near were beginning to arrive. ~ And the Prince stood up before her, quite well and merry and gay, ~ and said, "Your kindness has broken the magic spell under which I lay. ~ Thank you, my dear, oh, thank you! and now, we 'll be married: yes, right away!" ~

So Violet lives with the Prince in the Palace: but, every day, ~ she goes back to the valley garden, where the flowers have sprung up new, ~ to play with the purple fairies. I wish we could see her—don't you? ~

RAGGED ROBIN

THERE was once a little beggar-boy, Ragged Robin was his name. ~ He was dressed in ragged old pink silk clothes: he 'd worn them just the same, ~ so long that he could n't remember how he got them at the first. ~ He had got no home, no money at all; and (which was much the worst), ~ he had nobody that he knew of in the whole wide world to love him. ~ He just lived out of doors, with the sky for a roof above him. ~ One day he lay half asleep on a bank, and he saw the wild roses, it seemed, ~ all turning into fairies. Ragged Robin supposed he dreamed. ~ And the foxglove bells came down, and they turned to

fairies, too, ~ and hand in hand they crept, very softly as fairies do, ~ round poor little Ragged Robin. Then, out of a foxglove tall, ~ came the King of the Foxglove Fairies, very dapper and small, ~ and he said to the Wild-Rose Fairy Queen—who was ever so tiny, too, ~ "Look at this poor little fellow! Is n't it time he knew?" ~ "Knew what?" she asked. "Where his mother is," the Foxglove King replied. ~

"He never could find her," said the Queen, "no matter how long he tried. ~ She 'll have to come and look for him. And then she never will know ~ Ragged Robin, if she meets with him; because

IN MERRY ENGLAND.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



IN merry, merry England,
In the merry month of May,
Miss Mary Ella Montague
Went out in best array.
Her wise mama called out to her,
"My darling Mary Ella,

It looks like rain to-day, my dear;
You'd best take your umbrella!"
That silly girl she paid no heed
To her dear mother's call.
She walked at least six miles that day,
And it never rained at all!



he has altered so." ~ "He 's a little human boy," said the King, "all he wants is a little love." ~

"Well, I can love him," answered the Queen; and she gave the King a shove, ~ and went and tickled Ragged Robin with a grass-blade on the ear. ~ "My pretty boy," she whispered, "awake, my pretty dear, ~ and watch our dancing." But Ragged Robin had often seen the Fairies dance before. ~ You do if you live in woods. And he shut his eyes once more. ~ "I shall make him small," said the Wild-Rose Queen, "then he will join our sport." ~

"You are selfish," said the Foxglove King, "you 'll do nothing of the sort. ~ I shall fetch his mother to find him." "Then I shall change him, you 'll see," ~ said the Queen, "into something so ugly, she won't know who it can be." . . . ~

The Queen of Roseland, the human one, sat sadly on her throne. Nothing gave her pleasure; she felt forlorn and alone. ~ For her baby boy had been stolen, her dear little charming Prince, ~ years ago, from his cradle; and she never had seen him since. ~

One day there came a queer little man, in a pinky-purple suit. ~ He was very like a foxglove flower, without the stalk and root. ~ He dropped on his knee. "Madam," said he, "I can tell you where to find, ~ what most you want in all the world—your son." ~

"How very kind!" ~ exclaimed the Queen, "What reward would you like? just say and I 'll have it packed." ~

"None at all," said the little man, "because as a matter of fact, ~ I 'm doing this to spite some one else, not out of kindness to you." ~

"But tell me, where is he?" the Queen implored, "O take me to him, do!" ~

"Gently, gently!" he said. "It 'll have to take its time, you see. ~ To begin with, for a while you must be as poor as poor can be." ~ "I don't mind that a bit," said the Queen. So they made a plan between them, ~ and that night they stole away in secret—not one creature had seen them. ~

The little man took her by winding ways through mossy, wooded ground, ~ till they came to a little cottage with wild roses all around. ~ it had a little garden, arranged in old-fashioned order, ~ with pink pinks and big sea-shells in a row along the border. ~ Inside, the cottage was poor and plain, with poor and simple fare ~ on the table; and a spinning-wheel and a heap of tow was there. ~ The little man said, "You must sit and spin all day and every day; ~ and at sunset you must go and listen to what the sea-shells say. ~ Then you 'll know what you want to know; and you 'll be able to use it. ~ But if any

one comes to ask for kindness, I warn you, don't refuse it."

So the Queen sat spinning all day long, until she began to feel ~ all over aches, for she never before had worked at a spinning-wheel. ~ When evening came, she went straight out in the rosy sunset glow, ~ to the pink pinks and the big sea-shells, all in a lovely row. ~ And she listened to a sea-shell—but all that she could hear ~ was a "M-m-m" like the spinning-wheel, a humming in her ear. ~ So she put it down disappointed. Then a poor little sparrow came ~ limping about her feet: it seemed hungry and ill and lame. ~

She thought, "It is asking for kindness," so tired as she was, she went, ~ and fetched some crumbs and water: and it fed to its heart's content. ~ It gave her such a grateful look, she could almost hear it say ~ what sounded like, "Thank you, Mother!" before it fluttered away. ~

Next day she spun even harder, and she had to scrub, and clean, ~ and brush, and dust the cottage: unusual work for a Queen. ~ But when she got out in the garden, and picked up a shell, she heard it saying quite ~ distinctly, "He 's com-m-m-m-ing!" This word made her full of delight. ~ And then she saw a poor little ugly toad, ~ it was hurt and ill and hungry, as very plainly it showed. ~ "Another wanting kindness!" the Queen with pity said; ~ and she fetched the poor little creature a little milk and bread. ~ And it gave her such a grateful look—she could almost hear it say ~ what sounded like "Thank you, Mother!" before it hopped away. ~

The third day, beside the spinning, there was lots of wood to chop; ~ bread to make, potatoes to dig—the Queen was ready to drop, ~ when she came to the garden at sunset—too weary almost to stand. ~ But what was the sea-shell humming, as she held it up in her hand? ~ "He 's com-m-me!" The garden gate clicked; the Queen turned round with joy. ~ And there was a wretched, ugly, dirty, ragged beggar-boy. ~ He said, "Will you give me a bit of bread? or else I don't know how ~ I can go any further." "Poor child," she thought, "my boy must be that age now." ~ And she took him up in her arms, and he laid his head on her breast, ~ while she fed him with milk and bread, her poor little limping guest. ~ "It 's love he wants, as well as kindness," she thought. But, O, how strange; ~ as she nursed him on her knee there, his face began to change. ~ All clean and sweet and charming. He smiled—and she stooped down to him. ~ And he said—as she looked in his clear brown eyes—"Mother!" and then she knew him. ~

And all the sea-shells out in the garden

hummed a fairy tune; ~ and the scent of the pink pinks came in, with all the sweetness of June. ~ And the Foxglove Fairies and Wildrose Fairies, eagerly waiting to see ~ what would happen, danced about and nearly shrieked for glee. ~ For though they had squabbled among themselves in the sharp little way they had, ~ they were really good-hearted: they liked to see other folks happy and glad. ~

Then the Queen's lords and ladies and soldiers began to approach ~ in search of her: and she and her boy went away in a golden coach. ~ And the little cottage vanished. Nothing was left to be seen, ~ except the pile of linen thread that had been spun by the Queen. ~ And that had turned to hundreds and thousands of roses, I don't know how, ~ but there they are growing and blowing, if you like to look for them now. ~

THE LITTLE GREEN WOODMAN

THEY were feeling very sad indeed, were good little Tony and Jill, ~ because their father never got better, but always went on being ill. ~ For more than a year he had lain in bed; and the doctor could find no cure. ~ Nearly all their money was spent in physic: so now they were dreadfully poor. ~ The children lighted Father's fire, each day, all warm and nice; ~ he did n't know they had none down-stairs, but were shivering cold as ice. ~ And they took him trays of the very best food that they could contrive to buy; ~ but they had only potatoes themselves, or bits of crust, all dry. ~

One day when he was fast asleep, they said, "We 'll go and call ~ at the cottage in the fir-wood, on the Wisest-Woman-of-All." ~ And so they did. "What do you want?" she said. She looked kind and nice. ~

Jill said, "We 've brought some honeycomb; will you sell us some good advice? ~ We want to make our father well—oh, help us if you can!" ~ "Keep your honeycomb, child," said she, "and I will think of a plan." ~ And she opened a book with great big clasps, and mumbled a sort of verse, ~ and thought a lot; and then she said, "Your father will only get worse, ~ unless you can find the Little Green Woodman. He it is that knows, ~ only he, and nobody else, where the Herb-of-Healing grows." ~

"And how shall we find him?" Tony asked. "Is he very, very small?" ~ "I have n't got the least idea," said the Wisest-Woman-of-All. ~

So the children turned sadly homeward; it was clear they had got no good. ~ But they heard the funniest little noise, as they went along through the wood. ~ Chip-chop, chip-chop, whatever on earth could it be? ~ And they crept forward softly on tiptoe, and peered round an ivied tree. ~

And there they saw a queer little man, who sat with a gloomy air ~ on a mossy log. A bundle of fir-boughs lay beside him there, ~ and a little axe and bill-hook. He sighed—such long

hard sighs— ~ and rubbed his wrinkly forehead, and rubbed his blinky eyes. ~

Then Jill came timidly forward, and said, "O sir, I guess ~ you are in trouble. Can we help? It 's sad to be in distress." ~

The little man gave a violent jump, and said, bending nearly double, ~ as he drearily rocked himself to and fro—"Trouble? a peck of trouble. ~ All day long I am chopping sticks, and yet I can't earn a penny. ~ The wood-folk say they 're much too green. No one will purchase any. ~ And my axe will only cut green stuff: it 's the only axe I can get. ~ And I 've chopped green sticks my whole life long, and I 've never sold one yet!" ~

"Here 's a piece of honeycomb," said Tony, holding it out. ~ "Will you sell a bundle of sticks for that?" The little man gave a shout, ~ and turned a somersault head over heels, just out of sheer delight. ~

"O, you dear, good children," he said, "now you 've put everything right! ~ In future my axe will chop what I choose—because you 've broken the spell, ~ and bought the only bundle I 've ever been able to sell. ~ What can I do to thank you?" So they told him about their father, ~ and said, "Can you help?" ~

The Little Green Woodman nodded and answered, "Rather! ~ You plant these sticks in your garden: they 'll grow, as you will see; ~ and when the leaves are out, we 'll make the Herb-of-Healing tea. ~ But you must watch them carefully; for every night without fail ~ will come the great Green Caterpillar, the Green Moth, and Green Snail." ~

There were twelve sticks altogether: the children planted them deep, ~ and they grew into little trees, and soon green leaves began to peep. ~ And Tony and Jill watched carefully; but all in vain had they toiled, ~ for when they looked one morning—Oh dear, there were three trees spoiled! ~ One with the leaves all eaten, one with the stem gnawed through, ~ and one tree

lying on the ground, completely broken in two. ~

So Tony said, "To-night I'll stay awake and guard the trees." ~ And he sat on the step with a lantern, and a stick between his knees. ~

But the night was a warm spring night; and before you could count ten ~ he fell asleep, and when he woke there were three trees spoiled again. ~ One with the leaves all eaten, one with the stem gnawed through, ~ and one tree lying on the ground, completely broken in two. ~

"I'll keep watch to-night," said Jill. And she stayed inside the room, ~ and stood by the open window, armed with a great big broom. ~ But she grew so very sleepy—and she woke with a start—and then, ~ behold, it was late in the morning; and three trees were spoiled again. ~

And now there were only three trees left; and the children were much distressed: ~ for their father was worse than ever, and his pain would give him no rest. ~ So they went away to the fir-wood, and searched for the Little Green Man. ~ At last they found him, sitting over a little fire in a pan. ~ He said, "Good morning! How are you? I'm getting on very well! ~ The wood-folk buy as many fagots as ever I like to sell!" ~ But when they told him about the trees, he was sorry, and said, "To-night, ~ I will watch those trees: if we lose them now, your father will never get right." ~ So, late that night, he knocked at the door, and said, "I make it a rule ~ always to sit instead of stand!" And they gave him a three-legged stool. ~

And he sat himself down to keep a guard on the three remaining trees, ~ holding his peaky chin in his hand, with his axe upon his knees. ~

And the children listened and listened: and

when midnight came, they heard ~ a curious sort of rustling. They said, "Can it be a bird?" ~ And they looked, and there was a Caterpillar, the biggest ever was seen, ~ by one of the trees, and he struck at it, the good little man in green. ~ Then there came a rattling, like the sound of a scaly tail, ~ and the little man was attacked from behind by a monstrous great Green Snail. ~

Then there came a swishing, and a great Green Moth had spread ~ its spotted wings and was beating hard at the Little Woodman's head. ~ And he laid about him bravely, but he was n't a match for three. ~ So Jill and Tony rushed to the rescue, quick as quick could be, ~ armed with the stick and the broom, and after a very short fight, ~ the three big enemies, badly hurt, fled away out of sight. ~ "Quick! quick!" said the Little Woodman. And he stripped the leaves from each tree, ~ and asked for a boiling kettle, and made Herb-of-Healing tea, ~ and said, "Take this to your father." So they took him some in a cup, ~ and he felt a hundred times better, the minute he'd drunk it up. ~

But the Little Green Woodman rubbed his hands, and smiled with pleasure, and said, ~ "Those were the three bad illnesses that kept your father in bed. ~ Now they are driven away; they will never come back. And I ~ shall never come back again, either—so I wish you good luck and good-by!" ~ And he bowed, and shouldered his axe—and waved his hand and was gone. ~

But Tony and Jill and their father lived happy from that time on. ~ And they bottled the Herb-of-Healing tea—it's just as good old as new. ~ If you should be ill, they'd be quite delighted to pour out a cup for you! ~

THE GOLDEN ORANGE-TREE

THERE was once a King who knew the language of birds and beasts and fairies, ~ he was so wise. He was out one day, feeding his tame canaries, ~ when he saw a curious yellow bird hovering to and fro, ~ hunting for something on the ground: it could n't find it, though. ~ The old King hid behind a tree, and listened: and then he heard ~ the canaries asking "What have you lost?" "Orange pip," said the bird, ~ "a very precious orange pip, somewhere beside this fount. ~ Where can it be? I must n't lose that pip on any account." ~

The King rushed out and said "Shoo! shoo!" for that minute he had seen ~ an orange pip under the fountain's brim, where the Yellow Bird had been. ~ And the bird flew away; and the

King picked up the pip. That very night, ~ he sowed it in a lonely place, when nobody was in sight. ~

Next day it showed a little green shoot: in fact, it grew so fast, ~ it was quite as big as an apple-tree, before a month was past. ~ First it had leaves and blossoms: then, marvelous to behold, ~ it was covered with great oranges of the purest yellow gold. ~

The King had a high hedge put all round, and inside that, a wall. ~ No one except the King himself might touch the tree at all. ~ And every day he counted the fruit: in fact, he became a miser, ~ and quite forgot about everything else, and left off growing wiser. ~ So when an enemy came one day, with soldiers on foot and horse, ~

the King was not ready; so he and his people all got killed, of course. ~ And the city fell into ruins, for no one was left to mind it: ~ and the hedge grew higher every year, but nobody came to find it. ~

There lived in the ruined city a little boy called Piers. ~ His Father and Mother were dead; he had lived for three or four years ~ with a very cross old woman, with a yellow frilly cap. She made him hunt all day for food, searching in every street, ~ and he brought her things, but she never gave him nearly enough to eat. ~ And one dark night, because he said he could n't find any more, ~ she beat poor Piers and turned him out; and he slept by a broken door. ~

But in his sleep there came the sweetest scent, like orange-bloom, ~ and a rustle of silk and a whisper; and he woke up in the gloom, ~ and there was the loveliest fairy lady stooping over him there, ~ all white and gold, with orange-bloom in her golden misty hair. ~

"Come along, little Piers, with me, to my golden home!" she said. ~ And he asked her shyly, "Who *are* you?" And she nodded her beautiful head, ~ saying, "I am the Orange-Tree-Lady!" And she gave him the softest touch, ~ when tap-tap-tap, he heard the sound of the cross old woman's crutch. ~ The old woman limped up and hit him—the Lady vanished away, ~ and the old woman said, "You lazy-bones! get up!" ~

So all that day ~ poor Piers went poking round and round each street, ~ searching from cellars to attics for something fit to eat. ~ At last he went to the palace, where he'd never dared go before. ~ And he could n't find a scrap of food. He could n't look any more: ~ he was much too tired. He threw himself on a big seat, large and deep, ~ it really had been the old King's throne: and there he went to sleep. ~

And the lovely fairy-lady stood beside him all in a minute, ~ saying, "Come, little Piers!" and she took his hand, and she slipped a something in it, ~ something smooth, and round, and hard. A golden orange. Oh dear! ~ just when he felt so happy, a tap-tap-tap came near. ~ The wrinkly crabbed old woman came up: and was cross enough. ~ She dragged him roughly out of the throne, and gave him a slap and a cuff, ~ and the golden orange dropped out of his hand. She pounced on it like a hawk. ~ "Where did you come upon this?" she asked. Piers did n't want to talk ~ about the Orange-Tree-Lady, which she never would understand. ~ And so he replied, rather timidly, "I found it in my hand." ~

The old woman said, "Why, that is one, as sure as sure can be, ~ of the beautiful golden fruits that grow on the golden Orange-Tree. ~ My

husband helped to build the wall and plant the hedge to hide it. ~ The old King had the key of the gate; and let no one go inside it. ~ There must be oranges there enough to make me as rich as the King!" ~ And she licked her lips, and said to Piers, "Look here, you must go and bring ~ word to me where that orange-tree grows—or I'll know the reason why. ~ You shan't have another scrap more food, and then you will starve and die!" ~

Poor Piers went rummaging through the palace, he managed to creep and crawl ~ up and down the turret stairs, and across the banqueting-hall. ~ But as he groped his way along, he saw a light in the gloom, ~ shining from under a door ajar. And there was a dear little room, ~ a nice little room all white and gold, with a table laid for one, ~ there was honey and butter upon it, and yellow saffron bun, ~ and yellow cakes, and apricots, and beautiful yellow plums: ~ and a little paper on which it said, "A present for Who-First-Comes!" ~ "I suppose I'm quite the first-comer," thought Piers; so he sat and began to eat, ~ and felt much better at once: oh, were n't the cakes and honey a treat! ~ When tap-tap-tap, he heard that hateful sound on the stairs, ~ the old woman's crutch—and he jumped up alarmed, and ran, he hardly knew where. ~ And he found himself out in the palace grounds, and wandered to and fro, ~ through bushes and shrubs and tangled trees, where the garden used to grow. ~ And at last he came to a high, high hedge of roses yellow and white, ~ with a high, high gate. And he climbed the gate, and saw a wonderful sight. ~

A great big Orange-Tree, covered with oranges more than ever were told: ~ and the Orange-tree-Lady sat in it, smiling and white and gold. ~ She looked at him, and said, "Little Piers, this is my tree that I cherish. ~ If you but pluck one single orange, I shall certainly perish!" ~

Then he saw the old woman behind him, coming up at a frantic rate, ~ and she croaked to him, "Pluck the oranges! Boy, climb over the gate!" ~

"No, I can't!" said Piers. She said, "Look here, I just want a few. ~ Bring me one orange, just to look at. Quick! or I'll punish you!" ~

"No, I can't," said Piers. Then she took to wheedling, and promised him lots of food, ~ and lovely clothes, and whatever he liked; but her coaxing was all no good. ~

So she lost her temper at last, and said "Bring me an orange, will you? ~ You'd better make haste—it's your one last chance—and if you don't, I'll kill you." ~

And she raised her crutch. Piers shook his

head. She brought it down with a smash. ~ But it did n't touch him: it only fell on the gate, with a fearful crash. ~

For the Orange-Tree-Lady reached out her arms, and caught him right up there, ~ into the tree: and, roots and fruits, it rose and sailed through the air. ~ It sailed away to Fairyland, and has stayed there ever since: ~ and Piers,

who is safe with the Orange-Tree-Lady, has turned to a fairy prince. ~

But the old woman turned to a sunflower, so old you 'd think it would snap: ~ a sunflower with a cross, dark face and a yellow frilly cap. ~ Here she is and there she will stay: it 's the only reward for such ~ a cross old dame. And all the canaries come and hop on her crutch. ~

RED JACKET AND THE ROBINS

LITTLE Red Jacket's true name was Jack. ~ But because of the coat that he wore on his back, ~ a warm little, soft little coat of red ~ he was mostly called Red Jacket instead. ~ He and his tiny brother Sam ~ were ever so fond of cake and jam, ~ and sweets, and so was their sister Sue— ~ a trifle greedy, in fact—are you? ~

They 'd mince-pies at dinner—four between them— ~ one day. They gobbled—you should have seen them! ~ But when they 'd eaten one each, very fast, ~ Red Jacket grabbed and gobbled the last. ~ That was n't at all the way he 'd been taught. ~ And of course Nurse let him know what she thought. ~ She said he was very much to be blamed: ~ and by and by he felt rather ashamed. ~

And he said, "I 'll go for a walk in the wood; ~ it will make me feel better: I 've not been good." ~ And out he went: it was windy and rough, ~ but in the wood it was sheltered enough. ~ And he saw a Robin hopping along, ~ and chirped to it "Tweet! tweet!" like its song. ~ He said, "The nicest of all nice things, ~ is to be a dear little bird with wings. ~ I wish I could be a bird and fly!" ~

The Robin said, "Well, why don't you try? ~ I am perfectly sure I should much enjoy ~ being a dear little fat little boy. ~ Let 's change places: that will be best. ~ I 'll have your home, and you have my nest. ~ People won't notice we 've changed, I dare say, ~ if only we do it the proper way. ~ You come with me." So they went through the wood, ~ for a little way, till at last they stood ~ by a large red toadstool, high and flat. One laid a hand there, and one a claw, ~ and they said, "Hey presto!"—and then they saw — ~ very much sooner than they had reckoned—a most remarkable change, in one second. ~

This is what happened. The Robin became ~ a very small boy, exceedingly tame. ~ Red Jacket, with wings, though he could n't fly, ~ was a very large Robin, exceedingly shy. ~ But each of them kept, as they soon were to find, ~ what could n't be changed—his very own mind, ~

"Well, good-by, and good luck!" they both said. And they started ~ in different directions—extremely light-hearted. ~ The Robin (whose right name was Bob, by the way) went to Red Jacket's house. And he felt very gay ~ at being a boy. "I 'm the luckiest chap," ~ he said, "with such knickers, and muffler, and cap!" ~

He came to the big garden gate, and turned pale; ~ for he saw a black form and a waving black tail. ~ There was Red Jacket's pussy, old Tibby, inside, ~ coming out for a stroll. How he wished he could hide! ~ He clung to the gate, and she passed, in surprise, ~ and stared at him gravely, with startled green eyes. ~

Then he came to the door-step, and gave a glad shout— ~ for there were some beautiful bread-crumbs thrown out; ~ and there Sue and Sammy and Nursie all stood: ~ they were going to Red Jacket out in the wood. ~

They were very much startled: for it could be seen, ~ Red Jacket was smaller than he had been; ~ yes, very much smaller: they could n't make out ~ how such a change could have come about. ~ "What are you doing there?" Nursie said, ~ "down on the ground and bobbing your head!" ~

Meanwhile Red Jacket was doing his best ~ to squeeze himself into the Robin's nest, ~ which he came upon in a hole in a wall; ~ but of course he found it was much too small. ~ "I must have a nest of some sort!" said he: ~ and at last he spied a hole in a tree. ~ He tried to get in, but, how it did fright him! ~ an owl fluttered out and was going to bite him. ~ And a lot more Robins came chirping and tweeting, ~ and said to him, "Bob, what have you been eating?" ~

"Nothing since dinner!" he answered. They said, ~ "Then surely it 's time that you were fed." ~ And they searched about in the trees and shrubs, ~ and brought him some berries and insects and grubs. ~ He thought these horrid. "Have you got any rice?" ~ he asked, "or mutton, or anything nice?" ~

COURT NEWS.

BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



THE king and queen went out to-day,
A-riding on a load of hay.
The king fell off and lost his crown;
The queen fell, too, and tore her gown.



Then round the corner Tibby came walking, ~ after a sparrow that she was stalking. ~ The other Robins flew up on a twig, ~ but when Red Jacket tried, he was much too big. ~ He flapped and fluttered, and fell down flop, ~ and hurt his back, so he had to stop. ~ The Robins said, "You seem simply crazy. ~ Why don't you sing? Are you getting lazy?" ~

So then Red Jacket began to sing, ~ "Tweet, tweet, tweet," and that sort of thing: ~ but the flies he had eaten made him cough. ~ And it sounded so silly that he left off. ~ He said, "I will sing some other day." ~ "Lost his voice!" they cried in dismay. ~

At last he crept, in a hoppy flappy ~ sort of way, feeling very unhappy, ~ to a barn, and began to shiver and shake, ~ and said, "I have made a great mistake!" ~

Meanwhile what had happened to Bob, the other? ~ Nurse had taken him in to Mother. ~ "He seems all shrunken and shriveled, poor dear," ~ said Nurse, "don't you notice how small and queer ~ he looks?" "I 'm afraid he 's got a chill," ~ said Mother. "I think he 'd better stay still ~ indoors." Then she told him, "Here, you can look ~ at this," and she gave him a picture-book. ~ He sat and stared at it, on his knee. ~ He had n't the faintest notion, you see, ~ what on earth it meant. And very soon ~ he began to whistle a Robin's tune ~ and stopped himself, and went red as a poppy. ~ And Mother told him to do his copy. ~ And he did n't know how to hold the pen—~ and he spilled the ink again and again! ~

Then Mother gave him some tea and toast: ~ both bad, but he hated the tea the most. ~ He

asked for a grub, and held out his hand: ~ but Mother, of course, did n't understand. ~ She told him to go and play with Sue—~ which was just the thing that he could not do. ~ And he lost his temper, and pecked Sue's head; ~ and they said he was naughty, and put him to bed. ~

The bed was big, and yet it was stuffy: ~ sheets too tight, and blankets too fluffy. ~ Bob did nothing but gasp and choke, ~ till he fell asleep. But at twelve he woke, ~ and behold, he changed back, as the clock was striking, ~ to a Robin! That was much more to his liking! ~

A minute sooner, Red Jacket had crept ~ out of the barn, where he had n't slept: ~ his head would *not* go under his wing, ~ which he knew, for a bird, is the proper thing. ~ So he fluttered home very feeble and weak, ~ and tapped at the parlor pane with his beak. ~ And the clock struck twelve, and at once, O joy! ~ Red Jacket changed again to a boy—~ and Bob flew down—and they both stood still, ~ there on the narrow window-sill. ~ And they said together, "Oh, I 'm so glad ~ we have changed again! What a time I 've had!" ~

Then they looked up, and there was Sue, ~ at the bedroom window—she saw them, too, ~ but she thought she was dreaming, all the time, ~ even when Red Jacket made haste to climb ~ up the ivy, and scrambled in and kissed her. ~ He had never before been so glad of a sister. ~ And they went to bed and to sleep, all right. ~

But the Robins sat up singing all night: ~ for they felt that something nice had occurred, ~ though they could n't think what. The only bird ~ that knew, was Bob; and he thought with pain, ~ "It is *much* too difficult to explain!" ~

THE GINGERBREAD MAN

ONCE on a time, in a country town, ~ lived a little small boy named Timothy Brown. ~ And whenever he walked along the street, ~ he always was thinking of things to eat. ~ His father and mother were ever so kind, ~ but he had a discontented mind. ~

One day he came to his usual stop, ~ outside the pane of the sweet-stuff shop. ~ Nice brown bulls'-eyes, nice brown toffee, ~ caramels, too, the color of coffee; ~ brown almond-rock, brown chocolate drops, ~ all sorts of lovely brown lollypops. ~ But, out of them all, deny it who can, ~ the very best was a Gingerbread Man. ~

Timothy looked, and wished, and thought, ~ and he went in to buy it. It could n't be bought.

~ It cost three pennies—a very large sum: ~ and he 'd only one till next week should come. ~ He said, in an agitated squeak, ~ "Will you let me pay a penny a week, ~ till I 've paid the whole?" But the woman said "No. ~ The very idea of asking me so!" ~

So he rubbed his eyes, and home he went ~ perfectly prickly with discontent; ~ and grumbled frightfully at his meals, ~ and lay on the hearth-rug kicking his heels. ~ His little sister asked him to play: ~ but he was cross, and said "Go away!" ~ And pussy came and wanted to play: ~ but he was cross, and said "Get away!" ~ And he threw his shoe at her, so that she ran. ~ All because of the Gingerbread Man. ~ His mother came, and said to him sadly, ~ "Timothy,

you are behaving badly." ~ And she stroked his head: she was gentle and tender. ~ But he only lay and kicked at the fender. ~ So she went, with a disappointed air, ~ and left him alone in the firelight there. ~

By and by he sat up with a jump, ~ for he heard some steps coming stumpy-stump— ~ such queer little steps, along the floor, ~ as he never had heard in his life before: ~ stumpy-stump, and he said "What can ~ it be?"—and there was the Gingerbread Man! ~

Timothy sat completely dumb. ~ "As you want me so much, you see I 've come," ~ said the Gingerbread Man. "But as you can't pay ~ in cash, you must pay me some other way. ~ Get up! quick march!" So Timothy rose; ~ and then he was startled, as you may suppose, ~ to find that the Gingerbread Man was now ~ a quite big man, while *he*, somehow, ~ had gone quite small, and had to stop ~ the size the Man had been in the shop. ~

The Gingerbread Man said, "You did n't care ~ for any one else but me—so there, ~ just for the sake of a little variety, ~ as long as *I* choose, you shall have my society! ~ Come along!" And he marched him down ~ the front door steps, and all through the town. ~ And right away to a house that stood ~ in a little field by a lonely wood, ~ a little brown house, with a shed and a pump, ~ the Gingerbread Man went stumpy-stump. ~ A lot of his friends were waiting outside. ~ "Oh, Mister Gingerbread, welcome!" they cried, ~ "what a time you 've been gone!" They were brown, like the house: ~ Bunnies, a Squirrel, a Hedgehog, a Mouse, ~ and a Brownie: nice little folks they seemed. ~ Timothy wondered whether he dreamed; ~ but the Gingerbread Man, with a shove and a kick, ~ said, "This is my house. Get in with you, quick!" ~

The house was really lovely to smell. ~ It was built of toffee, and caramel— ~ chocolate, almond-rock, and a lot ~ of other nice things, I don't know what. ~ Timothy wanted some ever so much. ~ But the Man said, "Don't you dare to touch! ~ You 've got to do all the work, and wait ~ on me and my friends, while I meditate." ~ And he opened a door—with a very large label, ~ "Brown Study"—and sat himself down at the table. ~

So Timothy had the floor to sweep; ~ and the carpet was made of a tangled heap ~ of brown dead leaves, which got torn and tossed, ~ and flew out of doors, and then were lost. ~ And the Gingerbread Man appeared at the door, ~ and angrily ordered him, "Fetch some more!" ~ So he took a barrow into the wood; ~ but the Bun-

nies helped: they were very good. ~ They said, "We 'll get leaves for you, all we can. ~ But don't you tell the Gingerbread Man!" ~

Then Timothy had the fires to lay, ~ with fir-cones; but they rolled away— ~ they all fell out and went down a crack. ~ And the Gingerbread Man said, "Take this sack, ~ and fetch some more—and none of your tricks!" ~ The Man was growing as cross as two sticks. ~ So Timothy took the sack to the wood; ~ but the Squirrel helped, as well as he could. ~ He said, "It would take a furniture van, ~ to hold enough for the Gingerbread Man!" ~

Then Timothy's work became harder yet, ~ because he had all the supper to get. ~ And, what made it still a great deal harder, ~ there was nothing at all but nuts in the larder. ~ And the boiled nuts squashed and were overboiled, ~ and the baked nuts baked too hard and were spoiled, ~ and the fried nuts frizzled up in the pan. ~ "You shall pay for this!" said the Gingerbread Man. ~ And he sent him out to collect more nuts, ~ and he got himself all over scratches and cuts. ~ And the Brownie came, and was very kind; ~ but not one nut could Timothy find. ~

But when he returned, all filled with dread, ~ the Gingerbread Man had gone to bed. ~ He lay asleep: and how he did snore! ~ But Timothy had to sit on the floor. ~ He was tired and hungry, and sighed in vain, ~ "If I only could get back home again! ~ I 'd never grumble—I 'm quite prevented ~ from ever again being discontented!" ~

Then the Mouse appeared, and said, "I say! ~ are you really anxious to get away?" ~ "O yes, O yes," said Timothy, "but, ~ how can I when everything 's all tight shut?" ~ The Mouse said, "Why don't you do as I do? ~ Nibble, just nibble your way right through!" ~ So Timothy went on his hands and knees, ~ and nibbled the wall, and if you please, ~ the wall was only a chocolate wall! ~ He had nibbled through in no time at all. ~

He squeezed through the hole. Outside the house, ~ he waved good-by to the friendly Mouse, ~ and was out in the fields and running well, ~ when he heard a yell. Such a frightful yell! ~ "Stop, or I 'll fire!" With a toffee-gun, ~ a very dangerous kind of one, ~ stumpy-stump came the Gingerbread Man. ~ But Timothy would n't stop. He ran. ~

And the gun went—BANG! with a thundery bump. ~ And Timothy sat right up with a jump ~ He was down on the nursery hearth-rug still, ~ and the cinders had fallen, as cinders will, ~ with a thundery bump, like the noise of pow-

der: ~ when one 's asleep, it sounds much louder. ~

And there he saw his mother stand, ~ with the Gingerbread Man in her pretty hand. ~ "I hope," she said, "this will make my boy ~ a better-tempered one." O! what joy! ~ Timothy clung to her gown, and told her, ~ "I mean to be good!" and she patted his shoulder. ~ He

stared all round at the carpet and curtain, ~ and thought he had dreamed; but he was n't quite certain. ~ He decided that much the safest plan ~ would be to eat the Gingerbread Man ~ that very minute. So half he gave ~ to his little sister. "I 'll try to behave," ~ he said to himself, "the way that I should." ~ The Gingerbread Man tasted—oh, so good! ~

A DAY WITH THE GNOMES

HAVE you ever heard tell of Fairyland,
Where the Fairy Queen holds sway,
Where the gnomes and the elves, a merry band,
Dance at the close of the day?

If you 'll come with me we will go to-day
And peep in a fairy dell,
You shall watch five dear little gnomes at play,
And see them at work as well.

There is dear wise Will, and nice little Fred,
And plump little Hugo too,
Louis who always feels tired, it is said,
And Jim, who 'll make jokes for you.

I told you they lived in a fairy dell,
Were ruled by a Fairy Queen,
The loveliest fairy, so I 've heard tell,
Any gnome ever had seen.

The five little gnomes, who were loyal men
And honored their Queen so fair,
Had written a note with a golden pen,
And posted it then and there,

Inviting the fairy to come and dine;
She answered and said she would.
So they set off to fish with rod and line,
And to buy something very good.

With the Crow, their comrade, away they go,
Wishing they too had wings;
Fred echoed the wish when he tripped, for oh!
He had dropped all his nice good things.

He had fallen over a big tree-stump
And felt half ready to cry,
For he gave his head a terrible bump,
But Jimmy came strolling by.

And he joked and laughed, set Fred on his legs,
And gave him his basket small,
Then helped him pick up his butter and eggs,
And nothing was hurt at all.

Then they gathered a bunch of meadowsweet,
And buttercups, daisies too,
To lay at the Fairy Queen's dainty feet
As little gnomes love to do.

"Caw! caw!" cried the Crow, and looked very big,
"I 'm most important you see,
It 's my special duty for bait to dig,
You could n't fish without me."

He finished his task, then flew up high
To watch the fishermen pass;
Perched on a tree-top tall close by,
He saw them sit down on the grass.

When the five wee men were ready to fish,
Each carefully threw his line,
And each in his heart had the secret wish
To land a salmon fine.

The sun up above in the clear blue sky
Kissed the lake with a golden ray;
"Caw, caw," cried the Crow, as he soared on high,
"We are having a beautiful day."

'T was pleasant to sit in the balmy air,
Where flowers were springing around.
Will watches his line with the greatest care;
Lazy Lou's asleep on the ground.

"I 've not had a bite," Fred is heard to say,
While his face wears a woe-begone look;
He had no idea, when he turned away,
Jim had taken his bait from his hook.

As Will fished on and the time went by,
His eye wandered off to the flowers,
And he wished he could change to a butterfly
And live in their dainty bowers.

Brought back from his dreams by a big gnat's bite,
Will suddenly looked very wise,
For something was drawing his line quite tight,
And he landed a fish of great size.

"Now home let us hasten," wee wise Will said,
 "For 't is growing late, I know;
 We 'll fasten a cord to the fish's head
 And drag him home—all in a row."

So Will trudged in front and the rest
 pulled behind
 (All except Lazy Lou);
 Too heavy a load the fish they would find,
 If the Crow had n't helped them too.

All praised wise Will, the fisherman bold,
 As merrily home they hied,
 The scales of their prize gleamed bright as gold,
 "Caw! caw!" said the Crow with pride.

And Hugo's face was merry and bright
 As he thought of the fun in store,
 And all the good things they would
 cook that night—
 Fish, jellies, and cakes galore.

But what of the dear little Fairy guest
 For whom the great feast was made?
 She had been taking her noonday rest
 In a beautiful forest glade,

When she heard a sad little mournful sound
 Two little lost children's cry;
 So up she started and glanced around,
 And found the poor pets close by.

She kissed them and asked, in accents sweet,
 How they chanced so far to roam;
 And she promised to lead their little tired feet
 Safe to their own dear home.

"But first you shall peep into Fairyland
 With me," the kind Fairy said;
 "You shall join the feast of a merry band
 Of gnomes, ere you go to bed."

And all this time each merry wee gnome
 Was cooking many a dish;
 They'd a bright fire burning away at home
 To boil their beautiful fish.

The Crow helped too, for he brought the wood
 And leaves that burned with a rustle;
 Wise Will gave orders as fast he could,
 And soon all was noise and bustle.

Jim helped wise Will, with a laugh and a jest,
 Fred washed the dishes and smashed them,
 Hugo and Lou the potatoes boiled,
 Then dished them up and mashed them.

Then, just when the feast was quite prepared,
 The Fairy's bright car appeared,
 The Queen smiled sweetly, the children stared,
 And all the little men cheered.

The crickets and grasshoppers played a tune,
 For they formed the band, you know,
 The pretty bright stars and the big round moon
 Lit up the table below.

The Fairy Queen sat at the table head,
 With a child at either hand;
 "Now, dear little gnomes, gather round," she said,
 Then they *were* a merry band.

The children laughed, and the gnomes all joked,
 The Fairy Queen's smile was sweet,
 The nightingales trilled, and the frogs all croaked,
 The little birds sang "tweet, tweet."

The feast was delicious, the guests all said,
 Just fit for a Queen to sup;
 They drank no wine, but had dew instead,
 Served up in a harebell's cup.

The Crow stood behind, as a waiter smart,
 But managed to take his share,
 A strawberry cake and an apple tart,
 For a crow loves dainty fare.

When supper was over they danced away
 With footsteps so soft and light,
 And they passed the night with song and play
 Till the morning stars shone bright.

Then the Queen rose up and "Good-by," said she,
 "It is time we should take our leave!"
 "Ere you go," said the gnomes, "'t is meet that we
 Three flowery garlands weave.

"Two for the bairns with their eyes so bright,
 And one for our Fairy Queen,
 They 'll serve to remind you of this fair night
 Spent in our meadow green."

The sweet Queen smiled as she took the flowers,
 And soon she hastened away;
 She had to be back in her fairy bowers
 Long, long before break of day.

But first with the children home she flew,
 And tucked them up safe in bed.
 They thought it was all too good to be true—
 They must be dreaming instead.

And when the children were sleeping sound,
With her glittering wand she drew
A magic circle of love around
The beds of the children two.

"Be honest, be gentle, be brave," she said;
"And now, little ones, farewell!"
Then like a flash of light she sped
Away to the fairy dell.

The little gnomes' eyes were heavy with sleep,
They had had such a happy day;
And soon they were wrapped in slumber deep—
Curled up on the grass they lay.

The Crow slept up in a pine-tree near,
Where he'd built a cozy nest;
The moon kept watch, there was naught to fear,
She'd promised to guard their rest.

They smiled in their sleep, for the Fairy Queen
A host of fair dreams had sent,
Like glittering jewels of dazzling sheen,
But the fairest jewel—Content—

She had planted deep in each warm, kind heart,
That never a frown or sigh
Should wrinkle their foreheads, or cause a smart,
Or bring a tear to the eye.

"Tu-whit, tu-whoo," the gray Owl cried,
From his perch in the moonlit glen;
"I'm sure no evil will ever betide
Such good little, kind little men."

"Caw," murmured the Crow in his voice so deep,
"What pleasure kind deeds can bring;
Caw, caw, it is time I was fast asleep"—
And he tucked his head under his wing.

And now, little folks, if you're very good
The fairy may come some day,
And take you away to the fairy wood,
Where the good little people play.

And she'll show you the wonders of Fairyland;
You may dine with the gnomes one night;
Perhaps you will hear the grasshoppers' band,
And dance by the pale moon's light.



MODERN FABLES AND FAIRY TALES

THE STORY OF PETER PAN

THERE was once upon a time a little girl named Wendy Moira Angela Darling. She lived in a house with her brothers, John Napoleon Darling and Michael Nicholas Darling. This house was an ordinary house of brick and slates, but one thing about it was quite extraordinary. It contained a Newfoundland dog whose name was Nana, and this dog acted as nurse to the three children.

Nana was so clever that he never allowed the children to put on a flannel night-dress before it was aired at the fire; and he knew how to turn on the hot water when it was bath-time; and however the children might cry that they would *not* be bathed, or that they would *not* go to bed, Nana always insisted that they should.

Now, Mrs. Darling loved Nana, and she had a particular reason for keeping this brave and powerful dog as the children's nurse. One night, on visiting the nursery, she had seen a strange flitting shape moving quickly to and fro in the dim glow of the night-light. At sight of Mrs. Darling this shape rushed to the window. Mrs. Darling darted toward it. Just as it sprang into the night Mrs. Darling pulled down the window with a bang. The shape escaped; but something fell on the floor at Mrs. Darling's feet. *It was the shadow of this strange, flitting creature.* Mrs. Darling put the shadow in a drawer; but she felt very nervous for the safety of the children. She feared that the shape might come back and do them some dreadful harm. The only comfort she had was the presence of Nana in the nursery. The big dog, she thought, would protect her children from all danger. But one night Mr. Darling was rather cross, and he said it was ridiculous to have a dog for a nurse; and he got so cross at last that he said Nana should sleep in a kennel in the yard. Mrs. Darling pleaded; the children cried; Nana barked. Mr. Darling, however, was extremely cross, and Nana was led away to the yard, moaning and growling.

That night the window was thrust open, and into the room glided and skipped the mysterious shape.

"Where is my shadow?" it cried; while Nana barked furiously outside. "I can't be happy without my shadow. Tinker Bell, Tinker Bell, where is my dear little shadow?"

Instantly a spot of light flicked into the room, and sprang round the walls, and over the ceiling, and down the beds, and across the carpet, making a tinkling sound wherever it flitted and whenever it settled for a moment. This was the fairy Tinker Bell, a little female fairy. She told the shape where the shadow lay, and soon the drawer was open, the shadow pulled forth, and the shape skipped round the room with delight, singing, dancing, laughing in its joy, while Tinker Bell flashed round the room like a luminous butterfly. But, alas! when the shape tried to make the shadow stick on, it refused, and so all the delight went, and the shape burst into passionate tears.

Just at this moment Wendy awoke. She was not frightened, and asked the little shape why it was crying. Then she asked it its name, and the shape told her that it was Peter Pan. Wendy got needle and thread and stitched the shadow on to Peter Pan, and then Peter Pan danced with joy, for wherever he went the shadow followed him on the floor.

Peter Pan then told Wendy his story. He said that he lived in a place called Never-Never-Land, with a lot of little boys who had all been dropped out of their perambulators by careless nurses; and that they lived with fairies and would never grow up, but for always and always would remain happy boys in this enchanting Never-Never-Land.

He told her that when the first baby laughed, the laughter broke into little pieces, and each little piece became a fairy, and went dancing about the world. But whenever a child says that it does not believe in fairies, then one of the fairies dies. Peter Pan said it was dreadful for a child to say it did not believe in fairies. There was only one other thing that made them sad, he said, and this was the want of a mother; all the boys in Never-Never-Land wanted to have a mother very much

indeed. Wendy asked if there was not a little girl among them who could pretend to be their mother; but Peter Pan shook his head and answered that *girls* never dropped out of their perambulators, they were far too clever. This pleased Wendy, and she loved Peter Pan.

"Oh, Wendy," cried Peter, "come and live with us and be our mother!"

The two boys woke up. Peter Pan said he would teach them all to fly if Wendy would only come and be their mother. All this time Tinker Bell was tinkling angrily, and telling Peter Pan to come away at once. Tinker Bell loved Peter Pan, and was jealous of Wendy.

When the children heard that they could learn to fly, they were quite excited, and immediately began to spring in the air. But every time they fell and sprawled on the ground, or bumped flat on the beds.

"You must think beautiful thoughts," cried Peter Pan; and, so saying, soared up gracefully into the air, and sailed noiselessly round the room.

Soon the children learned, and all began to fly round the room with cries of delight. Then the windows opened wide, and Peter Pan led the way into the night; and while Tinker Bell tinkled loudly and Nana barked warningly, the children soared toward the stars.

THE LOST BOYS IN NEVER- NEVER-LAND

THE boys in Never-Never-Land were beginning to get anxious about Peter Pan, who was their captain. He seemed to be a long time away, and they were frightened of wolves and pirates. While they were wondering what had happened to Peter, they saw what looked to them like a large white bird in the sky.

As they gazed at it, Tinker Bell suddenly shone on the trees, and, tinkling very loudly, told them that Peter Pan wanted them to shoot this bird at once. So they ran and got bows and arrows, and shot them into the air. Suddenly down fell—what do you think?—poor Wendy with an arrow in her breast. Jealous little Tinker Bell was responsible for this awful deed.

But she was not killed. Soon she revived, and then with her brothers round her, and Peter Pan holding her hand, she promised all the boys to be their mother. Then they set to, and built Wendy a funny little house, with the silk hat of John Napoleon Darling for its chimney-pot; and everybody was wonderfully happy, except Tinker Bell, who was more and more jealous of Wendy.

Now, while they were so happy in their house, through the wood came the terrible pirates. The

captain of this frightful gang was named Captain James Hook, and a more horrible villain never froze the blood in a child's veins. All his crew feared him and cowered before him. His long black hair was enough to make you shiver; his yellow skin made you go white; his coal-black eyes struck daggers of fear into your heart; but, far worse than all these, more awful even than his cackling laugh and his way of rolling his "r's" so that they sounded like pistols, was his right hand. His right hand wasn't a hand at all, *it was an iron hook*. How he came to have that hook is part of the story.

Peter Pan had tripped the terrible pirate into the sea, and a crocodile, a tremendous *c-r-r-r-r-rocodile*, had snapped off his hand and part of his wrist. Nor was this all. The crocodile enjoyed the captain's hand and wrist so much that it wanted more, and so it haunted the captain wherever he went, longing to eat another bit of him, and dreaming of the happy day when it would gobble him all up. The captain always knew when his ferocious enemy was near, because on one occasion it had swallowed an alarm-clock, and the ticking of this clock could plainly be heard through its skin. But the captain feared, because he knew the clock would one day run down, and then the crocodile would be able to steal upon him unawares.

You can imagine how this pirate hated Peter, the cause of all his troubles, and how he longed to slay him.

One day, when some friendly Indians were guarding the boys, up came the pirates and made a great slaughter of the poor redskins. The boys did not hear the battle, for they were very interested in something that Wendy was telling them underground.

Wendy, you must know, had become the mother of these boys, and they all did exactly what she told them, and all adored her, because it was so delightful to have a mother after having lived so long without one. After she had seen mermaids and a bird that gave up its nest for Peter Pan to use as a boat, she settled down to be a real practical mother, giving the boys their medicine, teaching them how to behave nicely, and tucking them all up nice and comfy in their beds. Considering that she was only nine years of age, Wendy made a splendid mother.

Well, on this night, Wendy was telling them a story about her own father and mother—a beautiful story which showed how that mother and father must be weeping for their lost children. As she was finishing, John Napoleon and Michael Nicholas sprang up in their beds, and said:

"Wendy, we must go back!"

WENDY HEARS FROM PETER PAN ABOUT THE JOYS OF FLYING.



PETER PAN SCOLDS NANA, THE DOG-NURSE.



"Yes," answered Wendy, "we must go back." You can imagine how dreadfully sad all the motherless boys were when they heard that Wendy was going home. They cried so much that at last she told them they might come back with her and her brothers, and live in their house, and have Mr. and Mrs. Darling for their father and mother. All the boys accepted this offer with delight except Peter Pan. Peter Pan said he did not want to grow up. He did not want to live in a real house and go to school. He wanted to live always in Never-Never-Land, with the fairies and birds and mermaids. In his heart he was terribly sad at losing Wendy, whom he loved very much indeed; but he refused to go away and grow up like an ordinary boy.

So they all said good-by to Peter Pan, and one by one went up the narrow tunnel which led from their underground home to the forest and the night. Wendy was the last to go, and before she went she poured out some medicine for Peter and made him promise her that he would take it when he woke up in the morning.

But instead of kind redskins keeping guard, the pirates were there. The boys were seized one by one as they stepped on ground; a rough hand was clasped over their mouths to prevent them from crying out, and they were carried away prisoners to the pirate ship with Wendy.

HOW THE CHILDREN WENT HOME AGAIN

PETER PAN lay asleep in his bed. The rest of the boys were on board the pirate ship. Peter Pan was alone, and asleep.

Captain Hook was creeping to the hole above. Now was his chance to slay his enemy.

Noiselessly the pirate chief crept down the hole. He arrived at the door, and peeped over the top. Peter Pan was fast asleep. He tried to open the door, and failed. Again and again his hook fumbled at the latch, but failed. Peter Pan was safe. But no! The terrible captain espied the glass of medicine left by Wendy on a shelf; he reached toward it, and then, taking a bottle of poison from his pocket, poured the contents into the glass.

Peter Pan woke up. He remembered his promise to Wendy, and went to drink the poison. At that moment Tinker Bell rushed in, crying:

"Don't drink! Don't drink!"

But her warning was useless.

"I have promised Wendy," answered Peter, and walked toward the glass with his hand outstretched.

In vain did Tinker Bell warn him; but, just as

Peter was about to drink, the little Shining Light popped into the glass and drained all its deadly contents. Then it flickered and paled and drooped toward its bed, dying.

Peter knew there was only one way in which he could possibly save it.

"Do you believe in fairies? Oh, please say you believe in fairies!" he cried to all the world. And back from the world, which was so sorry for poor little Tinker Bell, came the answer:

"We believe in fairies."

So Tinker Bell revived and was saved, and she told Peter Pan how the pirates had carried off the lost boys, with Wendy and her brothers, to their ship, and of the danger in which they stood.

Peter immediately started out. He arrived at the ship just as the captain was going to flog his prisoners before making them walk the plank. Peter Pan had an alarm-clock in his pocket; he took it out, and at the first sound of that *tick-tick* the captain gave a great cry of horror, thinking that the cr-r-r-rocodile was near.

During the panic, Peter stole on board ship and hid himself in the cabin where the cat-o'-nine-tails was hidden.

The clock ran down. The captain grew brave.

"Go and get the cat-o'-nine-tails!" he ordered.

One of the ruffians went to obey. As he entered the cabin a terrible shriek resounded all over the ship. Another pirate was ordered to go and see what had happened. He, too, uttered a ghastly shriek, and did not come out.

The rest of the crew were now in a state of panic. They refused to enter the cabin; one threw himself into the sea.

Suddenly Peter Pan rushed out, sword in hand, and a terrible fight followed. Old Hook was flung overboard, where the crocodile was waiting; and all the rest of the wicked pirates were killed.

Then Wendy and all the boys went home, and you can imagine how glad Mrs. Darling and Mr. Darling and Nana were to see their lost children. Mr. Darling, we must tell you, had been so repentant for his crossness that he had made Nana live indoors and dine at the table and occupy his own chair; while he himself slept in a kennel outside, and ate all his meals out of a dog's trough. Mrs. Darling had always kept the window open, hoping that the children would return; and used to play and sing "Home, Sweet Home," thinking that they might hear her and come back.

But Peter Pan, all alone in Never-Never-Land, longed for little Wendy; and Mrs. Darling allowed Wendy to go every now and then to visit Peter, and see that his house was nice and tidy. Peter Pan always refused to grow up, and Wendy never forgot the fairies.



PETER PAN ON BOARD THE PIRATE SHIP, IMITATING NAPOLEON. THE CHILDREN WHOM PETER HAS SAVED FROM CAPTAIN HOOK ARE ARRAYED AS NAPOLEON'S OFFICERS.



INTERIOR OF THE DARLING HOME JUST BEFORE THE CHILDREN'S BEDTIME.

"THE BLUE BIRD" FOR "HAPPINESS"

BY LAWRENCE SOUTHERLAND

A DISTINGUISHED Belgian writer, named Maurice Maeterlinck, is the author of a play which, to all who can see clearly, is a most beautiful pantomime. To some it is full of wisdom, but there are none who fail to understand how wonderful a fairy-tale it is. Maeterlinck has imagined happiness to be a Blue Bird winging its way through this vast world of ours; men and women and children seek it, and though they wander far afield, meeting with various adventures, they soon learn, on returning home, that this elusive Blue Bird, as variable as the sunshine, is close at hand and within the reach of all.

What would you do if you were asked suddenly to go forth and find this happiness which is on the wing? Where would you turn, how would you proceed, who would accompany you? Maeterlinck has strange ways of telling a story; his eyes not only see things as they are, but picture what things are within themselves. This is not more wonderful in the fairy world than the Invisible Cap or the Seven-Leagued Boots which we never question but believe in as a fairy fact. Nor is it more marvelous that Bread or Water or Fire or Sugar or Milk should have a soul than that a princess should be transformed into a witch, or that a prince should be concealed beneath the outward form of a wild animal. We people who dwell on earth are blind sometimes, because we do not use our imaginations.

You remember probably that Peter Pan asked a question: "Do you believe in fairies?" Upon your answer depended the flickering life of Tinker Bell. Maeterlinck also asks a question through his little boy hero: "If any of you should find the Blue Bird, would you be so very kind as to give him back to us? . . . We need him for our happiness later on." It is every one's duty, therefore, to answer these questions of Peter Pan and Tyltyl, each in his own way, and herein you shall find how Maeterlinck, with a child heart as well as in a philosopher's manner, tells of Mytyl's and Tyltyl's search for this Blue Bird of Happiness.

It was Christmas Eve in the wood-cutter's cottage; the room in which his two children were sleeping was dimly aglow in the light of dying embers. A faint red touched the Clock, the Cupboard, the Bread-pan, a Dog, and a Cat—in fact, not an object in the place but was burnished by the flame. Daddy and Mummy had just closed the door, when Tyltyl and Mytyl, waking, rose and rushed to the window. Brightness flooded

the street from a house opposite, where some rich children were giving a party. From where Mytyl and Tyltyl stood a glimpse of everything might be had: a Christmas tree, musicians, candles, cakes, romping boys and girls—everything, in fact, to add to jollity and Yule-tide pleasure.

To the wood-cutter's son and daughter this was fairy-land indeed; they were poor, but what mattered, so long as they might look and see and make believe! It was truly exciting, so much so that a knock at the door quite disturbed Mytyl and Tyltyl, who quieted down just in time to see the latch lifted, and an old woman, much like the witches in Grimm's Tales, enter. Now, after she came nearer and nearer, one could judge that she was a fairy, even though her back was bent and her nose and chin almost met. The whole of Maeterlinck's play is centered upon the first thing that the fairy Bérylune asked of the two children: "Have you the grass here that sings or the bird that is blue?"

This was a great surprise to Mytyl and Tyltyl. They saw before them an ugly old woman with wisps of gray hair—a veritable hag, who somehow reminded them of a neighbor of theirs. But fairy Bérylune insisted that she was beautiful, and complained that the world-folk were blind, else they would see the bird that is blue. "Come," she said, "we must away in search of this bird and of the grass that sings! Out we go, either through the chimney, the ceiling, or the window."

Mytyl and Tyltyl were rather curious, and though they hesitated, the fairy insisted, and no one may gainsay a fairy, especially when a little green cap and a marvelous stone upon it are given one to help in the hunt for this Blue Bird of Happiness. The remarkable fact about the stone was: turn it one way and you might behold the past; turn it in the opposite direction and the future was shown you.

Into their clothes Mytyl and Tyltyl were hurried, talking all the while, and learning more about the magic of the little green cap. By the time they were completely dressed they were convinced by fairy Bérylune that the power of the diamond opened all eyes so wide that they might see the very souls of things. The children were eager for trying the magic of this wonderful cap, and they thought that there was no time like the present for doing so. Then a curious thing happened after Tyltyl turned the diamond:

The whole cottage suddenly lit up with gleams



IN THE UPPER, LEFT-HAND CORNER IS THE CHARACTER OF BREAD BEFORE HE DONS THE TOGS OF BLUEBEARD. HIS NEIGHBOR IS THE FAIRY BÉRYLUNE. BELOW THEM ARE LIGHT AND THE CHILDREN, MYTYL AND TYLTYL.

and sparkles upon the walls and ceiling, and all around them was rich in beauty. The clock door swung open, and twelve Hours glided forth, dancing merrily and gracefully to faint music. Bewildered though Mytyl and Tyltyl appeared to be, nothing escaped their notice. Out from the breadpan leaped the bulky form of Bread, accompanied by his smaller loaves; forth from the fire flared the dazzling red form of Fire himself. The Cat and Dog, natural-born enemies, as all of us know who have read our Kipling, jumped up and began talking, the Dog hugging Tyltyl and calling him “little master.”

This might seem wonder enough, but still the changes continued. From the water-spout escaped the soul of Water; from the sugar-loaf arose the tall, insipidly sweet form of Sugar; and the limpid, white spirit of Milk came forth from a jug. Then out there stepped from the very heart of the table lamp an exquisite maiden; she was incomparably beautiful, her mission being, as the soul of Light, to brighten the paths of the world that lay in darkness. Such was the manner in which the green cap’s diamond worked; such were the marvels confronting the gaze of Mytyl and Tyltyl.

Suddenly some one was heard approaching, and then what terror spread among the souls of things! Back flew the Hours into the clock, while every other figure tried to reach his accustomed place—Milk glided to the jug, Fire to the hearth, Bread to the bowl, and so on. But it was too late! The fairy Bérylune had cried to Tyltyl, “Turn the diamond,” and he had done so. The room was changed back to its original semi-darkness, but Cat and Dog, Fire and Water, Milk and Sugar, Bread and Light, reached their places too late.

“There is nothing left for you to do,” said fairy Bérylune, “but accompany these children in their search for the Blue Bird. Here, Bread, you carry the cage, and now let us be off!”

Such a queer procession it was that tripped across the room and out through the window that opened to let them pass—Water, wrangling with Fire in her efforts to put him out; Cat, sly and treacherous, snarling and spitting at Dog, the faithful friend of man; Milk, all filmy and white; Bread, fat and ponderous, a blustering coward, who was to take pretty excellent care that he was safe in whatever adventures befell his traveling-companions.

No sooner had the window closed behind them than Mummy and Daddy Tyl came in to see if all was safe; for in their dreams they had thought some noise was being made. Yonder in the corner were the beds of Tyltyl and Mytyl; they were quiet, the two little dears, so still that their breath-

ing might almost be heard. Thus thought Daddy and Mummy, as they crept silently back to their rooms, closing the door gently behind them.

Have you ever heard of such queer company as Mytyl and Tyltyl had on their journey? Nothing surprised them now; along the road they passed forests of Christmas trees, alight with myriad candles, and though the snow lay thick upon the ground, their hearts were warm within. Fairy Bérylune hurried them to her Palace—a place that seemed to the eye a veritable home of shadowy soap-bubbles passing through green light, and touching a long flight of marble steps leading to the inner rooms. Here all were bidden to dress themselves for the journey which stretched before them. Cat was highly pleased with the costume of Puss-in-Boots; Dog, even though sneered at by his natural enemy, donned the livery of one of Cinderella’s coachmen; Bread, huge in his bulk, clad himself in Bluebeard’s finest robes. The others were not so richly dressed, even though Tyltyl’s blue coat and red breeches suggested Hop o’ my Thumb, and Mytyl wore Gretel’s frock and Cinderella’s slippers.

Thus prepared, what were best to do? Always one must be careful in going on a long journey to determine who are to be relied on. Remember that fairy Bérylune had given Tyltyl a green cap in which there was a telltale diamond—one to reveal secrets which THINGS might not want to have known. Would not such power make Tyltyl disliked just a little? Cat certainly should be watched, for, according to his kind, he is always treacherous; Sugar is perfectly willing to break off his sweet barley fingers for Mytyl, but he is *too “sweet”* for any firmness of character; Light will be true, even though she is despised by Night, to whose palace Tyltyl will be obliged to go in his search for the Blue Bird; Dog will ever be faithful, as all dogs are to all men, whom they serve with unquestioned faith. Is it not true, as Kipling sings:

Pussy will rub my knees with her head,
Pretending she loves me hard;
But the very minute I go to bed,
Pussy runs out in the yard,
And there she stays till the morning light;
So I know it is only pretend;
But *Binkie* he snores at my feet all night,
And he is my Firstest Friend!

Where is that Blue Bird which we all want for our happiness? Maybe Mytyl’s and Tyltyl’s grandparents carried it with them when they died. That is the first visit they must pay, said fairy Bérylune. How little we people on earth know of the great truth which these small travelers are now to learn—the great truth that if we but think



THESE ARE THE SOULS OF THE "ANIMALS" AND "THINGS" IN "THE BLUE BIRD," AND FROM LEFT TO RIGHT THEY ARE: THE DOG, WATER, SUGAR, MILK, THE CAT, BREAD, AND FIRE. BESIDE BREAD IS THE WICKER CAGE IN WHICH THE BLUE BIRD IS TO BE CONFINED WHEN FOUND.



TYLTYL AND MYTYL WHILE SEARCHING FOR THE BLUE BIRD OF HAPPINESS PAY A VISIT TO GRANNY AND GRANDADDY TYL IN THE LAND OF MEMORY.

kindly of those who are gone from us, they live in our memories and are happy in our thought. Mytyl and Tyltyl hasten to this Land of Memory through a mist of cloud that lifts only to show to them Grandfather and Grandmother asleep, with smiles upon their faces, since some one was thinking of them at the time with love in his heart.

What a visit that was when Mytyl and Tyltyl were discovered! Nothing ever grows older in the Land of Memory. Granddaddy and Granny were the same as when they left earth, and the brothers and sisters who had died were just as they used to be, even to the bump on Pauline’s nose. In their pleasure, Mytyl and Tyltyl did not forget their mission, even though there was delight in Granny’s remarks about how tall they had grown; even though the supper given them was good.

Amid all this rollicking joy, Tyltyl suddenly sighted a blackbird in a cage near by—a bird which looked blue. All a-tingle, he begged of his Granddaddy and Granny to be given this treasure. So when he and Mytyl left, much to the regret of those whom the earth-folk call dead, they carried with them the blackbird, which in their simple, childish delight they considered blue.

But now, have you not guessed what the Blue Bird really means? Once more on the road to rejoin Light, whom they have been told to follow, these children—a little downcast over having to leave those they love, a little lonely in the misty wood—find that the bird, after all, is only black. “Beauty,” says the poet, “is in the eye of the beholder.” Perhaps, at the close of their journey, Mytyl and Tyltyl will find the bird nearer home than they had ever dreamed.

But now there was no thought of home; only one object lay before them—to capture the Blue Bird for Happiness. There are some people on earth who are never happy. To them, as the old adage declares, a little knowledge is a dangerous thing. Says one, if there were no more wars, the world would be happy; says another, if there were no more sickness, the world would be happy; says still another, if we did not live in darkness, we would always dwell in sunshine. Mytyl and Tyltyl, as we have said, were obliged to visit the Palace of Night; there maybe, in the unknown, the Blue Bird might be hidden. But though our small hero searched behind sealed doors which opened when he unlocked them, and though he captured many flying doves which seemed to be blue, happiness once more slipped from him, for the Blue Bird only dwells in light.

These children were sent to many grim places, so grim that we could hardly blame them if they did not have gladsome hearts. But they were

cheerful little souls, and they felt safe in the gentle hands of Light. Besides which, they were curious, because all the strange wonders they saw interested them beyond measure. And where there is interest, there is no time to be frightened. They journeyed to the kingdom of the future, where children were waiting to be born; but happiness, to be of the right kind, should always exist in the present, even though it should increase on the morrow. Bread, Water, Sugar, and Milk could not understand this; after all, they were only the souls of THINGS, and so, wherever they went, they remained alert and ready to make their escape. Glad indeed they were at last to bid good-by to Mytyl and Tyltyl when the search was at an end!

Journey as far as you will, so these children learned, the Blue Bird does not live in strange places; it is not even proper to keep it in a cage. When Mytyl and Tyltyl woke up and found themselves in their warm beds—for of course it was only a dream—they were so very happy that on looking at their own bird in its cage by the window, lo, it was a beautiful blue in color! And I am sure that any bird happening to pass at that moment would have been blue also, if such is the color of happiness.

Tyltyl gave his bird away to a little sick girl living near him; this gift made her so cheerful that she came to thank him, bringing her precious burden with her. And while they were talking together, the Blue Bird flew away. Was this a dreadful thing to happen? Not at all. Children are happy in their own way, which is difficult for some grown folks to understand, and happiness does not depend upon owning things, but upon giving.

Maeterlinck’s “The Blue Bird” is a regular fairy-tale; the older people may try to get some other meaning out of it, but the story is as I have told it. Of course our hero and heroine met with other strange happenings on their way, but in none of them did they find the true secret of happiness. The play is a splendid pantomime—it is full of bright color and of sweet thoughts. In fact, one has to like it because it is beautiful. Now that you have Leard, maybe you will smile when you next bite a lump of sugar, or drink a glass of water, or take a bowl of milk. Mytyl and Tyltyl felt odd for a long while after this adventure, and whenever they talked about the curious journey, Daddy and Mummy smiled, though they did not really know. Peter Pan believed in fairies, and he who believes in fairies never grows up. The Blue Bird stands for Happiness, and he who believes in the Blue Bird need look no farther than his heart.

THE WOLF AND THE SEVEN GOSLINGS

THERE was once an old Goose who had seven young Goslings, and she loved them as dearly as ever mother loved her children.

One day she had to go into the wood to seek for food for them, and before setting off she called all seven round her, and said: "Dear children, I am obliged to go into the wood. While I am gone, be on your guard against the Wolf, for if he gets in here he will eat you up, feathers, skin, bone, and all. The villain often disguises himself, but you can easily know him by his hoarse voice and black paws."

"Dear mother," answered the Goslings, "we will take great care; you may go without any anxiety." So the old Goose bade them good-by and set off cheerfully for the wood.

Before long some one knocked at the door and cried: "Open, open, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you."

But the Goslings soon perceived, by the hoarse voice, that it was the Wolf. "We will not open," said they. "You are not our mother, for she has a sweet and lovely voice; but your voice is hoarse—you are the Wolf!"

Thereupon the Wolf set off to a merchant, and bought a large lump of chalk. He ate it, and it made his voice soft. Back he came, knocked at the door, and cried: "Open, open, my dear children; your mother is here, and has brought something for each of you."

But the Wolf had laid his black paw on the window-sill, and when the children saw it, they cried: "We will not open. Our mother has not black feet like you—you are the Wolf."

So the Wolf ran off to the baker, and said: "I have hurt my foot; put some dough on it."

And when the baker had plastered it with dough, the Wolf went to the miller, and cried: "Strew some meal on my paws." But the miller thought to himself, "The Wolf wants to deceive some one," and he hesitated to do it.

"If you don't do it at once," the Wolf said, "I will eat you up." So the miller was afraid, and made his paws white.

Now came the rogue back for the third time, knocked, and said: "Open the door, dear children; your mother has come home, and has brought something for each of you out of the wood."

The little Goslings cried: "First show us your paws, that we may see whether you are really our mother." So he laid his paws on the window-sill, and when the Goslings saw that they were white, they believed it was all right, and opened the door; and who should come in but the Wolf!

They were terrified, and tried to hide themselves. One jumped under the table, another into the bed, the third into the oven; the fourth ran into the kitchen, the fifth hopped into a cupboard, the sixth under the wash-tub, and the youngest got into the clock-case. But the Wolf seized them all, and stood on no ceremony with them. One after another he gobbled them all up, except the youngest, whom he could not find. When the Wolf had eaten his fill he strolled forth, laid himself down in a green meadow under a tree, and went fast asleep.

Not long after, back came the old Goose home from the wood; but alas! what did she see? The house door stood wide open; table, chairs, benches, were all overthrown; the wash-tub lay in the ashes; blankets and pillows were torn off the bed. She looked for her children, but nowhere could she find them. She called them each by name, but nobody answered, till at last a little squeaking voice said: "Here am I, dear mother, in the clock-case."

She pulled him out, and he told her how the Wolf had come and had eaten up all the others. You may think how she wept for her dear children.

At last, in her grief, she wandered out, and the youngest Gosling ran beside her. And when she came to the meadow, there lay the Wolf under the tree, snoring till the boughs shook. She walked round and examined him on all sides, till she saw that something was moving and kicking about inside him.

"Can it be," thought she, "that my poor children whom he has swallowed for his supper are yet alive?" So she sent the little Gosling back to the house for scissors, needle, and thread, and began to slit up the monster's body.

Scarcely had she given one snip, when out came the head of a Gosling, and when she had cut another snip, out came a second; and when she had cut a third snip, all the six jumped out one after another, alive, well, and unhurt, because the greedy monster had swallowed them whole. They embraced their mother tenderly, and skipped about as lively as a tailor at a wedding.

But the old Goose said: "Now go and find me six large stones, which we will put inside the greedy beast while he is still asleep."

So the Goslings got the stones in all haste, and they put them inside the Wolf; and the old Goose sewed him up again in a great hurry, while he never once moved nor took any notice.

When the Wolf at last woke up and got upon his legs, he found he was very thirsty, and wished

to go to the brook to drink. But as soon as he began to move the stones began to shake and rattle inside him, till he cried: "What's this rattling inside me? I thought I had eaten six little geese, but they are only stones!"

When he came to the spring and bent down

his head to drink, the heavy stones overbalanced him and in he went, head over heels. And when the seven Goslings saw this they came running up, crying loudly: "The Wolf is dead! the Wolf is dead!" and danced for joy all round the spring, and their mother with them.

THE ADVENTURES OF CHANTICLEER AND PARTLET

I

HOW THEY WENT TO THE MOUNTAINS TO EAT NUTS

"The nuts are quite ripe now," said Chanticleer to his wife Partlet: "suppose we go together to the mountains, and eat as many as we can, before the squirrel takes them all away?"

"With all my heart," said Partlet. "Let us go and make a holiday of it together."

So they went to the mountains; and as it was a lovely day, they stayed there till the evening. Now, whether it was that they had eaten so many nuts that they could not walk, or whether they were lazy and would not, I do not know. However, they took it into their heads that it did not become them to go home on foot. So Chanticleer began to build a little carriage of nutshells; and when it was finished, Partlet jumped into it and sat down, and bade Chanticleer harness himself to it, and draw her home.

"That's a good joke!" said Chanticleer. "No, that will never do; I had rather by half walk home. I'll sit on the box and be coachman, if you like, but I'll not draw."

While this was happening, a Duck came quacking up, and cried out: "You thieving vagabonds! what business have you in my grounds? I'll give it you well for your insolence!" And she fell upon Chanticleer most lustily. But Chanticleer was no coward, and paid back the Duck's blows with his sharp spurs so fiercely that she soon began to cry out for mercy, which was only granted on her agreeing to draw the carriage home for them. This she said she would do; and Chanticleer got upon the box and drove off, crying: "Now, Duck, get on as fast as you can." And away they went at a pretty good pace.

After they had traveled along a little way, they met a Needle and a Pin walking together along the road; and the Needle cried out, "Stop, stop!" and said it was so dark that they could hardly find their way, and the road so dirty that they could not get on at all. He told him that he and his friend the Pin had been at an inn a few miles off, and had sat there talking till they had forgot-

ten how late it was. So he begged that the travelers would be so kind as to give them a lift in their carriage. Chanticleer, observing that they were but thin fellows, and not likely to take up much room, told them they might ride, but made them promise not to dirty the wheels of the carriage in getting in, nor to tread on Partlet's toes.

Late at night they reached an inn; and as it was bad traveling in the dark, and the Duck seemed much tired, and waddled about a good deal from one side to the other, they made up their minds to fix their quarters there. But the landlord at first was unwilling, and said his house was full; for he thought they might not be very respectable company. However, they spoke civilly to him, and gave him an egg which Partlet had laid by the way, and said they would give him the Duck, who was in the habit of laying one every day. So at last he let them come in, and they bespoke a handsome supper, and spent the evening very jollily.

Early in the morning, before it was quite light, and when nobody was stirring in the inn, Chanticleer awakened his wife, and, fetching the egg, they pecked a hole in it, ate it up, and threw the shell into the fireplace. They then went to the Pin and Needle, who were fast asleep, and, seizing them by the heads, stuck one into the landlord's easy chair and the other into his handkerchief. Having done this, they crept away as softly as possible, and went on with their journey. But the Duck, who slept in the open air in the yard, heard them coming, and jumping into the brook which ran close by the inn, soon swam off, clear out of their reach.

An hour or two afterward the landlord got up, and took his handkerchief to wipe his face, but the Pin ran into him and pricked him; then he walked into the kitchen to light his pipe at the fire, but when he stirred it up the egg-shells flew into his eyes, and almost blinded him.

"Bless me!" said he, "all the world seems to have a plot against my head this morning." And so saying, he threw himself sulkily into his easy chair; but, oh dear! the Needle ran into him; and

this time the pain was not in his head. He now flew into a very great rage, and, thinking it must be the company who had come in the night before, he made out the bill for their night's lodging, and went to look after them. But they were all off; so he swore that he never again would take in such a troop of vagabonds, who ate a great deal, paid no reckoning, and gave him nothing for his trouble but their apish tricks.

II

HOW PARTLET DIED AND WAS BURIED, AND HOW CHANTICLEER DIED OF GRIEF

ANOTHER day Chanticleer and Partlet agreed to go again to the hills to eat nuts; and it was settled that all the nuts which they found should be shared equally between them. Now Partlet found a very large nut; but she said nothing about it to Chanticleer, and kept it all to herself. However, it was so big that she could not swallow it, and it stuck in her throat. Then she was in a great fright, and cried out to Chanticleer: "Pray run as fast as you can and fetch me some water, or I shall be choked."

Chanticleer ran as fast as he could to the River, and said: "River, give me some water, for Partlet lies on the hill, and will be choked by a great nut."

But the River said: "Run first to the Bride, and ask her for a silken cord to draw up the water."

Then Chanticleer ran to the Bride, and said: "Bride, you must give me a silken cord, for then the River will give me water, and the water I will carry to Partlet, who lies on the mountain, and will be choked by a great nut."

But the Bride said: "Run first, and bring me my garland, that is hanging on a willow in the garden."

Then Chanticleer ran to the garden, and took the garland from the bough where it hung, and brought it to the Bride; and the Bride gave him the silken cord, and he took the silken cord to the River, and the River gave him water, and he carried the water to Partlet. But in the meantime she was choked by the great nut, and lay quite dead.

Then Chanticleer was very sorry, and cried

bitterly; and all the Beasts came and wept with him over poor Partlet. And six Mice built a little hearse to carry her to her grave, for Chanticleer wished she should be buried in the family burying-ground. And when it was ready, they harnessed themselves to it, and Chanticleer drove them.

On the way they met the Fox. "Where are you going, Chanticleer?" said he.

"To bury my Partlet," said the other.

"May I go with you?" said the Fox.

"Yes; but you must get up behind, or my horses will not be able to draw you."

Then the Fox got up behind; and soon the Wolf, the Bear, the Goat, and all the Beasts of the wood, came and climbed up behind the hearse.

So on they went, till, just as they got home, they came to a swift stream.

"How shall we get over?" said Chanticleer.

Then a Straw said: "I will lay myself across, and you may pass over upon me." But as the Mice were going over, the Straw slipped away and fell into the water, and the six Mice all fell in and were drowned.

What was to be done? Then a large Log of Wood came, and said: "I am big enough. I will lay myself across the stream, and you shall pass over upon me."

So he laid himself down; but they managed so clumsily that the Log of Wood fell in and was carried away by the stream. Then a Stone came up and kindly offered to help poor Chanticleer by laying himself across the stream; and this time he got safely to the other side with the hearse, and managed to get Partlet out of it. But the Fox and the other mourners, who were sitting behind, were too heavy, and fell back into the water, and were all carried away by the stream and drowned.

Thus Chanticleer was left alone with his dead Partlet. And having dug a grave for her, close by the house where she and all the family were born, he laid her in it, and buried her. Then he pined away by the side of her grave, and wept and wailed, till at last he died too; and thus all the party were dead.

THE KING OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAIN

A VERY long time ago there lived a rich merchant who had two little children, a boy and a girl. All his riches were in two big vessels on the sea, and he was expecting them home. But one day he was told that both ships were lost, so he had nothing left but a little field.

One day he was feeling very sad, and was

walking in his field, when suddenly a very ugly dwarf stood before him and said: "Why do you look so sad?"

The merchant replied: "I have lost all my money, and all I have left is this little field."

Then the dwarf said: "Don't trouble any longer. If you will bring me, in twelve years from now,

the first thing you meet on the way home, I will give you as much gold as you like."

"Yes," said the merchant, thinking that his dog would probably meet him on his way home, "I will do as you ask." But, to his great sorrow, his little boy ran to meet him.

A month passed, and the merchant thought to himself: "I have not got any gold yet; the dwarf must have been joking with me." But one day he went up to an old attic to get some iron he thought he might sell, and there on the floor was a great heap of gold. He was delighted to become rich again.

The years went by, and his little son grew up to be a young man; and then the father, remembering his agreement with the dwarf, grew very sad, and told his son that he had promised to give him to an ugly dwarf. But his son comforted him, and said: "Father, never mind your promise; I will not let the dwarf take me away from you."

So when the time came they went to the little field to meet the dwarf, and the son drew a round ring on the ground and stood inside it with his father. The dwarf soon came, and said to the merchant: "Have you brought me what you promised?"

But the old man did not answer, and his son said: "What do you want here?"

The dwarf answered: "I did not come to talk to you, but to your father, and I *will* have what he promised me."

Then they had a great quarrel, and at last it was decided that the merchant should put his son into a little boat all by himself on a large lake that was near. He thought that his son would be drowned, and went home feeling very sad. But the little boat went on and on, and at last stopped outside a beautiful castle, which was quite empty, for it was enchanted. The young man jumped out of the boat, and went through all the rooms in the castle until he came to one with a white snake in it.

Now the white snake was really an enchanted princess, and she was delighted to see him, and said: "You have come at last to save me. I have been waiting for you for twelve years. You must do exactly what I tell you. To-night twelve black men will come with chains hanging all round them. They will ask you why you are here, but you must not answer, even if they beat and hurt you. The second night twelve others will come, and the third night twenty-four more will come and cut off your head; but at twelve o'clock on the third night their power is gone, and I shall be free, and will come to you, and will wash you with the water of life to make you live again."

All these things happened just as the princess had told him, and the third night the white snake changed into a beautiful princess and married the

merchant's son, and he became the King of the Golden Mountain.

They lived a long time together, and were very happy, and the Queen had a little son. One day the King thought of his poor father, and he longed to go and see him again. But the Queen did not want him to go, and said: "If you go, I know that something dreadful will happen." But he would not listen. So the Queen gave him a wishing-ring, saying: "Put this on your finger, and it will bring you whatever you wish for; but you must promise not to wish for me to be with you when you are at your father's house."

The King promised to do as she asked him, and, turning the ring on his finger, wished to be near the town where his father lived. But the soldiers who guarded the city would not let him enter it, because his clothes were so different from theirs. So he borrowed an old shepherd's frock, and went to his father's house. But his father did not recognize his own son again, and said:

"You are certainly not my son, for he died a very long time ago."

Then the King of the Golden Mountain replied: "I am really your son. Is there no mark by which you can tell that I am your son?"

"Yes," said his mother; "our son has a mark like a raspberry under his right arm."

Then he showed them this mark, and they believed that he was their son. He then told them all his adventures, how he was a king, and was married to a beautiful princess, and had a little boy of seven years old.

But the merchant said: "You cannot be telling the truth. What king would travel about in an old shepherd's frock?"

Then the King was very angry, and wished that the Queen and his little boy were with him, and they instantly stood before him. The Queen was very angry, and said that he had broken his promise, and that ill-luck would come to them.

One day the King and Queen went for a walk together, and the King showed her the place where he was put into the little boat. Then, feeling very tired, they sat down, and he went to sleep. The Queen, wishing to punish him for having broken his promise, took the wishing-ring off his finger, and wished herself and her son back at the castle. When the King awoke he found himself alone, and saw that the ring had gone from his finger. He said to himself: "I can never go back to my father's house; they would say that I was a sorcerer. I will go a long journey to discover the whereabouts of my kingdom."

So he started off, and walked on till he came to a mountain where three giants were quarreling over their inheritance. When they saw him pass

they said to each other: "Little men have sharp wits; he shall divide the inheritance between us."

This inheritance was a sword which could cut off anybody's head when the wearer said "Heads off!" a cloak that made the owner invisible, or gave him any form he pleased; and a magic pair of boots that took the person who put them on to wherever he wished to go.

The King said to the giants: "I must try these wonderful things first; then I shall be able to decide for you."

Then they gave him the cloak, and he wished himself a fly, and he immediately became a fly.

"The cloak is all right," he said; "now give me the sword."

"No," said they, "not unless you promise not to say 'Heads off!' If you do, we shall all become dead men."

So the King tried its magic power on a tree standing hard by.

He then said: "Give me the boots to try, too." And directly the clever King got all three he wished himself at the Golden Mountain, and he was there. As the King came near his castle he

heard merry music, and the people round about told him that his Queen was going to marry another prince. When the King heard this he was very angry, and put his cloak round him, and went to the castle. A great feast was being held, and the King sat by the Queen, and when anything was given her to eat and drink he took it away from her. When the Queen saw this she was very frightened, and went away to her own room, the King following her.

"Alas!" she said to herself, "I am still in the power of some enchantment."

Then the King took the cloak off, and said: "I did save you, but you deceived me. Have I deserved this bad treatment from you?"

Then he went out and told all the merrymakers to go, and said the wedding would not take place, as he was the right King. Then the princes and nobles laughed at him, and tried to seize him; but the King drew his magic sword and cut off all their heads.

So he became once more King of the Golden Mountain, and lived happily with his Queen and son ever after.

THE RABBIT'S BRIDE

Adapted from the Brothers Grimm

THERE was once a girl who lived with her mother in a house in a cabbage-garden, where grew the finest cabbages in the country. But every day a Rabbit used to come in and eat a cabbage, and this went on until the woman lost patience, and said to her daughter:

"Go and drive the Rabbit out of the garden."

So the girl went out and said to the Rabbit, "Shoo! shoo!"

"I will go if you will come with me," answered the Rabbit. "Sit on my back, and I will carry you to my rabbit-hutch!"

But the girl drove him away. Next day the same thing happened: the Rabbit ate the cabbages, and the mother sent her daughter out to drive him away.

"Shoo! shoo!" said the girl; and the Rabbit said: "Sit on my back, and come to my rabbit-hutch, and I will go gladly."

But the girl chased him out of the garden again.

This happened once more on the following day. The mother looked out of the window, and saw the Rabbit nibbling at the cabbages.

"Go, daughter," said she, "and turn the Rabbit out of the garden, before he eats up all the cabbages."

Out ran the girl in a great hurry.

"Shoo! shoo!" cried she, waving her arms.

"I will go with pleasure if you will come too," replied the Rabbit. "I am so lonely in my hutch. Come and be my bride."

This time the girl had pity on the Rabbit, and instead of chasing him away, she sat upon his back and allowed him to carry her off.

Presently they arrived at the hutch, which was a poor place to live in for any one but a Rabbit, and the girl began to feel frightened and unhappy.

"Is this to be our home?" she asked.

"Why, of course," answered the Rabbit rather crossly. "What is good enough for one is good enough for another. I am very content, and so will you be when you have settled down and given up being fanciful. Now," he went on, "you must set to work and get everything ready for the wedding feast. I like things done well. There is plenty of bran and some cabbages. Meanwhile I will go out and invite the guests."

Away went the Rabbit, and when he was gone the girl sat down and wept sorely, and thought of her home in the cabbage-garden, and of the hard life in store for her in the rabbit-hutch.

Presently the Rabbit returned, bringing the wedding guests with him. These were other Rabbits, and a number of Hares, and a Fox to be parson, and a Crow to be clerk. They waited under

a tree. When the girl saw them she wept afresh, for it was very strange and uncomfortable.

"Come along, my bride," cried the Rabbit; "everybody is waiting." And he took her hand, and began to lead her to the tree. But the poor bride wept so much that the Rabbit left her to herself for a while, telling her to dry her eyes and follow him when she was ready.

No sooner was the girl alone than she went back to the hutch and laid her plans to escape. She rolled up some straw in the shape of a figure, and dressed it in her own cloak, and gave it eyes, and a fine nose, and a red mouth, and set it up as if it was sitting by the table where the wed-

ding feast was spread. Then she slipped away to her home by the back door.

By and by came the Rabbit to call his bride again.

"Come along, slow-coach," he said, and gave the figure a push. Down it went with a bang, and the Rabbit thought he had killed his bride, and ran out lamenting.

"There will be no wedding," said he; "my bride has cried herself to death."

"That is a pity," said the guests; "but we will help you to eat up the feast." So they all sat down, and were so cheerful that the Rabbit was very soon consoled for the loss of his bride.

THE THREE JUMPERS

Adapted from Hans Christian Andersen

A GRASSHOPPER, a Flea, and a Frog once wanted to see which could jump the highest, and they invited the whole world to see the festival. Three famous jumpers were they, as every one will say, when they all met together in the room.

"I will give my daughter to him who jumps the highest," said the King; "for it's not amusing where there is no prize to jump for."

The Flea stepped forward first. He had exquisite manners, and bowed to the company on all sides; for he had noble blood, and was, moreover, accustomed to the society of man alone, and that makes a great difference.

Then came the Grasshopper. He was considerably heavier, but he was well-mannered, and wore a green uniform, which he had by right of birth. He said, moreover, that he belonged to a very ancient Egyptian family, and that in the house where he then was he was thought much of. The fact was, he had just been brought out of the fields, and put in a pasteboard house, three stories high, all made of court playing-cards, with the colored side inward, and doors and windows cut out of the body of the queen of hearts.

"I sing so well," said he, "that sixteen native Grasshoppers, who have chirped from infancy, and yet got no house built of cards to live in, grew thinner than they were before for sheer vexation when they heard me."

It was thus that the Flea and the Grasshopper gave an account of themselves, and thought that they were good enough to marry a Princess.

The Frog said nothing, but people gave it as their opinion that he therefore thought the more; and when the House-dog had snuffed at him with his nose, he admitted the Frog was of good family. An old Councilor, who had had three orders given him to make him hold his tongue, asserted

that the Frog was a prophet; for one could see on his back if there would be a severe or mild winter, and that was what one could not see even on the back of the man who writes the almanac.

"I say nothing about that, it is true," exclaimed the King; "but I have my own opinion about the jumpers, notwithstanding."

Now the trial was to take place. The Flea jumped so high that nobody could see where he went to, so they all asserted he had not jumped at all; and that was dishonorable. The Grasshopper only jumped half as high, but he leaped into the King's face, who said that was ill-mannered. But the Frog stood still for a long time, lost in thought. It was believed at last he would not jump at all.

"I only hope he is not unwell," said the House-dog; when—pop! the Frog made a jump all on one side into the lap of the Princess, who was sitting on a little golden stool close by.

Hereupon the King said: "There is nothing above my daughter; therefore to bound up to her is the highest jump that can be made; but for this one must possess understanding, and the Frog has shown that he has understanding. He is brave and intellectual."

And so the Frog won the Princess.

"It's all the same to me," said the Flea; "she may have the old Frog, for all I care. I jumped the highest, but in this world merit seldom meets its reward. A fine show on the outside is what people look at nowadays."

The Flea then went into foreign service, where, it is said, he was killed. The Grasshopper sat without on a green bank, and reflected on worldly things; and he said, too: "Yes, a fine outside is everything—a fine outside is what people care for." But the Frog had the Princess and was contented.

PLANTATION STORIES.

BY GRACE MACGOWAN COOKE.

I.—MRS. PRAIRIE-DOG'S BOARDERS.

TEXAS is a near-by land to the dwellers in the Southern States. Many of the poorer white people go there to mend their fortunes; and not a few of them come back from its plains, homesick for the mountains, and with these fortunes unmended. Daddy Laban, the half-breed, son of an Indian father and a negro mother, who sometimes visited Broadlands plantation, had been a wanderer; and his travels had carried him as far afield as the plains of southwestern Texas. The Randolph children liked, almost better than any others, the stories he brought home from these extensive travels.

"De prairie-dog a mighty cur'ous somebody," he began one day, when they asked him for a tale. "Hit lives in de ground, more samer dan a ground-hog. But dey ain't come out for wood nor water; an' some folks thinks dey goes plumb down to de springs what feeds wells. I has knowed dem what say dey go fur enough down to find a place to warm dey hands—but dat ain't de tale I'm tellin'."

"A long time ago, dey was a prairie-dog what was left a widder, an' she had a big famby to keep up. 'Oh, landy!' she say to dem dat come to visit her in her 'fliction, 'what I gwine do to feed my chillen?'

"De most o' de varmints tell Miz. Prairie-Dog dat de onliest way for her to git along was to keep boarders. 'You got a good home, an' you is a good manager,' dey say; 'you bound to do well wid a boardin'-house.'

"Well, Miz. Prairie-Dog done sent out de runners to run, de fliers to fly, de crawlers to crawl, an' tell each an' every dat she set up a boardin'-house. She say she got room for one crawler and one flier, an' dat she could take in a whole passel o' runners.

"Well, now you knows a flier 's a bird—or hit mought be a bat. Ef you was lookin' for little folks, hit mought be a butterfly. Miz.

Prairie-Dog ain't find no fliers what wants to live un'neath de ground. But crawlers—bugs an' worms an' sich-like—dey mostly does live un'neath de ground, anyhow, an' de fust pusson what come seekin' house-room with Miz. Prairie-Dog was Brother Rattlesnake.

"I dest been flooded out o' my own house," Mr. Rattlesnake say; 'an' I like to look at your rooms an' see ef dey suits me.'

"I show you de rooms," Miz. Prairie-Dog tell 'im. "I bound you gwine like 'em. I got room for one crawler, an' you could be him; but—"

"Miz. Prairie-Dog look at her chillen. She ain't say no more—dest look at dem prairie-dog gals an' boys, an' say no more."

"Mr. Rattlesnake ain't like bein' called a crawler so very well; but he looks at dem rooms, an' 'low he 'll take 'em. Miz. Prairie-Dog got somethin' on her mind, an' fore de snake git away dat somethin' come out. 'I's shore an' certain dat you an' me can git along,' she say, 'ef—ef—ef you vow an' promish not to bite my chillen. I'll have yo' meals reg'lar, so dat you won't be tempted.'

"Old Mr. Rattlesnake' powerful high-tempered—yas, law, he sho' a mighty quick somebody on de trigger. Zip! he go off, dest like dat—zip! Br-r-r! 'Tempted!' he hiss at de prairie-dog woman. He look at dem prairie-dog boys an' gals what been makin' mud cakes all mornin' (an' dest about as dirty as you-all is after you do de same). 'Tempted,' he say. 'I should hope not.'

"For, mind you, Brother Rattlesnake is a gentleman, an' belongs to de quality. He feels hisself a heap too biggity to bite prairie-dogs. So dat turned out all right."

"De next what come to Miz. Prairie-Dog was a flier."

"A bird?" asked Patricia Randolph.

"Yes, little mistis," returned the old Indian. "One dese-hyer little, 'round, brown squinch-owls, what allers quakes an' quivers in dey speech an' walk. 'I gits so dizzy—izzy—wizzy! up in de top o' de trees,' de little brown owl say, as she swivel an' shake. 'An' I wanted to git me a home down on de ground, so dat I could be sure, an' double sure, dat I

ef you go to de bottom eend o' her house. So, what wid a flier an' a crawler, an' de oldest prairie-dog boy workin' out, she manage to make tongue and buckle meet. I is went by a many a prairie-dog hole an' seen de owl an' de rattlesnake what boards wid Miz. Prairie-Dog. Ef you was to go to Texas you 'd see de same. But nobody in dat neck o' woods ever knowed



"I WANTED TO GIT ME A HOME DOWN ON DE GROUND, SO DAT I COULD BE SURE, AN' DOUBLE SURE DAT I WOULD N'T FALL," SAYS MIZ. BROWN OWL.

would n't fall. But dey is dem dat says ef I was down on de ground I might fall down a hole. Dat make me want to live in yo' house. Hit 's down in de ground, ain't hit? Ef I git down in yo' house dey hain't no place for me to fall off of, an' fall down to, is dey?" she ax.

"Miz. Prairie-Dog been in de way o' fallin' down-stairs all her life; dat de onliest way she ever go inter her house — she fling up her hands an' laugh as you pass her by, and she drap back in de hole. But she tell de little brown owl dat dey ain't no place you could fall

how dese folks come to live in one house."

"Who told *you*, Daddy Laban?" asked Pate Randolph.

"My Injun gran'mammy," returned the old man. "She told me a many a tale, when I lived wid my daddy's people on de Cherokee Res'vation. Sometime I gwine tell you 'bout de little fawn what her daddy ketched for her when she 's a little gal. But run home now, honey chillens, or yo' mammy done think Daddy Laban stole you an' carried you plumb away."

II.—SONNY BUNNY RABBIT'S GRANNY.

Of all the animal stories which America, the nurse-girl, told to the children of Broadlands plantation, they liked best those about Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"You listen now, Marse Pate an' Miss Patty an' my baby child, an' I gwine tell you de best tale yit, 'bout de rabbit," she said, one lazy summer afternoon when they were tired of playing marbles with china-berries.

"You see, de fox he mighty hongry all de time for rabbit meat; yit, at de same time, he 'fraid to buck up 'gainst a old rabbit, an' he always pesterin' after de young ones.

"Sonny Bunny Rabbit' granny was sick, an'

to yo' granny, an' don't stop to play wid none o' dey critters in de Big Woods."

"Yassum, mammy," say Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"Don't you pass de time o' day wid no foxes," say Mammy Rabbit.

"Yassum, mammy," say Sonny Bunny Rabbit.

"Dest as he was passin' some thick chinkapin bushes, up hop a big red fox an' told him howdy.

"Howdy," say Sonny Bunny Rabbit. He ain't study 'bout what his mammy tell him now. He 'bleege to stop an' make a miration at bein' noticed by sech a fine pusson as Mr. Fox. 'Hit 's a fine day—an' mighty growin' weather, Mr. Fox.'

"Hit am dat," say de fox. "Yaas, suh, hit sho'ly am dat. An' whar you puttin' out for,



"WHAR YOU PUTTIN' OUT FOR? AN' WHO ALL IS YOU GWINE SEE ON T' OTHER SIDE DE HILL?" AX MR. FOX.

Sonny Bunny Rabbit' mammy want to send her a mess o' sallet. She put it in a poke, an' hang de poke round de little rabbit boy's neck.

"Now, my son," she says, "you tote dis sallet

ef I mought ax?" he say, mighty slick an' easy.

"Now right dar," said America, impressively, "am whar dat little rabbit boy fergit his teachin'. He act like he ain't know nothin'—an,

ain't know dat right good. 'Stead o' sayin', 'I 's gwine whar I 's gwine—an' dat 's whar I 's gwine,' he answer right back: 'Dest 'cross de hill, suh. Won't you walk wid me, suh? Proud to have yo' company, suh.

"Oh, my granny mighty big," he say; but dat 's 'ca'se she so fat she cain't run. She hain't so mighty old, but she sleep all de time; an' I ain't know is she tough or not—you dest better come on an' find out,' he holler.



"COME BACK HYER, YOU RABBIT TRASH, AN' HE'P ME OUT O' DIS TROUBLE!" HE HOLLER.

"An' who-all is you gwine see on t' other side de hill?" ax Mr. Fox.

"My granny," answer Sonny Bunny Rabbit. "I totin' dis sallet to her."

"Is' yo' granny big?" ax de fox. "Is yo' granny old?" he say. "Is yo' granny mighty pore? Is yo' granny tough?" An' he ain't been nigh so slick an' sof' an' easy any mo' by dis time—he gittin' mighty hongry an' greedy.

"Right den an dere Sonny Bunny Rabbit wake up. Yaas, law! He come to he senses. He know mighty well an' good dat a pusson de size o' Mr. Fox ain't got no reason to ax ef he granny tough, less'n he want to git he teef in her. By dat he remember what his mammy done told him. He look all 'bout. He ain't see no he'p nowhars. Den hit come in Sonny Bunny Rabbit' mind dat de boys on de farm done set a trap down by de pastur' fence. Ef he kin git Mr. Fox to jump inter dat trap, his life done save.

Den he start off on er long, keen jump.

"Sonny Bunny Rabbit run as hard as he could. De fox run after, most nippin' his heels. Sonny Bunny Rabbit run by de place whar de fox-trap done set, an' all kivered wid leaves an' trash, an' dar he le'p high in the air—an' over it. Mr. Fox ain't know dey ary trap in de grass; an', blam! he stuck he foot squar' in it!

"Oh-ow-ow! Hi-hi-hi! Hi-yi! Yi-yi-yi!" bark de fox. "Come back hyer, you rabbit trash, an' he'p me out o' dis trouble!" he holler.

"Dat ain't no trouble," say Sonny Bunny Rabbit, jumping high in de grass. "Dat my granny, what I done told you 'bout. Ain't I say she so fat she cain't run? She dest love company so powerful well, dat I 'spect she holdin' on to you to hear you talk."

"An' de fox talk," America giggled, as she looked about on her small audience.



THE LITTLE HARE OF OKI

(*A Japanese Fairy Tale*)

RETOLD BY B. M. BURRELL

ALICE lived in New York, but she still had the nurse who had taken care of her when she was a tiny baby in far-away Japan. Nurse wore the picturesque kimono and obi of her native land, and looked so different from other people that friends often wondered how Alice could feel at home with her. Love, however, is the same the world over, and no one loved Alice better than did her little Japanese nurse.

When Papa and Mama were at dinner, and Alice and Nurse had the library all to themselves till bedtime, the little girl would often pull two chairs up to the fire and say coaxingly:

"There is just time for a story!" And Nurse would smile her funny Japanese smile and begin:

"Long, long ago, when the great Japanese gods ruled from high heaven,—"

This was the beginning Alice liked best, for it meant that a fairy tale would follow. And Nurse would perhaps continue:

"—a little hare lived on the island of Oki. It was a beautiful island, but the hare was not satisfied: he wished to get to the mainland. He did not know how to manage this; but one day he thought of a plan. Hopping down to the shore, he waited till a crocodile came out to sun himself, then opened a conversation with him.

"There are, I suppose, many crocodiles in the sea," he began.

"Many, many!" the crocodile answered.

"Not so many, however, as there are hares on the island of Oki," returned the little hare.

"The crocodiles in the sea outnumber the hares of Oki as the drops in the sea outnumber the trees of the island," declared the crocodile, in his deepest voice.

"It does not seem right for a little bit of a creature like myself to differ with your lordship,"

said the hare, politely, "but I should like to see a proof of your statement."

"How can we prove it?" the crocodile questioned.

"You can call all your friends and place them from here to the mainland, each with his nose on the tail of the neighbor before him; then I can easily jump from one to the other, counting as I go."

The crocodile agreed to this plan, thinking it a good one. "But how can we count the hares?" he asked.

"That we will decide after I have numbered the crocodiles," the hare suggested.

The crocodile was satisfied, and bade the hare come to the same place next morning to do the counting. Of course the little animal was on hand bright and early.

"There stretched an unbroken line of crocodiles, a floating bridge to the mainland!

"The little hare lost no time hopping across it, you may be sure. As he reached the last crocodile and prepared to jump to shore, his heart was so full of pride at the success of his ruse that he could not resist crying aloud:

"How I have fooled you big creatures! I wished for a bridge to the mainland, and you have served my need!" Then he jumped.

The last crocodile opened his wide jaws and closed them again with a snap. The hare was too quick to be caught, but the monster's teeth touched him and tore off most of his fur! As the poor thing limped away, a crocodile called after him:

"You see what happens when you trifle with creatures stronger than yourself!"

The little hare did not know much, but he felt that he was learning. He had no heart to explore

the beauties of the mainland now, but crawled under a bush by the roadside and wished that some one would tell him how to cure his wounds.

"After some time he heard the noise of many people on the road. He crept out to see what was coming, and beheld a crowd of young men, carrying burdens as if they were on a journey. They were all tall and handsome, and wore beautiful clothes fit for princes.

"One of them spied the little hare and cried: 'Well, friend, why do you look so sad?'

"The hare, proud of being called 'friend' by this fine gentleman, told how he had deceived the crocodiles. The men laughed loudly, and one of them said: 'Since you are so clever, it is strange that you do not know the best way to cure your wounds. You should bathe in the salt sea, and then climb a hill so that the Wind Goddess can blow upon you with her cool breath.'

dom was too much for her; so she had given notice that she desired to marry a wise and noble prince whom she could trust to rule for her.

"So wealth and power do not always bring content?" the hare questioned.

"They would content us!" the eighty princes answered. (The eighty-first was not present. He was of a kindly and gentle disposition, which caused his brothers to laugh at and impose upon him. To-day they had given him most of the luggage to carry, so he could not walk as fast as they.) As they started on the way, one of the princes called to the hare: 'Good-by! And don't forget to bathe your wounds in the salt sea!' And with loud laughter they continued their journey.

"The little hare did not give himself time to forget. He hurried to the shore and let the waves roll over him, but instead of making him feel



THE PRINCESS AND THE HARE.

"The little hare thanked the strangers for their advice, and then asked them where they were journeying. They replied that they were eighty-one princes, all wishing to marry the princess of that country. She was very rich, and the responsibility of managing her wealth and king-

better, the biting salt water only increased his pain.

"I must hurry to the Wind Goddess," the poor hare thought.

"He climbed the high hill with difficulty and lay down on the top, hoping for relief from his suf-

fering. But the stiff grass pricked his wounds, and the biting wind caused them to throb more painfully. At last he realized that the cruel princes had deceived him, and he crawled back to his bush by the roadside, where he lay with closed eyes.

"A gentle voice roused him. 'Who has wounded you, little hare?' it asked.

"The little hare looked up and saw a beautiful youth standing beside him. His experience with men made him think that it would be best to fly from the stranger; but the young man's kind glance conquered his fear, and he answered: 'I left the island of Oki to see the wonders of the

friend. May good luck attend you!' And he walked quietly away, bending beneath the large burden he carried.

"The little hare knew that the stranger was the eighty-first of the princes, and so for a time he feared to follow his advice. But he was in such pain that he decided to go to the river, which flowed like a silver ribbon through the fields toward the ocean. Into the cool water he plunged and immediately felt better, as the sand and bitter salt of the sea were washed from his wounds. Then he took a nap on the soft rushes.

"When he awoke he no longer was in pain, so he was filled with gratitude toward the young



THE GOOD-NATURED PRINCE AND THE PRINCESS.

mainland, and I have fared badly from the exchange.' Then he told once more how he had left the island, and also about the bad advice the eighty princes had given him.

"The young man sighed. 'They used you ill, little creature,' he said. 'You learned that it is foolish to meddle with beings stronger than yourself; now you see how wicked it is to torment those weaker. My brother princes should have told you to bathe in the fresh water of the river and to lie on the soft rushes. Now, good-by, little

prince who had given him such kind and wise advice. He sat up, feeling quite strong again, and tried to think of a way in which he could repay his benefactor. In the distance he saw the roofs of the princess's palace rising among the trees which surrounded it. This gave him an idea, and he lost no time in carrying it out.

"Across the fields he hopped toward the palace, never stopping till he reached the garden wall. He crept in under the high gate, and there stood the princess under a cherry-tree covered with

blossoms. The little hare went up to her and said respectfully:

"Gracious Princess, I bring to you advice, if you will accept it from so insignificant a person as I."

"Speak, little hare," the beautiful princess answered, for she knew that the best things are often found in unexpected places, and things are not always what they seem to be.

"Eighty princes are coming to-day as suitors for your hand. They are dressed in rich and beautiful robes, and their faces are gay and smiling; but all that is only to hide the cruelty of their hearts. Following them is a young man who is as wise as he is kind and gentle. Turn the eighty from your gate, but honor the youngest suitor as greater than they."

"How do you know all this?" the princess questioned.

"So the little hare told his story for the third time, speaking so earnestly that the princess could not fail to be impressed by it. She thanked him for his advice, and after giving him some tender leaves to eat, prepared to receive the eighty-one brothers. They came a few minutes later, resplendent in the magnificent clothes they had put on in the princess's honor. Indeed, they all looked so handsome that she found it hard to believe the story of their cruelty. While they

were talking of their journey to her kingdom, however, one of the princes told how they had made sport of a little hare too stupid to know that salt was not the best thing for open wounds, and she noticed that the youngest brother was the only one who did not enjoy the story. At this, rage filled her gentle heart.

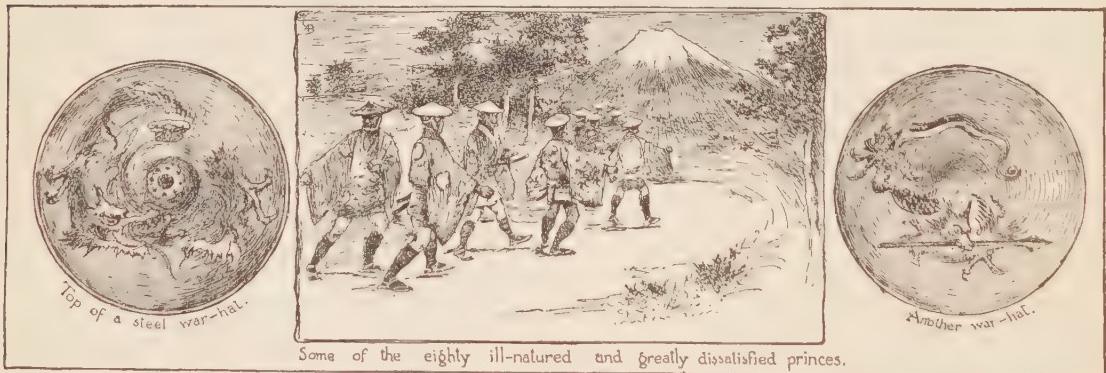
"Turn out the eighty princes!" she cried to her attendants; "no one who is cruel to so small a creature as a little hare is fit to rule over a kingdom. But with you," she added, turning to the youngest prince, "will I share my throne, for you are a wise and merciful man."

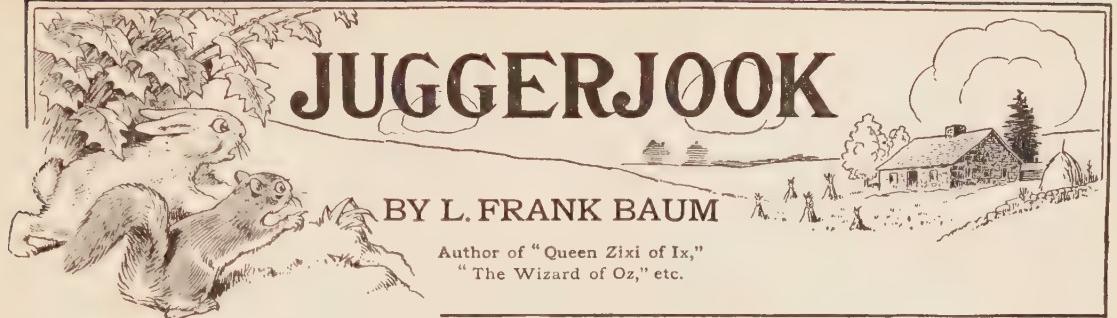
"You may be sure the youngest prince was happy to hear that, for, after once seeing the beautiful princess, the thought of parting from her was like lead in his breast.

"So the cruel brothers were drummed out of the palace with shouts of scorn; but the gentle prince and princess went into the garden to thank the little hare. They could not find him, however, search as they would; for as soon as he learned of the success of his plan, he had hopped away to see the world, wiser for his day's experiences."

"Is that all?" Alice asked.

"That is all," Nurse answered. "And now it is time for you to go to bed."





JUGGERJOOK

BY L. FRANK BAUM

Author of "Queen Zixi of Ix,"
"The Wizard of Oz," etc.

"OH, Mama!" cried Fuzzy Wuz, running into the burrow where her mother lay dozing, "may I go walking with Chatter Chuk?"

Mrs. Wuz opened one eye sleepily and looked at Fuzzy.

"If you are careful," she said; "and don't go near Juggerjook's den; and watch the sun so as to get home before the shadows fall."

"Yes, yes; of course," returned Fuzzy, eagerly.

"And don't let Chatter Chuk lead you into mischief," continued Mrs. Wuz, rubbing one long ear with her paw lazily. "Those red squirrels are reckless things and have n't much sense."

"Chatter 's all right," protested Fuzzy Wuz. "He 's the best friend I have in the forest. Good-by, Mother."

"Is your face clean, Fuzzy?"

"I 've just washed it, Mother."

"With both paws, right and left?"

"Yes, Mother."

"Then run along and be careful."

"Yes, Mother."

Fuzzy turned and darted from the burrow, and in the bright sunshine outside sat Chatter Chuk on his hind legs, cracking an acorn.

"What 'd she say, Fuz?" asked the red squirrel.

"All right; I can go, Chat. But I 've got to be careful."

As the white rabbit hopped away through the bushes and he glided along beside her, Chatter Chuk laughed.

"Your people are always careful, Fuz," said he. "That 's why you see so little of the world, and lose all the fun in life."

"I know," replied Fuzzy, a little ashamed. "Father is always singing this song to me:

"Little Bunny,
Don't get funny;
Run along and mind your eye;
It 's the habit
Of a rabbit
To be diffident and shy."

"We squirrels are different," said Chatter Chuk, proudly. "We are always taught this song:

"Squirrel red,
Go ahead!
See the world, so bright and gay.
For a rover
May discover
All that happens day by day."

"Oh, if I could run up a tree, I should n't be afraid, either," remarked Fuzzy Wuz. "Even Juggerjook could n't frighten me then."

"Kernels and shucks! Juggerjook!" cried Chatter Chuk, scornfully. "Who cares for him?"

"Don't you fear him?" asked Fuzzy Wuz, curiously.

"Of course not," said the squirrel. "My people often go to his den and leave nuts there."

"Why, if you make presents to Juggerjook, of course he won't hurt you," returned the rabbit. "All the beasts carry presents to his den, so he will protect them from their enemies. The bears kill wolves and carry them to Juggerjook to eat; and the wolves kill foxes and carry them to Juggerjook; and the foxes kill rabbits for him. But we rabbits do not kill animals, so we cannot take Juggerjook anything to eat except roots and clover; and he does n't care much for those. So we are careful to keep away from his den."

"Have you ever seen him or the place where he lives?" asked the squirrel.

"No," replied Fuzzy Wuz.

"Suppose we go there now?"

"Oh, no! Mother said—"

"There 's nothing to be afraid of. I 've looked at the den often from the trees near by," said Chatter Chuk. "I can lead you to the edge of the bushes close to his den, and he 'll never know we are near."

"Mother says Juggerjook knows everything that goes on in the forest," declared the rabbit, gravely.

"Your mother 's a 'fraid-cat and trembles when a twig cracks," said Chatter, with a careless laugh. "Why don't you have a little spirit of your own, Fuzzy, and be independent?"

Fuzzy Wuz was quite young, and ashamed of being thought shy, so she said:

"All right, Chat. Let's go take a peep at Juggerjook's den."

"We're near it, now," announced the squirrel. "Come this way; and go softly, Fuzzy Wuz, because Juggerjook has sharp ears."

They crept along through the bushes some distance after that, but did not speak except in whispers. Fuzzy knew it was a bold thing to do. They had nothing to carry to the terrible Juggerjook, and it was known that he always punished those who came to his den without making him presents. But the rabbit relied upon Chatter Chuk's promise that the tyrant of the forest would never know they had been near him. Juggerjook was considered a great magician, to be sure, yet Chatter Chuk was not afraid of him. So why should Fuzzy Wuz fear anything?

The red squirrel ran ahead, so cautiously that he made not a sound in the underbrush; and he skilfully picked the way so that the fat white rabbit could follow him. Presently he stopped short and whispered to his companion:

"Put your head through those leaves, and you will see Juggerjook's den."

Fuzzy Wuz obeyed. There was a wide clearing beyond the bushes, and at the farther side was a great rock with a deep cave in it. All around the clearing were scattered the bones and skulls of animals, bleached white by the sun. Just in front of the cave was quite a big heap of bones, and the rabbit shuddered as she thought of all the many creatures Juggerjook must have eaten in his time. What a fierce appetite the great magician must have!

The sight made the timid rabbit sick and faint. She drew back and hopped away through the bushes without heeding the crackling twigs or the whispered cautions of Chatter Chuk, who was now badly frightened himself.

When they had withdrawn to a safe distance the squirrel said peevishly:

"Oh, you foolish thing! Why did you make such a noise and racket?"

"Did I?" asked Fuzzy Wuz, simply.

"Indeed you did. And I warned you to be silent."

"But it's all right now. We're safe from Juggerjook here," she said.

"I'm not sure of that," remarked the squirrel, uneasily. "One is never safe from punishment if he is discovered breaking the law. I hope the magician was asleep and did not hear us."

"I hope so, too," added the rabbit; and then they ran along at more ease, rambling through the forest paths and enjoying the fragrance of the woods and the lights and shadows cast by the sun as it peeped through the trees.

Once in a while they would pause while Fuzzy Wuz nibbled a green leaf or Chatter Chuk cracked a fallen nut in his strong teeth, to see if it was sound and sweet.

"It seems funny for me to be on the ground so long," he said. "But I invited you to walk with me, and of course a rabbit can't run up a tree and leap from limb to limb, as my people do."

"That is true," admitted Fuzzy; "nor can squirrels burrow in the ground, as rabbits do."

"They have no need to," declared the squirrel. "We find a hollow tree, and with our sharp teeth gnaw a hole through the shell and find a warm, dry home inside."

"I'm glad you do," remarked Fuzzy. "If all the animals burrowed in the ground there would not be room for us to hide from each other."

Chatter laughed at this.

"The shadows are getting long," he said. "If you wish to be home before sunset, we must start back."

"Wait a minute!" cried the rabbit, sitting up and sniffing the air. "I smell carrots!"

"Never mind," said the squirrel.

"Never mind carrots? Oh, Chatter Chuk! You don't know how good they are."

"Well, we have n't any time to find them," he replied. "For my part, I could run home in five minutes; but you are so clumsy it will take you an hour. Where are you going now?"

"Just over here," said Fuzzy Wuz. "Those carrots can't be far off."

The squirrel followed, scolding a little because to him carrots meant nothing especially good to eat. And there, just beside the path, was an old coverless box raised on a peg, and underneath it a bunch of juicy, fat, yellow carrots.

There was room under the box for Fuzzy Wuz to creep in and get the carrots, and this she promptly did, while Chatter Chuk stood on his hind legs a short distance away and impatiently waited. But when the white rabbit nibbled the carrots, the motion pulled a string which jerked under the peg that held up the box, and behold, Fuzzy Wuz was a prisoner!

She squealed with fear and scratched at the sides of the box in a vain endeavor to find a way to escape; but escape was impossible unless some one lifted the box. The red squirrel had seen the whole mishap, and chattered angrily from outside at the plight of his captured friend. The white rabbit thought he must be far away, because the box shut out so much the sound of his voice.

"Juggerjook must have heard us, and this is part of his revenge," said the squirrel. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! I wonder what the great magician will do to me."

He was so terrified by this thought that Chatter Chuk took flight and darted home at his best

Chatter Chuk was too frightened to answer until his mother made him. Then he ran down to the lowest limb of the tree and sat there while he talked.

"We went walking," he said, "and Fuzzy found some carrots under a box that was propped up with a peg. I told her not to eat them; but she did, and the peg fell out and made her a prisoner."

You see, he did not mention Juggerjook at all, yet he knew the magician was at the bottom of all the trouble.

But Mrs. Wuz knew rabbit-traps quite well, being old and experienced; so

she begged the red squirrel to come at once and show her the place where Fuzzy had been caught.

"There is n't a moment to lose," she said, "for



"THEY HOPPED THROUGH THE BUSHES."

speed. He lived in a tree very near to the burrow where Mrs. Wuz resided, but the squirrel did not go near the rabbit-burrow. The sun was already sinking in the west, so he ran into his nest and pretended to sleep when his mother asked him where he had been so late.

All night Mrs. Wuz waited for Fuzzy, and it was an anxious and sleepless night for the poor mother, as you may well believe. Fuzzy was her one darling, several other children having been taken from her in various ways soon after their birth. Mr. Wuz had gone to attend a meeting of the Rabbits' Protective Association and might be absent for several days; so he was not there to help or counsel her.

When daybreak came, the mother rabbit ran to the foot of the squirrels' tree and called:

"Chatter Chuk! Chatter Chuk! Where is my Fuzzy Wuz? Where is my darling child?"



"'I SMELL CARROTS!'"

the trappers will be out early this morning to see what they have captured in their trap."

Chatter Chuk was afraid to go, having a guilty conscience; but his mother made him. He led the way timidly, but swiftly, and Mrs. Wuz fairly flew over the ground, so anxious was she to rescue her darling.

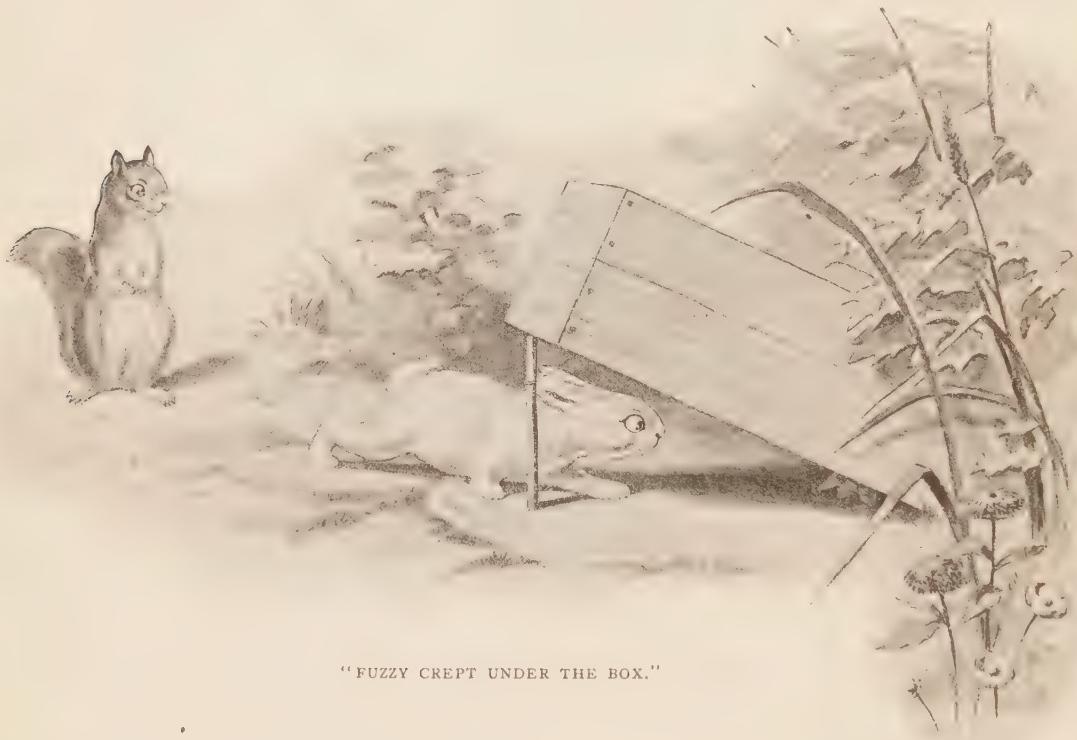
The box was in the same place yet, and poor Fuzzy Wuz could be heard moaning feebly inside it.

"Courage, my darling!" cried the mother. "I have come to save you."

First she tried to move the box, but it was too heavy for her to stir. Then she began scratching away the earth at its edge, only to find that it had

were as sharp as needles. So he started at the lower edge and chewed the wood with all his strength and skill, and at every bite the splinters came away.

It was a good idea. Mrs. Wuz watched him anxiously. If only the men would keep away for a time, the squirrel could make a hole big enough for Fuzzy Wuz to escape. She crept around the other side of the box and called to the prisoner: "Courage, dear one! We are trying to save you. But if the men come before Chatter Chuk can make a hole big enough, then, as soon as they raise the box, you must



"FUZZY CREPT UNDER THE BOX."

been placed upon a big, flat stone, to prevent a rabbit from burrowing out.

This discovery almost drove her frantic, until she noticed Chatter Chuk, who stood trembling near by.

"Here!" she called; "it was you who led my child into trouble. Now you must get her out."

"How?" asked the red squirrel.

"Gnaw a hole in that box—quick! Gnaw faster than you ever did before in your life. See! the box is thinnest at this side. Set to work at once, Chatter Chuk!"

The red squirrel obeyed. The idea of saving his friend was as welcome to him as it was to the distracted mother. He was young, and his teeth

make a dash for the bushes. Run before they can put in their hands to seize you. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mother," replied Fuzzy, but her voice was n't heard very plainly, because the squirrel was making so much noise chewing the wood.

Presently Chatter Chuk stopped.

"It makes my teeth ache," he complained.

"Never mind, let them ache," replied Mrs. Wuz. "If you stop now, Fuzzy will die; and if she dies, I will go to Juggerjook and tell him how you led my child into trouble."

The thought of Juggerjook made the frightened squirrel redouble his efforts. He forgot the pain in his teeth and gnawed as no other squirrel

had ever gnawed before. The ground was covered with tiny splinters from the box, and now the hole was big enough for the prisoner to put the end of her nose through and beg him to hurry.

Chatter Chuk was intent on his task, and the mother was intent upon watching him, so neither noticed any one approaching, until a net fell over their heads, and a big voice cried, with a boisterous laugh:

"Caught! and neat as a pin, too!"

Chatter Chuk and Mrs. Wuz struggled in the net with all their might, but it was fast around them, and they were helpless to escape. Fuzzy stuck her nose out of the hole in the box to find out what was the matter, and a sweet, childish voice exclaimed: "There's another in the trap, Daddy!"

Neither the rabbits nor the squirrel understood this strange language; but all realized they were in the power of dreadful Man and gave themselves up for lost.

Fuzzy made a dash the moment the box was raised; but the trapper knew the tricks of rabbits, so the prisoner only dashed into the same net where her mother and Chatter Chuk were confined.

"Three of them! Two rabbits and a squirrel. That's quite a haul, Charlie," said the man.

The little boy was examining the box.

"Do rabbits gnaw through wood, Father?" he asked.

"No, my son," was the reply.

"But there is a hole here. And see! There are the splinters upon the ground."

The man examined the box in turn, somewhat curiously.

"How strange!" he said. "These are marks of the squirrel's teeth. Now, I wonder if

the squirrel was trying to liberate the rabbit."

"Looks like it, Daddy; does n't it?" replied the boy.

"I never heard of such a thing in my life," declared the man. "These little creatures often display more wisdom than we give them credit

for. But how can we explain this curious freak, Charlie?"

The boy sat down upon the box and looked thoughtfully at the three prisoners in the net. They had ceased to struggle, having given way to despair; but the boy could see their little hearts beating fast through their furry skins.

"This is the way it looks to me, Daddy," he finally said. "We caught the small rabbit in the box, and the big one must be its mother.



"WHERE IS MY CHILD?"

When she found her baby was caught, she tried to save it, and she began to burrow under the box, for here is the mark of her paws. But she soon saw the flat stone, and gave up."

"Yes; that seems reasonable," said the man.

"But she loved her baby," continued the boy,



gazing at the little creatures pitifully, "and thought of another way. The red squirrel was a friend of hers, so she ran and found him, and asked him to help her. He did, and tried to gnaw through the box; but we came too soon and captured them with the net because they were so busy they did n't notice us."

"Exactly!" cried the man, with a laugh. "That tells the story very plainly, my son, and I see you are fast learning the ways of animals. But how intelligent these little things are!"

"That 's what *my* mother would do," returned the boy. "She 'd try to save me; and that 's just what the mother rabbit did."

"Well, we must be going," said the man; and as he started away he picked up the net and

"Oh, they 'll make us a good dinner," was the reply.

"I—I could n't eat 'em for dinner, Daddy. Not the mama rabbit and the little one she tried to save. Nor the dear little squirrel that wanted to help them. Let 's—let 's—let 'em go!"

The man stopped short and turned to look with a smile into the boy's upturned, eager face.

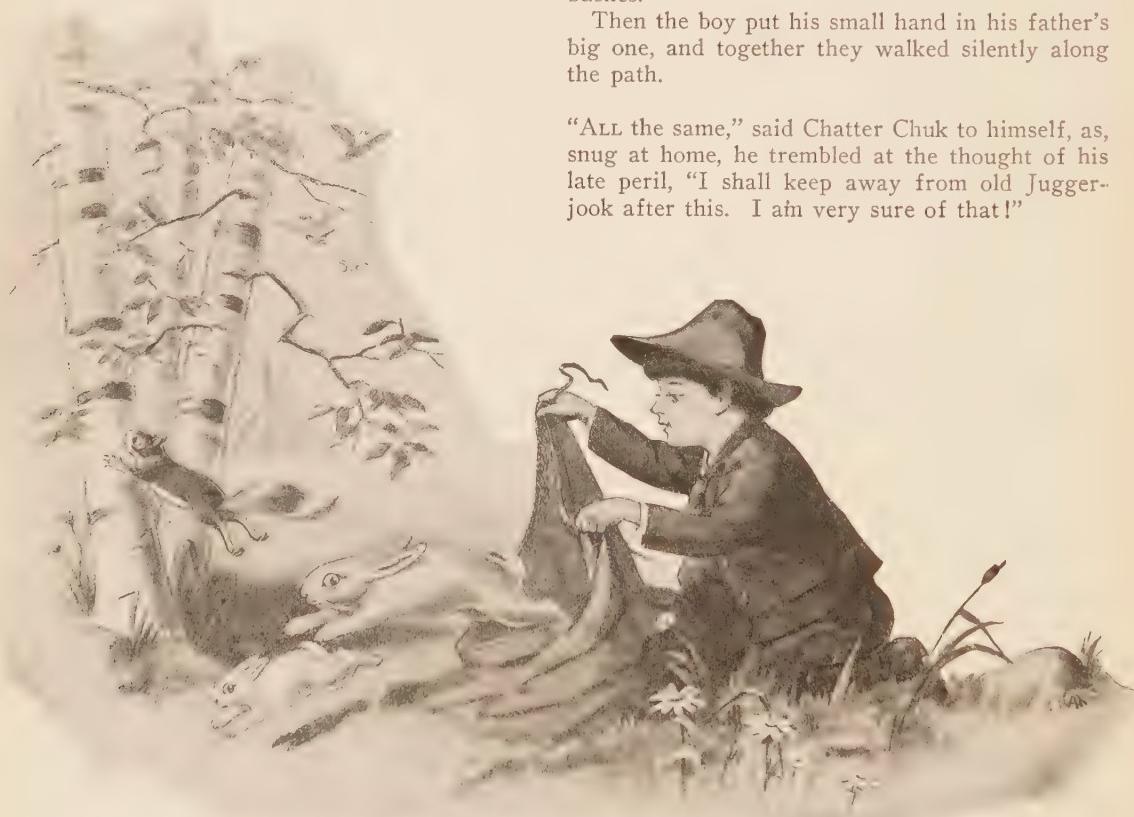
"What will Mama say when we go back without any dinner?" he asked.

"You know, Daddy. She 'll say a good deed is better than a good dinner."

The man laid a caressing hand on the curly head and handed his son the net. Charlie's face beamed with joy. He opened wide the net and watched the prisoners gasp with surprise, bound out of the meshes, and scamper away into the bushes.

Then the boy put his small hand in his father's big one, and together they walked silently along the path.

"ALL the same," said Chatter Chuk to himself, as, snug at home, he trembled at the thought of his late peril, "I shall keep away from old Jugger-jook after this. I am very sure of that!"



"THE PRISONERS SCAMPERED AWAY."

swung it over his shoulder. The prisoners struggled madly again, and the boy, who walked along the forest path a few steps behind his father, watched them.

"Daddy," he said softly, coming to the man's side, "I don't want to keep those rabbits."

"MAMA," said Fuzzy Wuz, nestling beside her mother in the burrow, "why do you suppose the fierce Men let us go?"

"I cannot tell, my dear," was the reply. "Men are curious creatures, and often act with more wisdom than we give them credit for."



LAUGHTER STORIES FROM THE GERMAN

THE HARE AND THE FOX

A HARE and a Fox were traveling together. It was winter-time. Not a blade of grass was to be seen, not a bird or mouse stirred in the fields.

"It 's hungry weather," said the Fox to the Hare. "I feel as hollow as an egg-shell."

"And so do I," replied the Hare. "I 'm hungry enough to eat my own ears, if only I could reach them."

When they had gone a little way they spied a peasant girl coming toward them. She carried a basket, and out of the basket came a very pleasant smell—the smell of hot rolls.

"I tell you what," said the Fox. "You lie down and pretend to be dead. The girl will put down her basket to take you up for the sake of your skin, for out of hareskins they make gloves; then I 'll snatch the rolls, and we shall have a splendid meal!"

The Hare did as the Fox told him, fell down, and pretended to be dead, while the Fox hid behind a snowdrift. The girl came along, saw the Hare with his legs stretched out stiff and stark, put down her basket sure enough, and stooped over the Hare. The Fox snatched up the basket and scampered off with it. The Hare in a twink-

ling came to life, and followed his companion. But he ran on ahead, and showed quite plainly that he meant to keep the rolls all to himself.

But that was not what the Hare had bargained for, you may guess. So when they came to a little lake, he called out to the Fox:

"What do you say to catching a dish of fish? Then we should have fish and rolls to eat like any lord. Just dangle your tail down in the water; the fish haven't much to bite these days, so they 're bound to hang on to your tail. You must make haste, though, before the lake freezes over."

Well, the Fox thought that a good idea. So he went to the lake, which was just beginning to freeze, and dangled his tail in the water. In a very short time the tail was frozen in.

Now, the Hare took the basket and gobbled up the rolls one after the other as comfortably as you please, right before the Fox's face.

"Wait till it thaws," he said to the Fox. "Wait till the spring. Wait till it thaws!" and then he ran away.

And the Fox was so angry at the way he had been caught that he barked and barked like a savage dog on a chain.

THE YOUNG GIANT

ONCE upon a time there lived a husbandman who had a son who, when he was born, was no bigger than the length of a thumb, and who for many years did not grow a hair's breadth taller.

One morning, just as the countryman was about to set out to plow his field, little Thumbling said: "Father, I want to go, too."

"I dare say you do," said the man; "but you are much better at home. If I took you out I should be sure to lose you."

Thereupon Thumbling fell a-crying, and cried so much that at length his father picked him up

and put him in his pocket and set forth to his work.

When they reached the fields the man took his son out and set him down on the ridge of a newly turned furrow, so that he might see the world around him. Then suddenly from over the mountains a great giant came striding toward them.

"See, son," said the husbandman, "here is an ogre coming to fetch you away because you were naughty and cried this morning."

And the words had scarcely passed his lips when, in two great strides, the giant had reached

little Thumbling's side and had picked him up in his great hands and carried him away without uttering a sound.

The poor father stood dumb with fear, for he thought he should never see his little son again.

The giant, however, treated little Thumbling very kindly in his house in the woods. He kept him warm in his pocket, and fed him so heartily and well that Thumbling became a young giant himself, tall, and broad.

At the end of two years the old giant took him out into the woods to try his strength.

"Pull up that birch-tree for a staff to lean upon," he said, and the youth obeyed and pulled it up by the roots as if it had been a mere weed.

The old giant still thought he should like him to be stronger, so, after taking great care of him for another two years, they again went out into the wood. This time Thumbling playfully uprooted a stout old oak, and the old giant, well pleased, cried:

"Now you are a credit to me," and took him back to the field where he first found him.

Here the young giant's father happened to be just then plowing; so Thumbling went up to him and said:

"See, Father, to what a great big man your son has grown!"

But the peasant was afraid.

"Be off with you! I don't know you," he cried.

"But really and truly, father, I am your son," he said. "Let me take the plow, for I can guide it quite as well as you."

The father very unwillingly let go of the plow, for he was afraid of the giant, and sat down to watch. Then Thumbling laid one hand on the plowshare and straightway drove it so deep into the ground that the peasant cried:

"Now you will do more harm than good, if you drive so deep into the earth."

Thereupon the young giant unharnessed the horses and began to draw the plow himself, first saying:

"Now, Father, get you home and tell mother to cook a hearty meal, while I just run round the field."

And in a very short time he had done what the peasant would have taken two whole days to do.

When all was finished, he laid plow, horse, and harrow over his shoulders and carried them home as easily as though they were a truss of hay.

When he reached the house, he saw his mother sitting on a bench in the courtyard.

"Oh, who is this frightful monster of a man?" she cried.

"That is our son," said her husband.

"I cannot believe that," replied the woman, "for

our child was a tiny little thing," and she begged the young giant to go away.

However, he did not take any notice of what she said, for, after feeding the horse in the stable, he came into the kitchen and sat himself down upon the edge of the dresser.

"Mother, mother," he said, "I am so hungry. Give me my dinner."

"Here it is," said his mother, and set two enormous dishes of smoking stew upon the table.

It would have been enough to last the husbandman and his wife for eight whole days, but the giant ate it all up in five minutes, and then asked if they could give him more. But the woman shook her head, and said they had no more in the house.

"Mother," he said, "I am fainting with hunger. That was a mere bite."

The woman was so frightened at this that she ran and made some more stew in the largest fish kettle.

"Ah," sighed the young giant; "this is something like a meal!"

But when he had finished he still felt hungry, and said:

"Well, Father, I can see I shall starve if I come here to live. I will go and seek my fortune in the wide world, if you can procure me a bar of iron so strong that I cannot break it across my knee."

The peasant quickly harnessed his two horses to the wagon, and from the smithy in the village he fetched an iron bar so heavy that the horses could hardly drag it. This the giant tried across his knee. Snap! it cracked in half, like a twig.

Then the peasant took his wagon and four horses to the smithy and brought back as heavy a bar as they could carry. But in a second the giant had broken it into two pieces and tossed them each aside.

"Father," he said, "I need a stronger one yet. Take the wagon and eight horses to the smithy, and fetch me back as heavy a one as they can draw."

This the countryman did, and again the youth broke it in two as easily as if he had cracked a nut.

"Well, Father, I see you cannot get me anything strong enough. I must go and try my fortune without it."

So he turned blacksmith and journeyed for many miles, until he came to a village, where dwelt a very grasping smith, who earned a great deal of money, but who gave not a penny of it away.

The giant stepped into his forge and asked if by any chance he were in want of help.

"What wages do you ask?" said the smith, look-

ing the young man up and down; for, thought he: "Here is a fine, powerful fellow, who surely will be worth his salt."

"I don't want money," replied the giant. "But here's a bargain: every fortnight, when you give your workmen their wages, I will give you two strokes across your shoulders. It will be just a little amusement for me."

The cunning smith agreed very willingly, for, he thought, in this way he would save a great deal of money.

However, next morning when the new journeyman started work, with the very first stroke he gave the red-hot iron, it shivered into a thousand pieces, and the anvil buried itself so deep in the earth that he could not pull it out again.

"Here, fellow," cried his master, "you won't suit me; you are far too clumsy. I must put an end to our bargain."

"Just as you please," said the other, "but you must pay me for the work I have done, so I will just give you one little tap on the shoulder."

With that he gave the greedy smith such a blow that it knocked him flying over four hayricks. Then, picking up the stoutest iron bar he could find for a walking-stick, he set forth once more on his travels.

Presently he came to a farmhouse, where he inquired if they were in need of a bailiff. Now, the farmer just happened to need a head man, so he was engaged at once upon the same terms as he had arranged with the old blacksmith.

Next morning the farm servants were to go and fell trees in the wood, but just as they were ready to start they found the new bailiff was still in bed and fast asleep.

They shook him and shouted at him, but he would not open his eyes; he only grumbled at them and told them to be gone.

"I shall have done my work and reached home long before you," he said.

So he stayed in bed for another two hours, then arose, and after eating a hearty breakfast he started with his cart and horses for the wood.

There was a narrow pathway through which he had to pass just before entering the wood, and after he had led his horses through this he went back and built up a barrier of brambles and furze and branches so thick that no horse could possibly force its way through.

Then he drove on and met his fellow-servants just leaving the wood on their way home.

"Drive on, my friends," he said, "and I will be home before you even now."

Then he pulled up a giant elm by its roots just on the border of the woods, and laying it on his cart, he turned and quickly overtook the others.

There they were, staring helplessly at the great barricade which barred their path, just as he had expected to find them.

"Ha, ha!" he chuckled, "you might just as well have slept an hour or two longer, for I told you you would not get home before me."

Then, shouldering the tree, the horse and the cart, he pushed a way through the barrier as easily as if he had been carrying a bag of feathers.

When he got back to the farm he showed his new walking-stick, as he called the tree, to his master.

"Wife," said the farmer, "we have indeed found a capital bailiff, and if he does need more sleep than the others, he works much better."

So the months rolled by, until a whole year had come and gone, and the time had arrived to pay the servants their wages. But the farmer was overcome with fright when he remembered the blows the giant had to give him. So he begged him to change his mind and accept his whole farm and lands instead.

"No," said the giant, "I am a bailiff, and a bailiff I intend to remain, so you must pay me the wages we agreed upon."

The farmer now obtained a promise that he would give him a fortnight to think the matter over, and he secretly assembled all his friends and neighbors to discuss what he should do.

The only thing they could suggest was to slay the bailiff, and it was arranged that he should be told to bring a cartload of millstones to the edge of the well, and then the farmer was to send him down to the bottom to clean it out. When the giant was safely at the bottom, all the friends and neighbors would come and roll the millstones down upon him.

Everything happened as had been planned, and when the bailiff was at the bottom of the well the millstones were rolled in. As each one fell, the water splashed over the top in a great wave.

It seemed impossible that the bailiff should not be crushed to death, but suddenly the neighbors heard him call out:

"I say, you up there, shoo away the chickens; they are scattering the gravel in my eyes!"

Then he quickly finished his task, and presently jumped out of the well with one of the millstones hanging round his neck.

"Have not I got a handsome collar?" he said.

Again the farmer was overcome with fear, and again he called together all his friends and relations. The only thing they could think of was to advise the farmer to send the bailiff to the haunted mill by night, and order him to grind eight bushels of corn. "For," said they, "no man

who has spent a night there has ever come out alive."

So the bailiff went and fetched the corn from the loft. He put two bushels in his right-hand pocket, and two in his left, and the rest he carried in a sack across his shoulders.

When he reached the mill the miller told him it was haunted, and he had best come to grind his corn in the daytime if he did not wish to lose his life.

"Tush, tush!" said the giant. "Make haste and leave me alone. Come back in the morning, and I promise you will find me all safe and sound."

Then he entered the mill and emptied his sacks into the hopper, and by twelve o'clock he had finished his work. Feeling a little weary, he sat down to rest, but noticed with great interest the door opening very slowly, all by itself.

Then a table laden with rich food and wines came and set itself before him. Still there was no living creature to be seen. Next the chairs came and placed themselves round the festive board, and then he noticed fingers handling the knives and forks and placing food upon the plates.

The giant soon got tired of watching this, and as he felt quite ready for a meal himself, he drew up his chair to the table and partook of a hearty repast.

Just as he finished he felt a breath of air blow out all the lights, and then a thundering blow fell upon his head.

"Well, I'm not going to put up with this," he said. "If I feel any more taps like that one I will just tap back."

Then a great battle raged, and blows fell thickly all around, but he never let himself feel any fear, but only gave back as many as he could.

When morning came the miller hastened to the mill expecting to find the giant dead, but he was greeted with a hearty laugh.

"Well, miller," said the giant, "somebody has been slapping me in the night, but I guess they have had as good blows as they have given, and I have managed to eat a hearty supper into the bargain."

The miller was overjoyed to find the evil spell had been broken, and begged the giant to accept some money as reward, but this he refused. Slinging the meal on his shoulders, he went back to ask his wages from the farmer.

The farmer was furious to see his bailiff safe and sound again, and paced his floor to and fro, shivering and shaking like a leaf. He felt he could not breathe, so he threw the window open, and before he knew what had happened the giant had sent him flying out of the window straight over the hills into Nowhere Land. And as the farmer had not waited to receive the second stroke, the giant gave it to his wife, and she flew out to join her husband, and for aught I or any one can know they are flying through the air still.

THE GIANT AND THE TAILOR

A CERTAIN tailor, who was a large boaster but a very small performer, took it once into his head to go and look about him in the world. As soon as he could, he left his workshop, and traveled away over hills and valleys, now on this road, and now on that; but still onward. After he had gone some way, he perceived in the distance a steep mountain, and behind it a lofty tower, which rose from the midst of a wild, dense forest. "Good gracious!" cried the tailor, "what is this?" and driven by his curiosity, he went rapidly toward the place. But he opened his mouth and eyes wide enough when he got nearer; for the tower had legs, and sprang in a trice over the steep hill, and stood up, a mighty giant, before the tailor. "What are you about here, you puny fly-legs?" asked the giant in a voice which rumbled on all sides like thunder.

"I am trying to earn a piece of bread in this forest," whispered the tailor.

"Well, then, it is time you entered my service," said the giant fiercely.

"If it must be so, why not?" said the tailor humbly; "but what wage shall I have?" "What wage shall you have?" repeated the giant contemptuously; "listen and I will tell you: every year, three hundred and sixty-five days, and one besides, if so happen that it be leap-year. Is that right?"

"Quite," said the tailor; but thought to himself: "One must cut according to his cloth; I will seek to make myself free very soon."

"Go, little rascal, and fetch me a glass of water!" cried the giant.

"Why not the whole well, and its spring, too?" said the tailor, but fetched as he was bid. "What! the well and its spring, too?" bellowed the giant, who was rather cowardly and weak, and so began to be afraid, thinking to himself: "This fellow can do more than roast apples; he has a heap of courage. I must take care, or he will be too much of a servant for me!" So, when the tailor returned with the water, the giant sent him to fetch a couple of bundles of fagots from the forest,

VALOR.

—
BY LUCY FITCH PERKINS.



THERE is n't any giant
Within this forest grim,
And if there were, I would n't be
A bit afraid of him !

FUN AND NONSENSE PICTURES FOR LITTLE FOLK—V.

and bring them home. "Why not the whole forest at one stroke, every tree, young and old, knotty and smooth?" asked the tailor, and went away. "What! the whole forest, and the well, too, and its spring!" murmured the frightened giant in his beard; and he began to be still more afraid, and believed that the tailor was too great a man for him, and not fit for his servant. However, when the tailor returned with his load of fagots, the giant told him to shoot two or three wild boars for their supper. "Why not rather a thousand at one shot, and the rest afterward?" cried the boaster. "What, what!" gasped the cowardly giant, terribly frightened. "Oh, well! that is enough for to-day; you may go to sleep now!"

The poor giant, however, was so very much afraid of the little tailor that he could not close his eyes all the night, but tossed about thinking how to get rid of his servant, whom he regarded

as an enchanter conspiring against his life. With time comes counsel. The following morning the giant and the dwarf went together to a marsh where a great many willow-trees were growing. When they got there the giant said: "Seat yourself on one of these willow rods, tailor; on my life I only wish to see if you are in a condition to bend it down."

The boasting tailor climbed the tree, and perched himself on a bough, and then, holding his breath, he made himself heavy enough thereby to bend the tree down. Soon, however, he had to take breath again, and immediately, as he had been unfortunate enough to come without his goose in his pocket, the bough flew up, and to the great joy of the giant, carried the tailor with it so high into the air that he went out of sight. And whether he has since fallen down again, or is yet flying about in the air, I am unable to tell you.

THE THREE GOATS

ONCE upon a time there were three goats that were sent to some pasture-lands in order to be fattened, and all three happened to be named Brausewind. On their road to the pasture there was a bridge across a river which they must pass, and under the bridge lived a gigantic and horrible spirit, whose eyes were as large as two pewter plates, and whose nose was as long as the handle of a hoe.

The youngest goat Brausewind first came along, and stepped upon the bridge.

"Creak, creak!" complained the bridge.

"Who is tripping over my bridge?" cried the elf underneath.

"Oh! it is only the smallest of the goats named Brausewind," said the goat in a very shrill voice.

"Then I shall come and fetch you," cried the elf.

"Nay, do not come for me, for I am still so little," said the goat; "wait a bit, till the second Brausewind comes, for he is much larger than I am."

"Very well," quoth the elf.

After a while the other goat Brausewind came along, and he began to go over the bridge.

"Creak, creak!" cried the bridge again.

"Who is tramping over my bridge?" cried the elf.

"Oh! it is only the second goat Brausewind; I am going to the pasture-lands to get a little fat-

ter," answered the goat, but in a less soft voice than the first.

"Then I shall come and fetch you," said the elf.

"Nay, do not take me, but wait a bit till the large goat Brausewind comes, for he is a great deal bigger than I am."

"Very well," replied the elf.

It was not long before the big goat Brausewind reached the same spot.

"CREAK, CREAK!" went the bridge, as if it were going to split.

"Who comes thundering over my bridge?" cried the elf.

"The big goat Brausewind," growled the goat.

"Then I shall come and fetch you," cried the elf.

"Well, come if you like; I've two spears in my head, With which I can easily strike you dead."

Yes, come if you like; and with thundering stones I shiver to powder your brains and your bones."

replied the goat; and, butting at the elf, he easily broke every bone in his body, after which he threw him into the river, and followed the other goats to the pastures.

And here the goats grew so very, very, very fat that they were not able to come home again; and, unless they have grown thinner since, they are probably there still.

THE NOSE-TREE

DID you ever hear the story of the three poor soldiers who, after having fought hard in the wars, set out on their road home, begging their way as they went?

They had journeyed on a long time, sick at heart with their bad luck at thus being turned loose on the world in their old days, when one evening they reached a deep, gloomy wood, through which lay their road. Night came fast upon them, and they found that they must, however unwillingly, sleep in this wood; so, to make all safe as they could, it was agreed that two should lie down and sleep, while a third sat up and watched, lest wild beasts should break in and tear them to pieces. When he was tired he was to wake one of the others, and sleep in his turn; and so on with the third, so as to share the work fairly among them.

The two who were to rest first soon lay down and fell fast asleep; and the other made himself a good fire under the trees, and sat down by its side to keep watch. He had not sat long before, all of a sudden, up came a little dwarf in a red jacket. "Who is there?" said he. "A friend," said the soldier. "What sort of a friend?" "An old, broken soldier," said the other, "with his two comrades, who have nothing left to live on; come, sit down and warm yourself." "Well, my worthy fellow," said the little man, "I will do what I can for you; take this and show it to your comrades in the morning." So he took out an old cloak and gave it to the soldier, telling him that whenever he put it over his shoulders anything that he wished for would be done for him. Then the little man made him a bow and walked away.

The second soldier's turn to watch soon came, and the first laid him down to sleep; but the second man had not sat by himself long before up came the dwarf in the red jacket again. The soldier treated him in as friendly a way as his comrade had done, and the little man gave him a purse, which he told him would be always full of gold, let him draw as much as he would out of it.

Then the third soldier's turn to watch came; and he also had little Red-jacket for his guest, who gave him a wonderful horn, that drew crowds around it whenever it was played, and made every one forget his business to come and dance to its beautiful music.

In the morning each told his story, and showed the gift he had got from the elf: and as they all

liked one another very much, and were old friends, they agreed to travel together to see the world, and, for a while, only to make use of the wonderful purse. And thus they spent their time very joyously, till at last they began to be tired of this roving life, and thought they should like to have a home of their own. So the first soldier put his old cloak on and wished for a fine castle. In a moment it stood before their eyes: fine gardens and green lawns spread around it, and flocks of sheep and goats; herds of oxen were grazing about; and out of the gate came a grand coach with three dapple-gray horses, to meet them and bring them home.

All this was very well for a time, but they found it would not do to stay at home always; so they got together all their rich clothes, and jewels, and money, and ordered their coach with three dapple-gray horses, and set out on a journey to see a neighboring king. Now this king had an only daughter, and as he saw the three soldiers traveling in such grand style, he took them for king's sons, and so gave them a kind welcome. One day, as the second soldier was walking with the princess, she saw that he had the wonderful purse in his hand. Then she asked him what it was, and he was foolish enough to tell her—though, indeed, it did not much signify what he said, for she was a fairy, and knew all the wonderful things that the three soldiers had brought. Now this princess was very cunning and artful; so she set to work and made a purse, so like the soldier's that no one would know the one from the other; and then she asked him to come and see her, and made him drink some wine that she had got ready for him, and which soon made him fall fast asleep. Then she felt in his pocket, and took away the wonderful purse, and left the one she had made in its place.

The next morning the soldiers set out home; and soon after they reached their castle, happening to want some money, they went to their purse for it, and found something indeed in it; but to their great sorrow, when they had emptied it, none came in the place of what they took. Then the cheat was soon found out; for the second soldier knew where he had been, and how he had told the story to the princess, and he guessed that she had played him a trick. "Alas!" cried he, "poor wretches that we are, what shall we do?" "Oh!" said the first soldier, "let no gray hairs grow for this mishap; I will soon get the purse back." So he threw his cloak across his

shoulders and wished himself in the princess's chamber.

There he found her sitting alone, telling up her gold, that fell around her in a shower from the wonderful purse.

But the soldier stood looking at her too long; for she turned around, and the moment she saw him she started up and cried out with all her force, "Thieves! thieves!" so that the whole court came running in and tried to seize on him. The poor soldier now began to be dreadfully frightened in his turn, and thought it was high time to make the best of his way off; so, without thinking of the ready way of traveling that his cloak gave him, he ran to the window, opened it, and jumped out; and unluckily, in his haste, his cloak caught and was left hanging, to the great joy of the princess, who knew its worth.

The poor soldier made the best of his way home to his comrades on foot, and in a very downcast mood; but the third soldier told him to keep up his heart, and took his horn and blew a merry tune. At the first blast a countless host of foot-and-horse came rushing to their aid, and they set out to make war against their enemy. The king's palace was at once besieged, and he was told that he must give up the purse and cloak, or that not one stone should be left upon another. So the king went into his daughter's chamber and talked with her, but she said, "Let me try first if I cannot beat them one way or another." So she thought of a cunning scheme to overreach them; and dressing herself out as a poor girl, with a basket on her arm, she set out by night with her maid, and went into the enemy's camp, as if she wanted to sell trinkets.

In the morning she began to ramble about, singing ballads so beautifully that all the tents were left empty, and the soldiers ran round in crowds, and thought of nothing but hearing her sing. Among the rest came the soldier to whom the horn belonged, and as soon as she saw him she winked to her maid, who slipped slyly through the crowd, and went into his tent where it hung and stole it away. This done, they both got safely back to the palace, the besieging army went away, the three wonderful gifts were all left in the hands of the princess, and the three soldiers were as penniless and forlorn as when little Red-jacket found them in the wood.

Poor fellows! they began to think what was now to be done. "Comrades," at last said the second soldier, who had had the purse, "we had better part; we cannot live together, let each seek his bread as well as he can." So he turned to the right, and the other two went to the left, for they said they would rather travel together.

The second soldier strayed on till he came to a wood (which happened to be the same wood where they had met with so much good luck before), and he walked on a long time till evening began to fall, when he sat down tired beneath a tree and soon fell asleep.

Morning dawned, and he was greatly delighted, on opening his eyes, to see that the tree was laden with the most beautiful apples. He was hungry enough, so he soon plucked and ate first one, then a second, then a third apple. A strange feeling came over his nose; when he put the apple to his mouth something was in the way. He felt it—it was his nose, that grew and grew till it hung down to his breast. It did not stop there—still it grew and grew. "Heavens!" thought he, "when will it have done growing?" And well might he ask, for by this time it reached the ground as he sat on the grass—and thus it kept creeping on till he could not bear its weight or raise himself up; and it seemed as if it would never end, for already it stretched its enormous length all through the wood, over hill and dale.

Meantime his comrades were journeying on, till on a sudden one of them stumbled against something. "What can that be?" said the other. They looked, and could think of nothing that it was like but a nose. "We will follow it and find its owner, however," said they. So they traced it up, till at last they found their poor comrade, lying stretched along under the apple-tree.

What was to be done? They tried to carry him, but in vain. They caught an ass that was passing, and raised him upon its back; but it was soon tired of carrying such a load. So they sat down in despair, when before long up came their old acquaintance, the dwarf with the red jacket. "Why, how now, friend," said he, laughing: "well, I must find a cure for you, I see." So he told them to gather a pear from another tree that grew close by, and the nose would come right again. No time was lost; and the nose, to the poor soldier's joy, was soon brought to its proper size.

"I will do something more for you, still," said the dwarf: "take some of those pears and apples with you; whoever eats one of the apples will have his nose grow like yours just now; but if you give him a pear, all will come right again. Go to the princess, and get her to eat some of your apples; her nose will grow twenty times as long as yours did: then look sharp, and you will get what you want from her."

The friends thanked the dwarf very heartily for all his kindness; and it was agreed that the poor soldier, who had already tried the power of the apple, should follow out the suggestion. So

he dressed himself up as a gardener's boy, and went to the king's palace, and said he had apples to sell, so fine and so beautiful as were never seen there before. Every one that saw them was delighted, and wanted to taste; but he said they were for the princess only; and she soon sent her maid to buy his stock. They were so ripe and rosy that she soon began eating; and had not eaten above a dozen before she too began to wonder what ailed her nose, for it grew and grew down to the ground, out at the window, and over the garden, and away, nobody knows where.

Then the king made known to all his kingdom that whoever would heal her of this dreadful disease should be richly rewarded. Many tried, but the princess got no relief. And now the old soldier dressed himself up very sprucely as a doctor, and said he would cure her. So he chopped up some of the apple, and, to punish her a little more, gave her a dose, saying he would call to-morrow and see her again. The morrow came, and, of course, instead of being better, the nose had been growing on all night as before; and the poor princess was in a dreadful fright. So the doctor then chopped up a very little of the pear and gave her, and said he was sure that would do good, and he would call again the next day. Next day came, and the nose was, to be sure, a little smaller, but yet it was bigger than when the doctor first began to meddle with it.

Then he thought to himself, "I must frighten this cunning princess a little more before I shall get what I want from her"; so he gave her another dose of the apple, and said he would call on the morrow. The morrow came, and the nose was ten times as bad as before. "My good lady," said the doctor, "something works against my medicine, and is too strong for it; but I know by the force of my art what it is; you have stolen goods about you, I am sure; and if you do not give them back, I can do nothing for you." But the princess denied very stoutly that she had anything of the kind. "Very well," said the doctor, "you may do as you please, but I am sure I am right, and you will die if you do not own it." Then he went to the king, and told him how the matter stood. "Daughter," said he, "send back the cloak, the purse, and the horn, that you stole from the right owners."

Then she ordered her maid to fetch all three, and gave them to the doctor, and begged him to give them back to the soldiers; and the moment he had them safe he gave her a whole pear to eat, and the nose came right. And as for the doctor, he put on the cloak, wished the king and all his court a good day, and was soon with his two friends, who lived from that time happily at home in their palace, except when they took an airing to see the world, in their coach with the three dapple-gray horses.

THE THREE LUCK-CHILDREN

THERE was once upon a time a father, who called his three sons to him, and gave the first a cock, the second a scythe, and the third a cat, and then addressed them thus: "I am very old, and my end draweth nigh, but I wish to show my care for you before I die. Money I have not, and what I now give you appears of little worth; but do not think that, for if each of you use his gift carefully, and seek some country where such a thing is not known, your fortunes will be made."

Soon after, the father died, and the eldest son set out on his travels with his cock, but wherever he came, such a creature was already well known. In the towns he saw it from afar, sitting upon the church steeples, and turning itself round with the wind; and in the villages he heard more than one crow, and nobody troubled himself about another, so that it did not seem as if he would ever make his fortune by it. At last, however, it fell out that he arrived on an island where the people knew nothing about cocks, nor

even how to divide their time. They knew, certainly, when it was evening and morning, but at night, if they did not sleep through it, they could not comprehend the time. "See," said he to them, "what a proud creature it is, what a fine red crown it wears on its head, and it has spurs like a knight! Thrice during the night it will crow at certain hours, and the third time it calls you may know the sun will soon rise; but, if it crows by day, you may prepare then for a change of weather."

The good people were well pleased, and the whole night they lay awake and listened to the cock, which crowed loudly and clearly at two, four, and six o'clock. The next day they asked if the creature were not for sale, and how much he asked, and he replied: "As much gold as an ass can bear." "A ridiculously small sum," said they, "for such a marvelous creature!" and gave him readily what he asked.

When he returned home with his money, his

brothers were astonished, and the second said he would also go out and see what luck his scythe would bring him. But at first it did not seem likely that fortune would favor him, for all the countrymen he met carried equally good scythes upon their shoulders. At last, however, he also came to an island whose people were ignorant of the use of scythes; for when a field of corn was ripe, they planted great cannons and shot it down! In this way, it was no uncommon thing that many of them shot quite over it; others hit the ears instead of the stalks, and shot them quite away, so that a great quantity was always ruined, and the most doleful lamentations ensued. But our hero, when he arrived, mowed away so silently and quickly, that the people held their breath and noses with wonder, and willingly gave him what he desired, which was a horse laden with as much gold as it could carry.

On his return the third brother set out with his cat to try his luck, and it happened to him exactly as it had done to the others; so long as he kept on the old roads he met with no place which did not already boast its cat; indeed, so many were there that the new-born kittens were usually drowned. At last he voyaged to an island where, luckily for him, cats were unknown animals; and yet, the mice were so numerous that they danced upon the tables and chairs, whether the master of the house were at home or not. These people complained continually of the plague, and the king himself knew not how to deliver them from it; for in every corner the mice were swarming, and destroyed what they could not carry away in their teeth. The cat, however,

on its arrival, commenced a grand hunt; and so soon cleared a couple of rooms of the troublesome visitors, that the people begged the king to buy it for the use of his kingdom. The king gave willingly the price that was asked for the wonderful animal, and the third brother returned home with a still larger treasure, in the shape of a mule laden with gold.

Meanwhile the cat was having capital sport in the royal palace with the mice, and bit so many that the dead were not to be numbered. At last she became very thirsty with the hot work, and stopped, and, raising her head, cried: "Miau, miau!" At the unusual sound, the king, together with all his courtiers, were much frightened, and in terror they ran out of the castle. There the king held a council what it were best to do, and at length it was resolved to send a herald to the cat, to demand that she should quit the castle, or force would be used to make her. "For," said the councilors, "we would rather be plagued by the mice, to which we are accustomed, than surrender ourselves a prey to this beast." A page was accordingly sent to the cat to ask whether she would quit the castle in peace; but the cat, whose thirst had all the while been increasing, replied nothing but "Miau, miau!" The page understood her to say, "No, no!" and brought the king word accordingly. The councilors agreed then that she should feel their power, and cannons were brought out and fired, so that the castle was presently in flames. When the fire reached the room where the cat was, she sprang out of the window, but the besiegers ceased not until the whole was leveled with the ground.

THE SHREDS

ONCE upon a time there was a maiden who was very pretty, but lazy and careless. When she used to spin, she was so impatient that if there chanced to be a little knot in the thread she snapped off a long bit with it and threw the pieces down on the ground near her. Now she had a servant-girl who was industrious and used to gather together the shreds of thread, clean them, and weave them, till she made herself a dress with them.

A certain young man had fallen in love with this lazy maiden; and their wedding day was appointed. On the evening before the industrious

servant-girl kept dancing about in her fine dress, till the bride exclaimed:

"Ah! how the girl does jump about,
Dressed in my shreds and leavings!"

When the bridegroom heard this, he asked the bride what she meant, and she told him that the maid had worked herself a dress with the shreds of thread which she had thrown away. As soon as the bridegroom heard this, and saw the difference between the laziness of his intended and the industry of her servant, he gave up the mistress and chose the maid for his wife.

STORIES FOR LITTLE GIRLS

A PAIR OF GLOVES

BY H. G. DURYÉE

THE little girls who lived on Amity Street all wore mittens when they went to school in winter. Nobody's mother ever thought of anything else to keep small hands warm. Some mothers or grandmothers crocheted them, and some knit them with fancy stitches down the back, or put other mark of distinction upon them; but they were always mittens, and were always fastened to a long ribbon or piece of braid or knitted rein, so that they might not get lost, one from the other.

This connecting-link frequently gave rise to confusion, for when two little girls put their arms around each other's necks as they walked to school, they sometimes got tangled up in the mitten string and had to duck and turn and bump heads before the right string was again resting on the right shoulder. But as it was possible to laugh a great deal and lose one's breath while this was going on, it was rather an advantage than otherwise, and little girls who were special chums were pretty sure to manage a tangle every other day at least.

Clarabel Bradley did her tangling and untangling with Josephine Brown, who lived at the end of Amity Street. They both went to the same school and were in the same class. They waited for each other in the morning, and came home together, and shared each other's candy and ginger cookies whenever there were any, and took firm sides together whenever the school-yard was the scene of dispute.

But into this intimacy came a pair of gloves, almost wrecking it.

The gloves were sent by Clarabel's aunt, who was young and pretty and taught school in a large city; and they came done up in white tissue-paper inside a box with gilt trimming around the edges and a picture on the center of the cover. Taken out of the paper, they revealed all their

alluring qualities. They were of a beautiful glossy brown kid with soft woolly linings and real fur around the wrists, and they fastened with bright gilded clasps.

With them was a note which said:

For Clarabel, with love from her Aunt Bessie. Not to be kept for Sundays, but worn every day.

And the last sentence was underscored.

Clarabel's mother looked doubtful as she read the message. Such gloves were an extravagance even for best—and mittens were warmer. But when she encountered Clarabel's shining eyes she smiled and gave in.

So Clarabel took the gloves to her room that night, and slept with them on the foot-board of her bed, where she could see them the first thing when she waked; and in the morning she put them on and started for school.

One hand was held rigidly by her side, but the other was permitted to spread its fingers widely over the book she carried. Both were well in view if she looked down just a little. Passers-by might see; all Amity Street might see; best of all, Josephine might see!

But Josephine, waiting at the corner, beheld and was impressed to the point of speechlessness. Whereupon Clarabel dropped her book, and had to pick it up with both hands. The furry wrists revealed themselves fully.

Josephine found her voice.

"You've got some new gloves," she said.

"Yes; my Aunt Bessie sent them."

"Are n't they pretty!"

"I think so, and they're lots nicer than mittens. I'm not going to wear my mittens again."

Josephine looked down at her own chubby hands. Her mittens were red this winter, with a red-and-green fringe around the wrists. Only

that morning she had admired them. Now they looked fat and clumsy and altogether unattractive; but she was n't going to admit that to any one else.

"I like mittens best," she said stoutly,—for



"CLARABEL DROPPED HER BOOK, AND HAD TO PICK IT UP WITH BOTH HANDS."

school, anyway," she added, and gave Clarabel more of the sidewalk.

"My Aunt Bessie said specially that these were to wear to school." And Clarabel walked nearer the fence.

Josephine was hard put to it—Clarabel's manner had become so superior.

"I don't think your Aunt Bessie knows everything, even if she does teach school in a big city. My mother says she's too young to—"

What she was too young to do was not allowed to be explained; for Clarabel, with a color in her face that rivaled Josephine's mittens, had faced her.

"My Aunt Bessie's lovely, and I won't listen to another word against her, not another one—so there!"

Then she turned, with a queer feeling in her throat, and ran down the street to catch up with another little girl who was on ahead.

Josephine swung her books and walked as if she did n't care.

Clarabel overtook the little girl, who was all smiling appreciation of the new gloves, and was overtaken by other little girls who added them-

selves to the admiring group. But somehow her triumphal progress was strangely unsatisfactory; the glory was dimmed.

At recess, Josephine paired off with Milly Smith, who stood first in geography and wore two curly feathers in her hat. Clarabel shared her cookies with Minnie Cater, because it did n't matter who helped eat them if it was n't Josephine. Neither spoke to the other, and at noontime they walked home on different sides of the street.

Perhaps that was why in the afternoon Clarabel lost her place in the reader and failed on so many examples in arithmetic that she was told she must stay after school.

Usually there would have been several to keep her company, but on this day there was no one else,—even Angelina Maybelle Remington had got through without disaster,—and Clarabel, wistfully, saw the other girls file out.

At another time Josephine would have stayed; she always did when Clarabel had to, as Clarabel did when she was in like need. But to-night she filed out with the rest, and Clarabel, with a sense of desertion, bent over her problems of men and hay to mow, men and potatoes to dig, men miles of railroad to build.

The noise of scurrying feet grew fainter, the sound of children's voices died away. The room settled into stillness, except for the solemn tick of the clock and the scratching of Clarabel's pencil on the slate. There were fractions in the problems, and fractions were always hard for Clarabel. Her pencil stopped often while she frowned at the curly-tailed figures. In one of these pauses the door squeaked open a little way. It squeaked again, and some one sidled into the room; it was Josephine.

"Please may I go to my seat?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the teacher, and watched her curiously.

She tiptoed to the back seat, fumbled for a few minutes in her desk, then slipped to a seat a few rows farther in front; then to another and another, till she had reached the row in which Clarabel sat.

Clarabel, though she was bending over her slate, had heard every hesitating move, and when the last halt was made she shook her curls back from her eyes, looked around, and dimpled into smiles.

The teacher, watching, waited to see what

would happen next. Nothing did, except that the two little girls sat and smiled and smiled and smiled as if they never would stop.

Presently the teacher herself smiled and spoke. She had a very sweet voice sometimes—one that seemed to hint at happy secrets. That was the way it sounded now.

"Would you like to help Clarabel, Josephine?" she asked. "You may if you wish to."

"If she'll let me," answered Josephine, her eyes fixed on Clarabel's face.

"I would love to have her," said Clarabel, *her* eyes on Josephine. And instantly the one narrow seat became large enough for two.

For ten minutes more there was great scratching of slate-pencils and much whispering and some giggling. Then with cheerful clatter the slate was borne to the platform. The teacher looked at the little girls more than at the examples. "I'm sure they're right," she said. "Now, off to your homes—both of you!"

"Good night," said Clarabel.

"Good night," said Josephine.

"Good night, dear little girls," said the teacher. There was a soft swish of dresses and the chil-

dren had reached the dressing-room. Within its familiar narrowness, Josephine hesitated and fingered her cloak-buttons.

"I think your Aunt Bessie"—it was very slow speech for Josephine—"is ever so nice and knows a lot!"

"Oh!" bubbled Clarabel, joyously, "I do love the color of your mittens! Don't you—don't you"—she finished with a rush—"want to let me wear them home and you wear my gloves?"

Josephine put aside the dazzling offer.

"Your gloves are prettier and you ought to wear them."

Clarabel thought a minute, a shadow in her eyes.

"I know what," she declared, the shadow vanishing. "You wear one glove and mitten and I'll wear the other glove and mitten!"

"Oh!" said Josephine, with a rapturous hug, "that will be splendid!"

And thus they scampered home, the two mittened hands holding each other tight, while the two gloved hands were gaily waved high in the air with each fresh outburst of laughter from the little schoolmates.



DOROTHEA'S MAY BASKET

By Claire H. Gurney



DOROTHEA WOODBURY was out in the garden playing with her doll Rosamond. It was n't a very large garden, but in the late spring and summer it was a very pretty one, for it had rose-bushes, beds of pansies and bright verbenas with borders of sweet-smelling pinks; there was also a shady corner where lilies-of-the-valley grew, while over against the wall were tall rows of hollyhocks and bee-larkspur where the gay butterflies and great buzzing bees flitted about. Dorothea loved the garden—even now when it was only a little after the first of April and the green plants were just beginning to spring up. She spent the happiest hours playing there; but to-day something was the matter. She pushed the carriage with Rosamond in it up and down the path as if it were a disagreeable duty she had to do and not a pleasure at all.

Rosamond was a very beautiful doll with blue eyes and yellow curls, and she wore a dainty gown of white muslin over a blue silk slip; her hat was a mass of white lace and pink rosebuds and she wore blue silk stockings and bronze slippers with high heels. Altogether she was a very large and handsome and beautifully dressed doll, was Rosamond, and that was the trouble

with her. Rosamond had to be handled 'very carefully, and she was so large that it was almost impossible to find a piece of cloth big enough and fine enough to make her a dress; and even if Dorothea had owned the right piece of silk or muslin, she never could have fashioned it into a gown that would have been suited to Rosamond's beauty and elegance.

And so as she drew the carriage along she was wishing with all her heart that she had a little doll, one for which she could make dresses by just sewing a piece of cloth up the back, running a string in the top, and cutting two holes for dolly's arms to come through.

"And then, Rosamond," she said, "I could keep you up-stairs, and you could sit in the little chair and just look pretty all the time, while I could play with the little doll. I should name her Violet Bertha, and you would be glad to have us come up and see you, would n't you, dear? And I should love you even better than ever, Rosamond, if I only played with you when I was dressed up, and did n't want to do just common every-day things with you."

Just then Dorothea's mother came to the door and not seeing where she was called to her.

"Dorothea, Dorothea," she said, "Miss Smifkins is here and wants you to go on an errand for her."

Miss Smifkins was the dressmaker that had come to make a new white gown for Dorothea's sister Clara, and Dorothea liked her very much, so she hurried up the steps and into the living-room, where Miss Smifkins was already at the sewing-machine stitching up the breadths of muslin. As soon as she reached the end of the breadth, she stopped and said:

"Well, how do you do, Dorothea? Here, I've something for you."

And opening her bag she took out the prettiest piece of silk you ever saw. It was white with stripes of light blue and in the white part were tiny little pink rosebuds. Dorothea was delighted. She thanked Miss Smifkins very warmly, and then she said:

"Where do you want me to go?"

"Well, I want you to go down to Miss Harrington's and get me two yards of white cambric and a spool of number ninety white cotton. Do you think you can remember that? Two yards of white cambric and a spool of number ninety white cotton."

"Oh, yes," said Dorothea, "I shall remember. Two yards of white cambric and a spool of number ninety white cotton. Where's the money?"

"Here is a dollar bill," said her mother, "and I'll put it into this little pocket-book, so that you won't lose it. There'll be quite a little change left, and you must be careful to put it all in the pocket-book and put that in your pocket. Now, what is it you are to ask Miss Harrington for?"

"Two yards of white cambric and a spool of white cotton, number ninety," answered Dorothea glibly, and off she ran, putting both the piece of silk that Miss Smifkins had given her and the pocket-book in her pocket.

It was quite a long way to Miss Harrington's store, but Dorothea did n't mind that, for the road was a pleasant one and already the robins were beginning to sing in the trees and she liked to hear them and to see them flying about from branch to branch in their busy fashion. She liked Miss Harrington's store, too, for besides all the laces and spools of thread and buttons, there was one small show-case that held the nicest things imaginable, dolls, and tea-sets, and little sets of furniture, and stoves, and a great many other things that little girls like.

There were two or three people in the store buying things, so Dorothea went at once to the show-case, and there she saw something that al-

most took her breath away with pleasure. It was a little Parian-marble doll, about five inches long, with pretty blue eyes and pink cheeks and what was loveliest of all, with two long braids of flaxen hair.

"Oh," said Dorothea to herself, "is n't she just lovely, and would n't the silk Miss Smifkins gave me make her a beautiful dress? I do want her so much! It seems as if I must have her. I wish I could."

She was so interested in looking at the doll,



"IN THE SHOW-CASE DOROTHEA SAW SOMETHING THAT ALMOST TOOK HER BREATH AWAY WITH PLEASURE."

that she did n't notice that the people in the store had made their purchases and gone out, until Miss Harrington came round the counter from the other side and asked her what she wanted.

"Two yards of white cambric and a spool of

number ninety white cotton, and here 's the money, and Miss Harrington, will you please tell me how much that dolly is, the one with the long light braids?"

"Twenty-five cents," said Miss Harrington, and she went away to cut off the cambric.

When she came back with the package she gave Dorothea the change. Dorothea did n't count it, but there seemed a good deal of it, and there certainly were two twenty-five-cent pieces. Dorothea's heart beat hard and fast.

"Oh, I do want that dear dolly so much," she thought, "and I 'm sure, at least I 'm almost sure, mamma would give me the money, but if I wait to go home and ask her, Miss Harrington may sell it."

This last was such a dreadful thought that Dorothea made up her mind at once.

"I 'll take that doll," she said, and handed Miss Harrington one of the twenty-five-cent pieces. Miss Harrington rolled the doll up in tissue paper and Dorothea went out of the store with the precious package held against her heart. As she walked along she took off the paper and looked at Bertha Violet, as she had already named the doll, with great satisfaction. But as she drew near home she began to feel a little uncomfortable. Suppose that mamma did n't approve of her spending the money without permission, what should she do? A look at Bertha Violet reassured her. Nobody, not even a very grown-up person like mamma, could resist such a fascinating creature. Still, she held the doll behind her as she went into the house.

"Here 's the cambric and thread," she said.

Miss Smifkins opened the bundle.

"That 's all right. You 're a smart child, Dorothea."

"Where 's the change, dear," said Mrs. Woodbury.

Dorothea took the little purse from her pocket and handed it to her mother. Mrs. Woodbury opened it and counted the money.

"Why, Dorothea, how much did the things cost? There is n't as much change as I expected. The cambric could n't have been over thirty cents and the thread was five."

"No," said Dorothea, "I guess it was n't, but, mamma, there was a lovely doll there for twenty-five cents, and I thought you would n't mind, so I bought it."

"You bought a doll without permission and with money that did n't belong to you?" Mrs. Woodbury looked very grave.

"Yes," faltered Dorothea; "but just look at her, mamma? She was so lovely I could n't help it, and I thought that you would n't mind."

"She is a very pretty little doll; but I *do* mind it very much to think that you spent money that did not belong to you."

Poor Dorothea began to cry, and Mrs. Wood-



"'SHE WAS SO LOVELY' SAID DOROTHEA, 'THAT I COULD NOT HELP IT.'"

bury said: "Dorothea, I can't let you keep the doll. You must take her back to Miss Harrington and tell her that it was not your money and that I am not willing you should keep the doll."

"Oh, I can't do that. I can't," sobbed Dorothea; but her mother was firm in insisting that she should do so. So at last the little girl took her loved Bertha Violet and slowly and sadly went back to the store.

She was a little afraid that Miss Harrington might refuse to take the doll back and return the twenty-five cents, but Miss Harrington looked at her tear-stained face as Dorothea said she would like to change the dolly for the money, and then said very quietly:

"Very well, dear, here is the money," and with a lightened heart Dorothea went on her way. Everybody was pleasant at home and mamma thanked her when she gave her the quarter, and then she said:

"While you were away Susie came in to invite you to spend the afternoon with her, and if

you wish to you may go over to her house as soon as you have eaten your luncheon."

After luncheon she put on her hat and took Rosamond in her arms and hurried across the street to Susie's house. Susie was making May baskets, but when she saw Dorothea, she said:

"Oh, I 'm so glad you 've come. Sit down a minute while I paste this last basket and then we 'll play."

Dorothea sat down and began to look at the baskets. There were two cunning little ones made like sunbonnets of green and white checked paper, and there were a number of square and round ones all crimped and fringed, but the loveliest of all was one that looked like a big pink rose.

"Oh, that 's the prettiest," she said, holding it up.

"Who are you going to hang that for, Susie?"

"I don't know yet. I just make a lot of them and then when May day comes I decide. But now let 's play tea-party."

Susie put the baskets and tissue paper into a big box and tucked it away in a closet and pulled out her little tea-table, while Dorothea brought the dishes and table-cloth from the little bureau where Susie kept her playthings.

"Now, you set the table, while I go and ask mamma for something to eat," and Susie ran down-stairs, coming back in a few minutes with four little biscuits, two oranges and half a dozen pieces of chocolate.

"There," she said, as she put them in the dishes, "now we 'll begin. Here 's a chair for Rosamond and I 'll put my Chrystabel here, and we 'll sit on the floor beside them."

So they sat there and talked for the dolls, and ate biscuits and oranges and chocolate for them, too, and had a very merry time. Dorothea's fingers were so sticky that she took out her handkerchief to wipe them and as she pulled it out of her pocket, out came the piece of silk that Miss Smifkins had given her and which she had quite forgotten.

"Oh, is n't that pretty," said Susie, "where did you get it?"

Then Dorothea told her the whole story about going to the store and buying the doll.

"I know that mamma was right," she finished, "because she always is, but I can't help feeling bad, for the dolly was so pretty and I wanted her so much and Bertha Violet is such a lovely name. This silk would have made her a beautiful dress, but now you can have it, Susie."

Susie thanked her and put the silk away quietly and then they went on with their play.

When May night came Dorothea was as excited as could be. Papa and she went out together to hang baskets for the different boys and girls that she particularly liked and then they hurried back so that they might have the fun of catching anyone who might hang one for Dorothea. Three had come already and Dorothea laughed as she took up one, a box of candy just like the box that Papa had bought for her to give to Susie.

"You hung that for me, Papa," she said, and just then the door-bell rang, and away she ran to the door. She could n't see anybody, but on the step was a square box directed to Miss Dorothea Woodbury. She took it into the sitting-room and Mamma and Clara and Papa gathered round to see what it was. She untied the string, took off the wrapper and opened the box, and there was the great pink rose, and inside it, dressed in the blue-and-white striped silk was Bertha Violet! Dorothea just looked at her without saying a word; indeed, she was so surprised and so pleased that she could n't speak for a minute or two, and then she looked up at her mother.

"Oh, Mamma," she said, "Susie has given me that dolly. May I keep her?"

"Of course you may," answered her mother, "and I am very glad you have such a pretty dolly and such a kind little friend."

When Dorothea went to bed that night Bertha Violet went with her, and when she began to grow sleepy, she said, "Good-night, my dear Bertha Violet, I 'm so glad I took you back to the store, for if Mamma had let me keep you, you would have only been a bought doll, and now you are a given one, and I love you for Susie's sake as well as your own."



THE SEVENTH BIRTHDAY OF THE LITTLE COUSIN FROM CONSTANTINOPLE

BY EMMA C. DOWD

THE Little Cousin from Constantinople was to absent Mother in Constantinople would have been given a party on her seventh birthday; comforted her if she had been there. but, just before the invitations were written,

Before the Merry Mother left her the Little



"EAGERLY SHE TORE OFF THE WRAPPINGS." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

Mumps came uninvited, and, of course, there could be no other guests while Mumps stayed.

The Little Cousin could not help feeling just a little tearful on her birthday morning, for Mumps, as nearly everybody knows, is a painful, disagreeable visitor. She did not cry when anybody was near—oh, no, indeed! She even tried to smile; but she found smiling very difficult with a poultice on each side of her face, and she had to give it up. The Merry Mother understood, however, and told her she was a dear, brave little girl, and strove to comfort her just as the dear

Cousin felt almost happy, sitting up among her soft pillows, and wearing her new, pink, birthday sacque, with its pretty ribbons.

"I am sorry I must be away all the morning," the Merry Mother said; "but I hope your pleasant company will keep you from missing me. I am going to shut your door for a minute, and when it opens you can pull in your visitors as fast as you please." She laughed to see the Little Cousin's astonished face, for the doctor had said that the children must not come in to see her as long as Mumps stayed. Then the door closed.

There was a slight commotion outside. The Little Cousin listened eagerly. What could it mean? Hushed voices, bits of laughter, the sliding of something over the polished floor, scurrying footsteps here and there—the Little Cousin heard it all, and waited breathlessly.

At last the feet retreated, the door opened, and the Merry Mother's face appeared. Something attached to a string came flying toward the bed.

"Catch it!" she called.

The Little Cousin grabbed it—only a small block of wood, on which was printed, "PULL."

Eagerly the little hands obeyed, when in through the doorway slid an oblong package. Across the rug and up on the bed the Little Cousin drew it, till her excited fingers clasped the package tight—what could it be?

Fastened to the further end of the bundle was another block of wood, and attached to it was another string which led outside the door. On this block was printed. "When you are ready, PULL again!"

"I'll open this first," said the Little Cousin to herself, untying the block, and laying it aside with its dangling cord. Eagerly she tore off the wrappings—it was, it *was* a doll, such a darling of a doll! It had brown eyes and fluffy yellow curls, and—this seemed very strange—the only thing in the way of clothing that it possessed was a little blanket that was wrapped around it.

Never mind! she was learning to sew, and she would make it a dress as soon as she was well again. She cuddled Dolly down against the pillows. She would not be lonely any more, even if Mumps should stay for a longer visit than was expected. Her dolls had all been left for the Little Sister in Constantinople, and it was so nice to have a dolly of her own again!

Then her eyes fell on the block of wood, with its inscription, and she began to pull in the string.

A square package appeared in the doorway, and she drew it toward her. Attached to it was a third block. This she untied as before, and removed the paper from her gift. It was a small trunk. She lifted the cover, and there were Dolly's missing garments! A blue dress, a pink dress, a white dress, dainty underwear, sash ribbons, a coat and hat, and even a tiny comb and brush, were found in that wonderful trunk. Of course, Dolly had to come out from her nook in the pillows, and be dressed. It took some time, because Little Cousin must stop to admire every separate garment. At last, however, the third

present was pulled in, and it was a chair for Dolly to sit in.

The fourth package was big and rather heavier than the others. The Little Cousin wondered what it could be, and she found out just as soon as she could get it open. It was a dining-table for Dolly, with a real little table-cloth, and napkins, and a set of pretty china dishes.

"Oh, oh!" gasped the Little Cousin, in sheer delight. It is a pity there was no one there to see the shining of her eyes. She rested awhile among her pillows; but not long, for Dolly must have her table set for luncheon—she might be hungry.

Ready for the make-believe repast, string number five was pulled, and when the box was opened the Little Cousin fairly squealed, for there was a real luncheon for Dolly and herself, all in twos! There were two tiny buttered biscuits, two very small apple turnovers, and two little frosted cakes. There were, also, two small bottles containing a brownish liquid. It was chocolate! Oh, how glad the Little Cousin was that she had passed the stage where she could not eat! It would have been hard, indeed, to have left all those goodies for Dolly. As it was she had to take food in very small bits, but that only made it last the longer; and if it did hurt a little once in a while she did not mind, it tasted so good. So on the whole, the luncheon was a very happy affair.

When the sixth present was pulled upon the bed the Little Cousin said, "Oh!" to the accompaniment of very bright eyes, for the shape of it told her that must be a carriage—a carriage for Dolly, and it proved to be one of the very prettiest that ever a small doll rode in. She was put on the seat in a twinkling, and had only one tumble—which did not even muss her dress, and the next time she was strapped in so that she could not fall.

The seventh gift was a little white bedstead, with mattress and sheets, a dear little puffy comfortable, and a dainty coverlet and two pillows. Of course, Dolly was tired enough after her ride to be undressed and go to bed, and very sweet she looked as she was tucked snugly in.

"Now shut your eyes and go right to sleep!" Dolly was bidden, and she obeyed at once.

"What a perfectly lovely birthday!" murmured Little Cousin, drawing her darling—bed and all—close to her pillow. Then she shut her own eyes, to keep Dolly company.

When the Merry Mother peeped in, the Little Cousin from Constantinople lay quite still among her treasures—fast asleep.

A VERY LITTLE STORY OF A VERY LITTLE GIRL

BY ALICE E. ALLEN

MOLLY was such a little girl that she did n't seem big enough to have a party all her own with truly ice-cream in it. But she had asked for one so many times that at last Mother decided to give her one. And the party was to be a surprise to Molly herself.

Early that afternoon Molly wanted to go for a little visit to Miss Eleanor. Miss Eleanor lived up Molly's street, in a white house with apple-green blinds. Molly often went all alone.

Miss Eleanor was always so sunny and full of songs and stories and games that Molly loved her next best to Father and Mother and Baby.

"You may go, dear," said Mother, "if you will come home exactly at three o'clock."

"You always say exactly three o'clock, Mother," said Molly.

"Well, five minutes after three, then," laughed Mother. "And, Molly, so that you won't forget this time, all the way to Miss Eleanor's, say over and over, 'Five minutes after three.' Then, just as soon as you get there, say the words quickly to Miss Eleanor, 'Five minutes after three.'"

"Five minutes after three," said Molly; "I can remember that."

"That will give me plenty of time to get ready for the party," thought Mother.

Up the street with her white parasol flew Molly. "Five minutes after three," she said over and over in a whisper until she began to sing it. "Five minutes after three," she sang until she stopped a moment on the bridge to see some boys fishing. Just about there, a big dog who was a friend of Molly's ran out to say, "Good afternoon."

"Oh, Fritzie," cried Molly, "I 'm going to Miss Eleanor's to make her a visit. Want to come?"

But Fritz had the house to look after. So Molly gave him a hug and ran along.

"Three minutes after five," sang Molly; "three minutes after five," over and over until she ran into Miss Eleanor's sunny little sitting-room.

"Three minutes after five," cried Molly; "that 's how long I can stay. Won't that be nice?"

"Why, it 's little Molly!" cried Miss Eleanor. "I 'm all alone and so glad to have company! We 'll hear the clock strike five. Then, if you put on your wraps, you 'll be all ready to start home at three minutes past."

It seemed a very very short time to Molly before the little clock struck five.

"There, deary," said Miss Eleanor. "Put on your things and hurry right along!"

Molly put on her hat and coat. Then she kissed Miss Eleanor and hurried down the street.

When she reached the corner, she saw that the parlor at home was all lighted. And out of it came such a hubbub of little voices all laughing and talking that Molly ran faster than ever.

At the door she met Mother.

"Oh, Molly, where have you been?" cried



"SHE STOPPED FOR A MOMENT ON THE BRIDGE."

Mother. "I could n't go after you because I could n't leave Baby. And I could n't take him."

Molly scarcely heard. "Oh, Mother, Mother," she cried, "it looks like a party. And it sounds like one. Is it a party, Mother?"

"Yes," said Mother, "your own little party, Molly. And you 're the only one who is late. How could you forget?"

"But I did n't forget, Mother," cried Molly, hurrying out of her coat, "truly I did n't. Every step of the way I said it, and I said it to Miss Eleanor the very first thing."

"What did you say?" asked Mother.

"Three minutes after five," said Molly.

Mother laughed. "Why, Molly dear, you got the hour and minutes turned around. I said *five* minutes after *three*. Well, never mind. Run along just as you are. It 's a lovely party, dear, with truly ice-cream in it."

ELSIE'S FIRST AID TO THE INJURED.

BY HENRY M. NEELY.

OLD Doctor Potter sat in his office reading his paper and listening to the dismal patter of the rain on the windows. It was a drowsy day and he was very tired and it was not long before the paper slipped from his hands and his head fell back upon the chair.

He was not asleep. He had just fallen into that delightful doze that is half sleep and half waking, when there came a timid knocking upon the door.

The Doctor sat up suddenly and collected his dignity as quickly as possible.

"Come in," he called in a deep voice.

The door did not budge.

He had almost made up his mind that he had imagined it all when the knocking came again, even more timidly than before.

"Come in," he called again, and in answer, the door was pushed slowly open and a little girl, very thin and wet and woe-begone, stuck her head into the office.

"Please, sir," she faltered.
"Are you the Doctor?"

Doctor Potter beamed down upon her kindly.

"Yes, little woman," he said. "What can I do for you?"

She dragged herself forward by inches until at last she was wholly within the room, and there she stood shifting from one foot to the other.

"Well, what is it?" he asked encouragingly.
"Please, sir, it's a hurted little bird," she said.
The Doctor looked puzzled.

"A hurt bird," he repeated. "Have you got it with you?"

"No, sir." She pointed a wet finger toward the street. "It's out there."



"SHE WALKED CONFIDENTLY AHEAD OF HIM ALONG THE WET VILLAGE STREET."

Doctor Potter rose and looked out of the window.

"I don't see it," he said. "Have you got it in a cage?"

She shook her head slowly.

"No, sir," she said. "It's layin' in th' gutter."

"In the gutter?" he repeated, growing

more puzzled. Then he drew the wet little form upon his knee.

"Now tell me all about it from the beginning," he said, "and we'll see what we can do about it."

Her face brightened as though the sun had come out from behind the clouds.

"Well I wuz walkin' down th' street and it wuz rainin' awful an' I wuz runnin' an' it fell outer th' tree right into th' gutter an' it jest laid there an' cried an' it could n't get up an' I run in here an' telled you about it an' that's about all I guess."

Doctor Potter threw back his head and laughed heartily.

"I suppose you would have exploded if you had n't said all that in one breath, would n't you?" he asked, and when he saw how really serious she was he rose and put on his hat.

"All right," he said. "Come on out and we'll see what we can do for it."

She walked confidently ahead of him as they trudged along the wet village street, and when they reached the corner she stopped suddenly and pointed to the gutter a few feet away.

"There 'tis," she said.

Doctor Potter followed the direction of her finger and saw struggling pitifully in the mud, a wounded sparrow.

"Oh, is that all it is?" he asked. "I thought it was a pet of yours."

"No," she answered. "'T ain't a pet. It's jest a sparrer only it's hurted an' I thought you would cure it," and two big tears started down her already wet cheek.

"There, never mind," said the Doctor as he picked up the wounded bird. "Come along back to my office and we'll see what we can do for your little friend."

When they reached the steps he turned to her and asked,—

"Why did you leave it lying there? Why did n't you bring it with you?"

She drew back a step.

"Cause I wuz 'fraid," she said. "They bites, does n't they?"

"You're a little brick," he said, and led the way into the office.

She stood watching him with wondering eyes as he examined the patient and when he

muttered, "Broken leg," she seemed to understand just how serious it was.

"But you can cure it, can't you?" she asked.

He went to a drawer and took out some bandages and then to another and took out some bottles with medicine in them and for ten minutes he worked over the little sufferer without saying a word.

When he had finished, he turned to her and said,—

"There, we'll let him rest here for a little while and it won't be many days before he will be well enough to go out. What are you doing?"

She had taken something from her pocket and was examining it in her hand. She held it out to him as she answered,—

"It's only six cents, but I guess that will be enough, won't it? If it costs more, I guess you'll have to wait till I save more, 'cause that's all I've got."

He thought for a long time before he answered.

"Well I'll tell you," he said finally. "You keep that money until I get ready to make out my bill and when I am ready to do that, I'll let you know. That's the way we always do business. Meanwhile we'll put your sick friend in the box of soft cotton where he can rest easily. And now you must tell me your name and address so that I will know where to send my bill."

She watched him write on a card,

ELSIE RITTER,
147 Main St.,
(Bird with broken leg)

and then she said good-bye to him very seriously, as any of his patients would have done, and went out.

A week went by and then another, but still she did not get the bill and she was going to call on him and remind him of it when one day she received a box and a letter in the mail. When she opened the box, she gave a little cry of surprise and delight and drew out to the astonished sight of her mother, a beautiful bronze medal tied with ribbon and arranged with a pin to fasten it to her dress.

But even the wonder that she felt at seeing her name engraved upon one side of the medal did not equal her wonder at the letter that accompanied it. It said,—

of how that little girl had offered to give him all her pennies if he would cure it. We were all very much interested in the story. Our Society gives out Medals of Honor every year to whomever we think worthy of them and when Doctor Potter said he thought that little



"IT'S ONLY SIX CENTS, BUT I GUESS THAT WILL BE ENOUGH, WON'T IT?"

MY DEAR LITTLE GIRL,

Have you ever heard of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals? You probably have not but at one of our meetings the other day, Doctor Potter, who is our Treasurer, told us the story of a kind-hearted little girl who had run through the rain to get him to help a suffering bird which she was afraid to touch and

girl deserved one, we all agreed that she did. If you do not understand it all, just ask your mother to explain it to you.

With the very best wishes, I am,

Your friend and admirer,

JAMES H. ROBERTS.

(Corresponding Secretary.)



THE LOST MONEY

BY BOLTON HALL



DORIS'S papa gave her a five-dollar bill, such a lot of money! Doris went to a big bank and asked if they could give her smaller money for it. The banker said he thought they could. So he gave her two two-dollar bills and a big silver dollar. How much did that make? Doris wanted the dollar changed again; so the banker asked if she would have two fifty-cent pieces, or one fifty-cent piece and two quarters—or perhaps four quarters or ten dimes—or twenty five-cent pieces—or a hundred pennies.

Doris thought a hundred pennies would be a good many to count and to carry, so she said she would take two quarters, three dimes and four five-cent pieces.

She laid away four dollars in the bank, those were the two bills, and put the change in her purse. When she went to the shop, she had such a lot of money that she thought she never could spend it. So she bought a paint-box with two little saucers in it for 10 cents; that left her 90 cents; and then a big rubber balloon for 25 cents; that left 65 cents; and a little one for 10 cents; and then Doris bought a whole pound of candy for thirty cents. Out of the 25 cents she had left, it cost 10 cents to go in the car.

When Doris got home she opened her paint-box. What do you think? Of course it was only a cheap paint-box and the paints were so hard that they would not paint at all. Doris cut out the dolls, but they were no better than those in any newspaper's colored supplement. Doris's mama said that the candy was too bad to eat at all, and the rubber balloons got wrinkled and soft in the night, because the gas went out of them. Doris cried when she saw them. "Now," she said, "I have nothing left of my beautiful dollar but 15 cents."

"I'm sorry, Dearie," Doris's mama said, "but it's bad enough to have wasted one dollar without crying about it, too. When you and I go out, we'll try to get such good things for the next dollar, that it will make up for our mistake about this one. The next bright day they went to the bank and got another dollar.

Now Doris's mama was a very wise person (mamas often are). So they went to a store where there were some books that had been wet a little by the firemen when the store caught fire. There they found a large, fine book of animal stories with pictures in it that had been 50 cents, but the book-store man sold it for 10 cents, because the back cover and a little bit of the edge was stained with water and smoke.

That left—how much? Ninety cents. Doris's brother had told her he would teach her to play marbles, so she bought six glass marbles for 5 cents and a hoop with a stick for 5 more. That left 80 cents.

Then Doris asked if her mama thought she could buy a pair of roller skates. Her mama said they could ask how much roller skates cost, but the shopman said they were a dollar a pair! So Doris said she would save up the 80 cents that was left of her dollar and wait until she had enough for the skates.

However, a little boy was looking in at the window of the toy-shop and he looked so sad, and so longingly at the toys, that Doris spoke to him, and when he said he wanted one of the red balls, she bought it for 5 cents, and gave it to him. That left 75 cents.

When they got home, they told papa about the skates and he said he could get them down-town for 75 cents, and he did.

So Doris learned by losing her first dollar, to get a lot of good things that would be more useful and would last longer, with her second dollar.



DOROTHEA'S SCHOOL GIFTS

BY EUNICE WARD

"It seems very queer," said Dorothea thoughtfully, "people who are going to do something nice always have presents given them, but people who are going to do something horrid never get a thing, and they need it twice as much."

"As for instance?" said her father, laying down his paper and drawing her onto his knee, while the rest of the family prepared to give the customary amused attention to their youngest's remarks.

"Well, when Cousin Edith went to Europe we all gave her presents to take with her, and when



"YOU KNOW SCHOOL BEGINS NEXT WEEK," SAID DOROTHEA."

she came home lots of people sent her flowers. Anita's been getting cups and things ever since she was engaged, and last spring, when Florence graduated, almost all the family gave her something; and when Mary Bowman was confirmed she got a lovely white prayer-book and a gold cross and chain. But when people are going to do what they hate to do, they're left out in the cold."

"What are you going to do that you don't like, Baby?" asked Florence.

"Why, you know, school begins again next week," said Dorothea. "It makes me feel quite mournful, and I don't see anything to cheer me up and make it interesting for me." A little smile was hidden in the corners of her mouth although her tone was as doleful as possible.

"If you were going to boarding-school—" began Anita, who was apt to take everything seriously.

"Then I'd have lots of things," interrupted Dorothea. "New clothes and a trunk and a bag, and you'd all come to see me off, and it would be interesting. But I'm going to work just as hard here at day-school, and yet I've got to bear it, all by myself."

Her father pinched her ear, and her big brother Jim offered to have a bunch of roses placed on her desk at school if that would make her feel better, while her two sisters looked at each other as though the same idea had occurred to them both.

ON the morning of the first day of school, Dorothea was suddenly awakened by a loud ting-a-ling-a-ling. She sat up in bed and rubbed her eyes. The room was flooded with morning light and the brass knobs on her bed gleamed cheerfully at her and seemed to say: "Get up, get up!" Now Dorothea was a "sleepyhead" and had seldom been known to get up when first awakened. It usually took at least three calls from her mother or the girls, and sometimes Jim stole in and administered a "cold pig," that is, a few drops of chilly water

squeezed upon her neck from a sponge, before she was ready to leave her comfortable bed.

"It's an alarm clock," thought Dorothea. "But where is it?" Her eyes traveled sleepily around the room but saw nothing that had not been there the night before. The ting-a-ling-a-ling sounded once more. "It's in this room somewhere!" she exclaimed, bouncing out of bed.

She looked on bureau, washstand, bookcase, and window-seat, and then jumped, for the loud ting-a-ling came almost from underneath her feet. She hastily lifted the drooping cover of a little table that stood near the window, and there on the edge of the lower shelf stood an alarm-clock of the ordinary pattern but of rather extraordinary appearance, owing to a large yellow paper ruff which encircled its face.

"How did it get there?" exclaimed Dorothea in astonishment; and as she gazed the clock burst forth with another loud ting-a-ling.

"Is n't it ever going to stop doing that?" she said, lifting it as she spoke. The yellow ruff seemed to have something written on it, so she took it off and, smoothing it out, read:

DEAR DOLLY: Happy school-day! After much earnest consideration I have selected this as a suitable reminder of this joyful (?) anniversary. It will continue to remind you five mornings in the week, thereby saving your family much wear and tear, for it will be properly wound and set every night by

Your affectionate brother,

JIM.

P.S. When you are sufficiently aroused, press the lever and the alarm will stop.

"It 's one of those awful clocks that go off every minute!" said Dorothea, carefully examining it to find the lever. She almost dropped it when it began another of its loud and long rings, but she soon found and pressed the lever and thereafter the clock was silent except for its customary tick.

"I don't believe I shall ask anybody to give me presents any more," she said, eying Jim's "reminder" with disfavor. But she changed her mind a little later when, on looking for a clean handkerchief, she discovered a flat square box tied with blue ribbon, and, opening it, saw half a dozen handkerchiefs with narrow blue borders and a little blue D in the corner. On the top was Cousin Edith's visiting-card, on the back of which was printed in fantastic letters:

Dear Dolly: Use a handkerchief
Whenever you're inclined to sniff.
But with this band of blue I think
They don't need polka-dots of ink.

It was a constant wonder to the household what Dorothea did with her handkerchiefs when she was at school. In vain she protested that she did n't wipe her pen on them, and she did n't use them as blotters or to wash out her ink-well;



but, nevertheless, black stains almost always appeared upon them, and Florence insisted that the family had to buy an extra pint of milk a day to take out all these ink-stains. Cousin Edith was too frequent a visitor not to know all the family plans and jokes; and Dolly, as she laughed and shook out one of the blue-bordered squares, resolved that "polka-dots" should be conspicuous by their absence, for Edith would be sure to know.

She entered the breakfast room just as the family were sitting down to the table.

"Behold the effects of my generosity and forethought!" exclaimed Jim waving his hand toward her. "Our Youngest is in time for breakfast!"

"Many happy returns of the day, small sister," said Anita, just as if it was her birthday, kissing her good morning and slipping a little hard package into her hand. "Bob sends you this with his love."

"I don't mind returns of the day when it's like this," said Dorothea, opening the package and at the same time spying a couple of tissue-paper parcels lying beside her plate. Inside was a small chamois-skin case out of which slid a little pearl-handled penknife. The accompanying card bore the name of her future brother-in-law, and also these words:

I hesitate to offer you
This knife, for I shall be
Afraid that if you cut yourself
You straightway will cut me.

"How long did it take Bob to execute that masterpiece?" inquired Jim as Dorothea read it aloud.

"You're jealous," she said. "Yours was n't half so lovely as Cousin Edith's and Bob's. It was n't poetry at all."

"I left all the eloquence to my gift itself," answered Jim, helping himself to an orange.

Dorothea paid no attention to him, for she was opening a small package fastened by a rubber band. It was a silver-mounted eraser with a tiny brush at one end. The inclosed note read:

This advice I must repeat;
Spare the rub and spoil the sheet.
If you can't restrain your speed,
This will prove a friend in need.

Dolly joined rather shamefacedly in the general smile, as she thanked Florence, whose writing she had recognized. She was very apt to postpone her work until the last minute, and then rush through it as fast as possible; her compositions suffered from the many careless mistakes that she was always in too much of a hurry to

correct, while her drawings belonged to what Jim called the "slap-dash school."

"We shall know by the amount of rubber left at the end of the term whether you have taken my valuable advice," said Florence. "What's in



"'MANY HAPPY RETURNS OF THE DAY, SMALL SISTER,' SAID ANITA."

that other package, Baby? I know it is Anita's by the extreme elegance of its appearance."

Dorothea opened an oblong package tied with green ribbon and found a set of blotters fastened to a dark green suède cover ornamented with an openwork design of four-leaf clovers, and a pen-wiper to match. On top lay a slip of paper on which was written in Anita's pretty hand:

Wishing "Our Youngest" good luck and a happy school year.

"I'm not good at verses, so you'll have to be content with plain prose," said Anita; and Dorothea assured her that she was quite satisfied.

"Half past eight, Dolly," said her mother when breakfast was over. "It is time you started."

"Oh, not yet, mother," said Dorothea the Dawdler. "It only takes me fifteen minutes."

"Now, see here," said Jim; "what do you suppose stirring young business-men like your father and brother are lingering until the nine o'clock

train for, unless it is to see you off for school? We want to give you as good a send-off as pos-



"'LEND ME YOUR PENCILS, WON'T YOU,
JIM?' SAID DOROTHEA."

sible, for you 're going to be absent four whole hours, but we can't,—unless you do your part and begin to go pretty soon. I don't believe you 've got all your books together, as it is."

"Yes, I have," answered Dorothea triumphantly. "They are all on the hall table, for I put them there last night. Oh, gracious!" she exclaimed blankly: "I forgot to see whether I had any pencils! I don't believe I have one! Jim, lend me yours, won't you? Just for to-day."

"Lend you my most cherished possession? Never!" said Jim, placing his hand dramatically over his breast pocket.

"Then, Daddy, won't you please lend me yours?"

"Trot along, trot along!" said her father; and Dorothea, not knowing quite what to make of having her demands thus ignored, put on her big sailor hat and started to gather up her books. On top of the pile was a slender inlaid box under a card bearing the words, "For Dolly, from

Father." Pushing back the sliding cover, Dorothea saw that the box contained a row of pencils, all beautifully sharpened, a dozen pens, and a slim gunmetal penholder.

"Oh!" she squealed with delight. "So that 's why you would n't lend me any pencils!" and gave her father a hug.

"Hurry up, now," said Jim. "Don't forget we 've got to see ourselves off after we 've seen you."

"Why don't you take your bag?" asked Anita.

"It 's too small for my new Geography," answered Dorothea, placing this huge outward and visible sign of her progress in learning so that it would form a foundation for the rest of her books. "Besides, it 's too shabby."

"You had better take it to-day, anyhow, as you have so much to carry," suggested her mother. "I brought it downstairs and it 's on the hat-rack."

"I just hate it!" pouted Dorothea, turning; and then stopped in surprise, for instead of her little old satchel, a large new one made of soft dark brown leather was hanging on the rack. It was ornamented on one side with her monogram in raised tan-colored letters, and it was large enough for the largest Geography that she was ever likely to have.

"Who gave me that?" she cried. "Oh, I know—Mother! It 's just exactly what I wanted. I think going to school this way is perfectly lovely!" she added as she slipped her other possessions into the bag.

"Twenty minutes to nine!" called Jim warningly.

"All right, I 'm going now," answered Dorothea gaily as she kissed them all around.

"And the first day of school is n't so dismal after all, is it?" said her father.

"Oh, it 's splendid, just splendid!" she replied enthusiastically. At the gate she turned to wave her hand at the assembled family, who waved back at her vigorously; and then, swinging her bag, she ran off down the street toward school.



"AT THE GATE SHE TURNED
TO WAVE HER HAND."

THE HILLS OF COUNTERPANE

BY
EDWARD WESTCOTT PECKHAM



MARGARET AND HER FLOCKS.

HERE are two of the stories which almost told themselves to Daddy, who told them to Margaret, about the people and animals that lived among "The Hills of Counterpane." And, as he told them, Daddy took sheets of white or colored paper, and just by folding them made out of this paper all the people and animals he told about—so that the "hills" were covered with them.

I. MARGARET AND HER FLOCKS

MARGARET's flocks roamed far over the Hills of Counterpane. Had you seen the odd plants and trees that grew there, you might have thought it some far-away tropical country, but Margaret and Daddy found it very interesting.

The shepherd's name was Grump, because he was so, Margaret said. He called his dog Carlo, and if a man does not know his own dog's name, who does?

Grump and Carlo lived in a little farm-house back from the hills, with Grump's wife, Lucretia Ann. That was her name, because, at a farm where Margaret had once spent a summer, Lucretia Ann always fed the hens and chickens, and there were many of them at the little paper farm for Grump's wife to care for.

Billie Boy and Sister Polly lived in the little farm-house too, and went every day down the road to the pretty little red school-house.

Many things happened among the hills and on the little farm, but, where there are so many interesting people, things always *do* happen, and so came the thought that other Margarets and Billies and Dorchys might like to hear how Margaret and Daddy watched these little paper people on the Hills of Counterpane and made up stories about them that almost told themselves.

II. THE CIRCUS

ONE day, a long time after school closed, and the little red school-house was shut up for the summer, Billie Boy went down to the village with Uncle John, to have some new tires put on the wagon-wheels. It was a most exciting trip, but what interested Billie Boy most, after the blacksmith, his forge, and the flying sparks, was the big colored pictures which were all over the outside of the little shop and on the near-by fences. They were really the most wonderful things he had ever seen and were all about a circus that was coming to town. Billie Boy thought it must be a combination of fairy-land and all the wonder stories he had ever read. When he got home he tried to tell Sister Polly about it. He told her all he remembered, and much that he fancied. She thought as he did, that it was almost too wonderful to be true; and when he told her it was all to be seen down at the village, "afternoon and eve-

ning for one day only" the coming week, she first clapped her hands and said "Oh!" and opened her big blue eyes wider than before, if that were possible.

Then Billie Boy had the great inspiration. "We 'll go," said he. "To the circus?" asked Sister Polly. "To the circus," answered Billie Boy, and after that all Sister Polly could do was to say "Oh!" once more.

How long the days were, but at last came a bright and beautiful morning, and it was *the* day. They were both up bright and early, and all ready to start before breakfast; but they had to wait awhile for Grump and Mother Ann, who went too,

and then they all went in, and "Oh!" said Billie Boy and his eyes grew large, and "Oh!" said Sister Polly and *her* eyes grew large; for there were all the cages, and the circus, and the great white bear, and the kangaroos, and the giraffes, and the camels, and the elephants, and many more too numerous to mention. After they had tried to see them all, they went into the tent, and they all climbed way up to the top of the blue board seats, and there before them were all the rings, and the air was full of the noise of animals, and the band was playing gaily, and at the far end there were the most tantalizing curtains, through which one caught glimpses of horses and people,

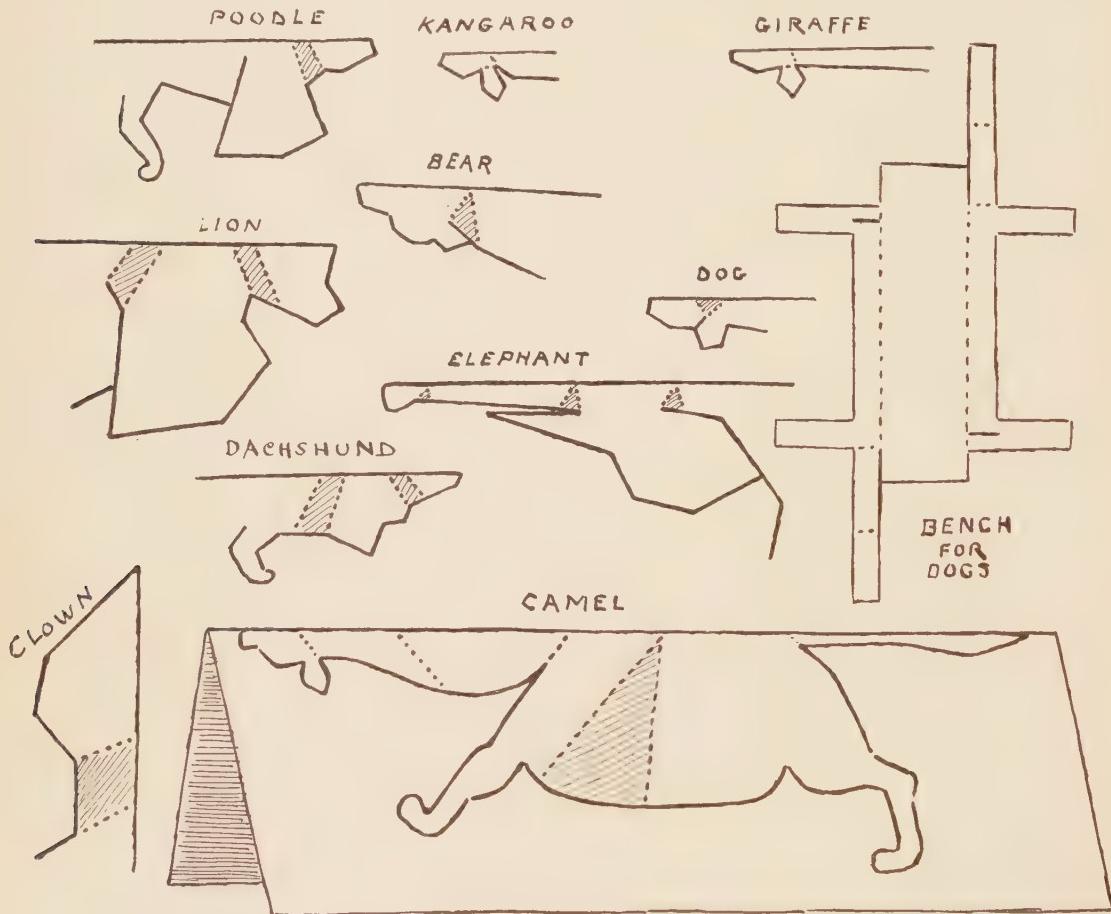


FIG. I. PATTERNS OF ANIMAL HEADS, THE ANIMALS TO BE DRAWN COMPLETE BEFORE CUTTING,
AS SHOWN IN OUTLINE SKETCH OF THE CAMEL.

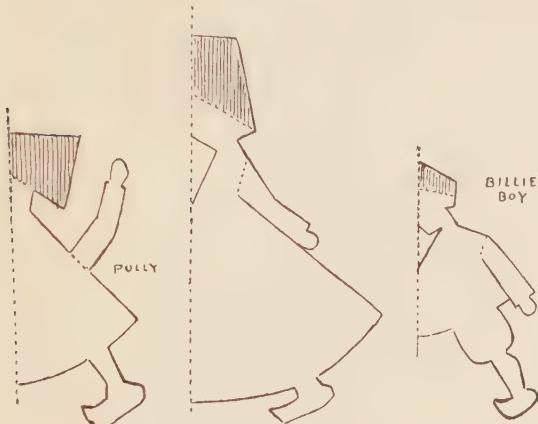
which was, on the whole, rather fortunate, for after they had seen the "grand street-parade," when they all came to the big tents, Billie Boy and Sister Polly were surprised to find that one had to have tickets to go in with, and no one had told them about that. Grump bought the tickets,

and so many mysterious things that it just kept you guessing every minute.

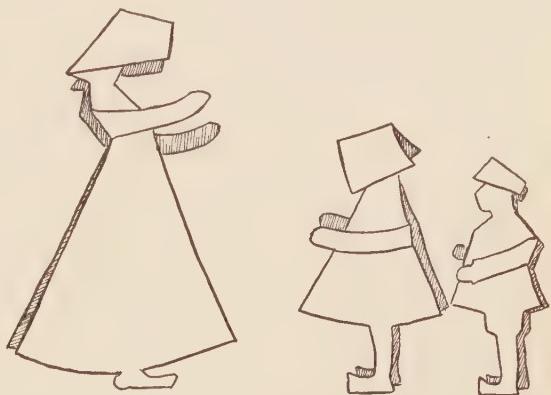
Then, after a long, long time, the band played louder and struck up the grand march, and at last the curtains opened, and the gaily caparisoned horses and all the beautiful ladies and their es-

corts came riding in stately array. Sister Polly just held tight hold of Billie Boy's hand, and they both said "Oh!" together, and they looked and looked, and they could n't look enough to see it all,

a double joint in the neck, fold, for the best effect, over and under. The same with the heads. A pinch here and there, especially in the legs, which are best cut a little heavy, helps the effect.

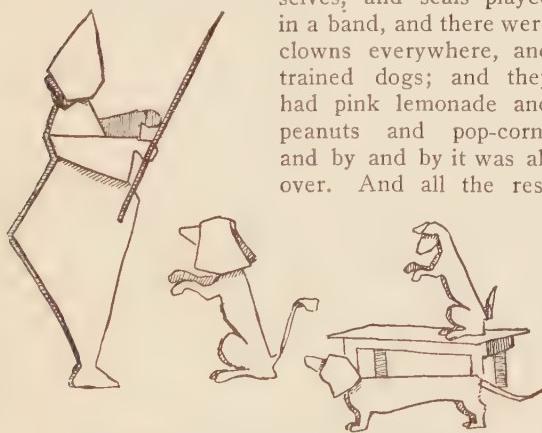


PATTERN TO BE DRAWN ON FOLDED PAPER.



BILLIE BOY, SISTER POLLY, AND THEIR MOTHER.

for horses danced and ponies pranced and people flew through the air, and elephants marched and sat on pedestals and made pyramids of themselves, and seals played in a band, and there were clowns everywhere, and trained dogs; and they had pink lemonade and peanuts and pop-corn, and by and by it was all over. And all the rest



THE CLOWN AND HIS TRICK DOGS.

of the summer, they talked about it, and Billie Boy said he was going to be a clown and go with a circus when he grew up, and then Sister Polly said she was going to be one too, and that led to a discussion which is still unsettled.

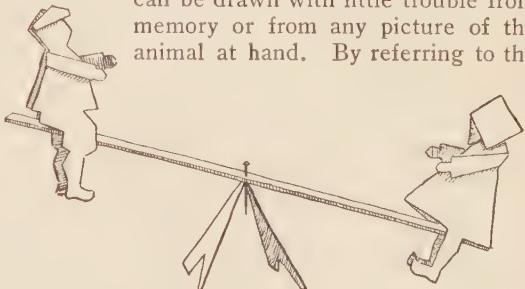
THESE are two of the little stories told about the paper folk and animals of the Hills of Counterpane.

All the figures are cut from the folded edge of paper folded once. Sometimes the ears of the animals are cut from the neck, sometimes at an angle. A drooping tail folds into the body at the base, an uplifted one folds over. Where there is

To find the "center of gravity" in the people—that is, to find the position in which they will balance when standing—requires some experimenting, but all can be made to stand, and much expression can be given to them.

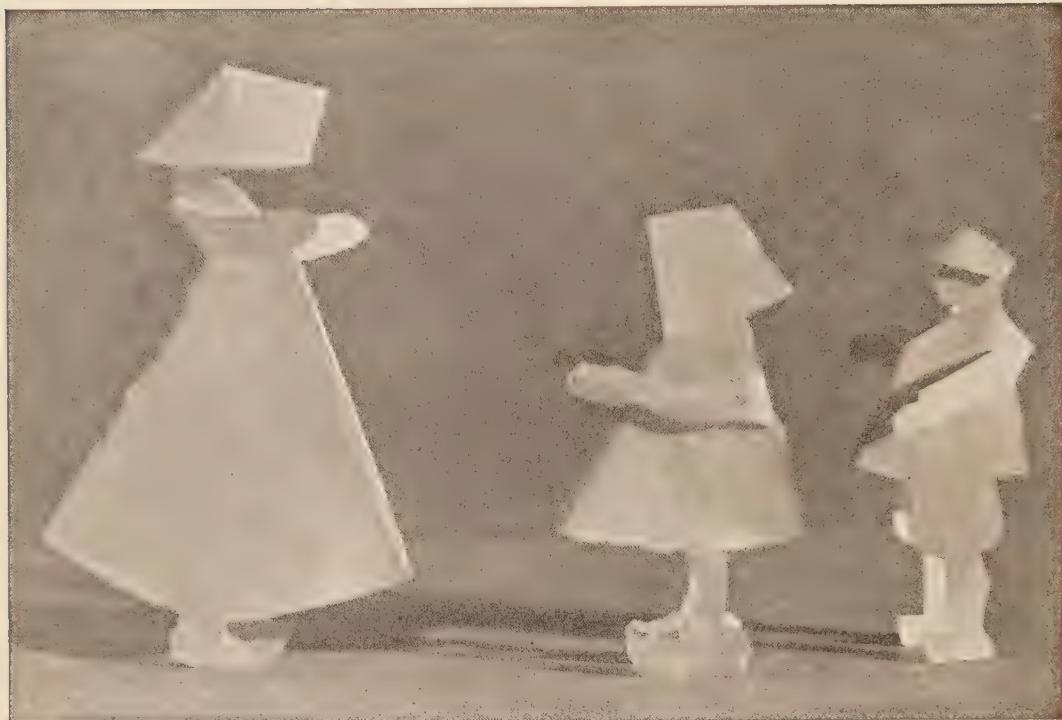
Trees are made by cutting an unfolded strip of paper in strips two thirds through; fold or twist the uncut third for trunk, and curl branches on a knife-blade. Leave a base. When I first learned how to make these figures, I tore them out with my fingers, but pencil and scissors are a great help. The figures on the upper half of page 353 are from a photograph of torn (not cut) originals.

In Fig. I are shown a number of patterns, mostly of heads of animals, and of a clown. As the head is the only part that might present any difficulty, it has not been thought necessary to give a pattern for the rest of the bodies, as these can be drawn with little trouble from memory or from any picture of the animal at hand. By referring to the



THE CHILDREN'S SEE-SAW.

pattern of the camel in Fig. I it will be plain how the various animals are to be made after completing the drawing of the animal desired, starting



LUCRETIA ANN, BILLIE BOY, AND SISTER POLLY. (ACTUAL FIGURES TORN OUT OF PAPER.)

with the appropriate head-pattern given. These are all cut from a once-folded piece of paper (except the bench, the *complete* pattern for which is given).

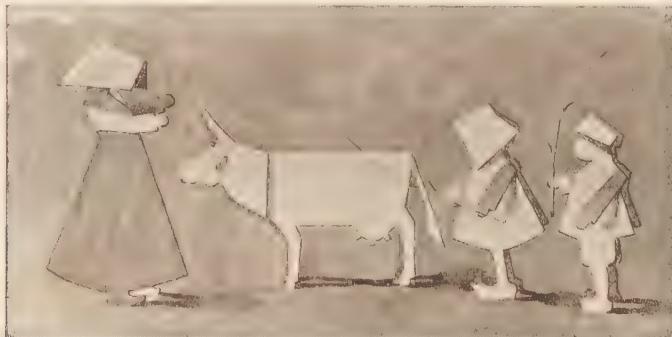
As to size, this may be just as the boy or girl prefers, and according to the size of the paper to be used. As a rule the size of the figures shown on the upper part of this page will be found most satisfactory—of course a little larger if an elephant, and smaller if a dog, etc.

The figures are symmetrical and are cut from paper folded once, the fold being the central line. In a human figure the line is in the front, in an animal it forms the back. The diagrams show half the figure. *Cut out on the lines; fold on the dots* after cutting out. The illustrations show all the

folds. Most of the bodies are simple and easily drawn; the heads are more complicated, so I have shown a number of them. The camel might prove difficult, but I have shown him entire. His forelegs fold over the body. The bear's fore quarters fold down and over the body. The clown's head and hat are made by a double fold down to a line across the neck and up again, the same fold that makes Billie Boy's hat, only deeper.

In making new figures, experiment; fold the head and neck first, then draw the body as it comes. An unexpected pinch or twist will sometimes get an excellent effect.

Cutting the animals from different-colored papers is very effective. But remember: *cut on the full lines and fold on the dotted lines.*





THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR

BY ADELE BILDERSEE

It was all the fault of the Little Girl Next Door. She it was who made Dorothy's life a burden to her. And it was just because the Little Girl Next Door was such a very nice little girl that she caused the trouble in Dorothy's heart. Every morning when Katie, Dorothy's nurse, insisted on smartly brushing the little girl's tangled hair, and Dorothy scowled and squirmed, Katie aggravatingly praised the Little Girl Next Door, who actually enjoyed having her hair brushed and braided. When the soapy water splashed into Dorothy's eyes and Dorothy whimpered, Nursie sighed and spoke enthusiastically of the Little Girl Next Door, whose face always shone with soap-and-water and good nature. Then when Dorothy "fidgeted" at breakfast, and just a very little of the messy yellow egg unluckily dropped upon the clean table-cloth, even Mama was sure that the Little Girl Next Door always sat nicely in her chair.

This bright March morning things were even worse than usual. The dazzlingly white world that Dorothy saw through the frosty panes of her bedroom window so excited the little girl that her curly brown hair was "spunkier" than ever. She danced excitedly through the whole tedious performance of being dressed. At the breakfast-table her round eyes were so fixed on the snow-clad street that peeped enticingly through the curtained windows, that her table manners caused first grieved, then indignant, comparison with "Miss Perfection" in the house next door.

It was then that Dorothy decided that no roof was big enough to hold her and that disagreeable

family recounted her merits, without a thought of the Little Girl Next Door. "Then they will be sorry," thought Dorothy, and a great, self-pitying tear slid down her chubby cheek and over her tip-tilted nose. She stealthily wiped away the tear, finished her milk, and took a farewell look at the familiar room, with an unsuspecting mother smiling at her from across the table, and a soon-to-be-humbled Nursie bustling about.

Dorothy put on her blue sailor-coat with the anchor embroidered on the sleeve, as somehow appropriate for an exciting adventure, and tied her warm cap over her ears. Then she slipped into her overshoes without assistance, and pulled on her mittens. And here she remembered, bitterly, that the Little Girl Next Door never came home from play with one red mitten, the other gone forever. Strengthened in her purpose by this thought, Dorothy tucked her youngest doll into her big coat pocket for company, and stole out into the wide, cold world.

It was a cold world, a snowy, sparkling world. It looked strangely white to Dorothy as she blinked at it from the door-step. The trees along the street had glistening jackets of brittle ice. The wind playfully knocked their branches together until they clapped hands. Gay little bells tinkled when the bits of ice fell down on the frosty pavement. As far as Dorothy's eye could see, great banks of snow lined the street. What little girl could be angry in such a clean, jolly-looking world? Dorothy could not, yet she was a little girl who had just left home forever, without saying good-by. As she danced along on her

sturdy little legs, her grieved, angry spirit passed out of her, out into the winter world, on her frosty breath, perhaps. She had scarcely reached the end of the long suburban street when, with one lingering regret for her fascinating dreams of the awful misery her loss would cause in her family, she turned squarely about and trudged resolutely toward home.

there was no one to dispute her title, no one to friendly battle with her for the possession of the fort. Her lonely "running away from home" had lost its charm.

As she looked about for enemies to conquer, she saw, close at hand, another little girl, building another fort. Dorothy hopefully went a little nearer. The other little girl raised her head and



"IT WAS THE LITTLE GIRL NEXT DOOR!"

Generous resolutions quickened her footsteps. She would surprise Nursie by packing neatly into their box the building-blocks she had tumbled sleepily into a corner the night before. She would—but here in a snow-pile, where she had left it the day before when she was called in from play, she spied her snow-shovel, lying beside her unfinished snow-fort. The poor fort cried out to Dorothy to make it high and beautiful. She would do that before she made peace with disloyal Nursie.

Dorothy soon built up the wall of her castle. Now her fort was ready for a garrison, and with cheeks aglow she proudly manned the walls. But

looked up. Dorothy stood stock-still. There was no mistaking that oft-seen, familiar face. It was the Little Girl Next Door!

Dorothy stared at the Little Girl, and the Little Girl stared at Dorothy.

"I should like to play with you," said the Little Girl, slowly, "but—"

"But what?" asked Dorothy, belligerently.

"But you are so awfully good. You are just like what I ought to be."

For a moment Dorothy was speechless. Then, "Goodness!" she cried. "Katie, my nurse, wants me to be like you. She's all the time praising you up, and says you're terribly good!"

"Why-ee!" exclaimed the Little Girl, excitedly, "whenever I'm naughty, Mama always says that she wishes I was like the Little Girl Next Door."

Dorothy gasped. "Then don't you like to have your hair brushed?" she asked incredulously.

"No, indeed! Do you go to bed the very second you're told, and never coax?"

Dorothy shook her head.

"They say you never tease for stories," crowed the Little Girl again.

"Nurse says you never break your toys."

"You're very polite—always say 'Scuse me' when you step in front of people."

"You—but tell me, truly, are you really like that, every single day?"

"No," said the Little Girl Next Door, emphatically; "no, never; not *any* day. Are you?"

"Deed no," sighed Dorothy, ecstatically. Then, "Let's build this fort together."

By dinner-time the fort was completed and an eternal friendship was cemented. In response to a sharp rapping on the window-panes at the house of each the two builders at last parted.

As Dorothy came into the house, she suddenly remembered that the last time she had crossed the threshold she had not said good-by. She had gone away to blight the family happiness, with hateful thoughts about the Little Girl Next Door rankling in her heart. She stood up on her toes to give her mother a hearty, penitent kiss.

"But, Katie," she called out gleefully, as she meekly submitted while Katie tied a napkin around her neck (a hated custom popularly supposed to be delighted in by the Little Girl Next Door), "the Little Girl Next Door does n't like it, *either*. She *told* me so. I played with her *all* morning. She tears her clothes, 'n' climbs fences, 'n' walks on walls, 'n' teases for stories, sometimes, 'n'—" But here Dorothy's italics were buried in her soup-spoon.

Mama and Nursie exchanged duly horrified glances at this revelation of the character of their model next door. On previous occasions they might have remarked that the Little Girl Next Door never talked while she ate. But now they both raised their eyebrows and were silent.



"MAMA AND NURSIE EXCHANGED DULY HORRIFIED GLANCES."

JAPANESE AND OTHER ORIENTAL STORIES

THE CUB'S TRIUMPH

ONCE upon a time there lived in a forest a badger and a mother fox with one little Cub.

There were no other beasts in the wood, because the hunters had killed them all with bows and arrows, or by setting snares. The deer, and the wild boar, the hares, the weasels, and the stoats—even the bright little squirrels—had been shot, or had fallen into traps. At last, only the badger and the fox, with her young one, were left, and they were starving, for they dared not venture from their holes for fear of the traps.

They did not know what to do, or where to turn for food. At last the badger said:

"I have thought of a plan. I will pretend to be dead. You must change yourself into a man, and take me into the town and sell me. With the money you get for me, you must buy food and bring it into the forest. When I get a chance I will run away, and come back to you, and we will eat our dinner together. Mind you wait for me, and don't eat any of it until I come. Next week it will be your turn to be dead, and my turn to sell—do you see?"

The fox thought this plan would do very well; so, as soon as the badger had lain down and pretended to be dead, she said to her little Cub:

"Be sure not to come out of the hole until I come back. Be very good and quiet, and I will soon bring you some nice dinner."

She then changed herself into a wood-cutter, took the badger by the heels and swung him over her shoulders, and trudged off into the town. There she sold the badger for a fair price, and with the money bought some fish, some *tofu*,* and some vegetables. She then ran back to the forest as fast as she could, changed herself into a fox again, and crept into her hole to see if little Cub was all right. Little Cub was there, safe enough, but very hungry, and wanted to begin upon the *tofu* at once.

"No, no," said the mother fox. "Fair play 's a jewel. We must wait for the badger."

*Curd made from white beans.

Soon the badger arrived, quite out of breath with running so fast.

"I hope you have n't been eating any of the dinner," he panted. "I could not get away sooner. The man you sold me to brought his wife to look at me, and boasted how cheap he had bought me. You should have asked twice as much. At last they left me alone, and then I jumped up and ran away as fast as I could."

The badger, the fox, and the Cub now sat down to dinner, and had a fine feast, the badger taking care to get the best bits for himself.

Some days after, when all the food was finished, and they had begun to get hungry again, the badger said to the fox:

"Now it 's your turn to die." So the fox pretended to be dead, and the badger changed himself into a hunter, shouldered the fox, and went off to the town, where he made a good bargain, and sold her for a nice little sum of money.

You have seen already that the badger was greedy and selfish. What do you think he did now? He wished to have all the money, and all the food it would buy for himself, so he whispered to the man who had bought the fox:

"That fox is only pretending to be dead; take care he does n't run away."

"We 'll soon settle that," said the man, and he knocked the fox on the head with a big stick, and killed her.

The badger next laid out the money in buying all the nice things he could think of. He carried them off to the forest, and there ate them all up himself, without giving one bit to the poor little Cub, who was all alone, crying for its mother, very sad, and very hungry.

Poor little motherless Cub! But, being a clever little fox, he soon began to put two and two together, and at last felt quite sure that the badger had, in some way, caused the loss of his mother.

He made up his mind that he would punish the badger; and, as he was not big enough or strong

enough to do it by force, he was obliged to try another plan.

He did not let the badger see how angry he was with him, but said in a friendly way:

"Let us have a game of changing ourselves into men. If you can change yourself so cleverly that I cannot find you out, you will have won the game; but, if I change myself so that you cannot find me out, then I shall have won the game. I will begin, if you like; and, you may be sure, I shall turn myself into somebody very grand while I am about it."

The badger agreed. So then, instead of changing himself at all, the cunning little Cub just went and hid himself behind a tree, and watched to

see what would happen. Presently there came along the bridge leading into the town a nobleman, seated in a sedan-chair, a great crowd of servants and men at arms following him.

The badger was quite sure that this must be the fox, so he ran up to the sedan-chair, put in his head, and cried:

"I've found you out! I've won the game!"

"A badger! A badger! Off with his head," cried the nobleman.

So one of the retainers cut off the badger's head with one blow of his sharp sword, the little Cub all the time laughing unseen behind the tree.

CHIN-CHIN KOBAKAMA

ONCE there was a little girl who was very pretty, but also very lazy. Her parents were rich, and had a great many servants; and these servants were very fond of the little girl, and did everything for her which she ought to have been able to do for herself. Perhaps this was what made her so lazy. When she grew up into a beautiful woman she still remained lazy; but as the servants always dressed and undressed her, and arranged her hair, she looked very charming, and nobody thought about her faults.

At last she was married to a brave warrior, and went away with him to live in another house where there were but few servants. She was sorry not to have as many servants as she had had at home, because she was obliged to do several things for herself which other folks had always done for her, and it was a great deal of trouble to her to dress herself, and take care of her own clothes, and keep herself looking neat and pretty to please her husband. But as he was a warrior, and often had to be far away from home with the army, she could sometimes be just as lazy as she wished, and her husband's parents were very old and good-natured, and never scolded her.

Well, one night while her husband was away with the army, she was awakened by queer little noises in her room. By the light of a big paper lantern she could see very well, and she saw strange things.

Hundreds of little men, dressed just like Japanese warriors, but only about one inch high, were dancing all around her pillow. They wore the same kind of dress her husband wore on holidays (*Kamishimo*, a long robe with square shoulders), and their hair was tied up in knots,

and each wore two tiny swords. They all looked at her as they danced, and laughed, and they all sang the same song over and over again:

"Chin-chin Kobakama,
Yomo fuké sōro—
Oshizumare, Hime-gimi!—
Ya ton ton!—"

Which meant: "We are the Chin-Chin Kobakama; the hour is late; sleep, honorable, noble darling!"

The words seemed very polite, but she soon saw that the little men were only making cruel fun of her. They also made ugly faces at her.

She tried to catch some of them, but they jumped about so quickly that she could not. Then she tried to drive them away, but they would not go, and they never stopped singing:

"Chin-chin Kobakama . . . "

and laughing at her. Then she knew they were little fairies, and became so frightened that she could not even cry out. They danced around her until morning; then they all vanished suddenly.

She was ashamed to tell anybody what had happened, because, as she was the wife of a warrior, she did not wish anybody to know how frightened she had been.

Next night, again, the little men came and danced; and they came also the night after that, and every night, always at the same hour, which the old Japanese used to call the "hour of the ox"; that is, about two o'clock in the morning by our time. At last she became very sick, through want of sleep and through fright. But the little men would not leave her alone.

When her husband came back home he was

very sorry to find her sick in bed. At first she was afraid to tell him what had made her ill, for fear that he would laugh at her. But he was so kind, and coaxed her so gently, that after a while she told him what happened every night.

He did not laugh at her at all, but looked very serious for a time. Then he asked:

"At what time do they come?"

She answered, "Always at the same hour—the 'hour of the ox.'"

"Very well," said her husband; "to-night I shall hide, and watch for them. Do not be frightened."

So that night the warrior hid himself in a closet in the sleeping-room, and kept watch through a chink between the sliding doors.

He waited and watched until the "hour of the ox." Then, all at once, the little men came up through the mats, and began their dance and their song:

"Chin-chin Kobakama,
Yomo fuké sôro. . . ."

They looked so queer, and danced in such a

funny way, that the warrior could scarcely keep from laughing. But he saw his young wife's frightened face; and then, remembering that nearly all Japanese ghosts and goblins are afraid of a sword, he drew his blade and rushed out of the closet, and struck at the little dancers. Immediately they all turned into—what do you think?

Toothpicks!

There were no more little warriors—only a lot of old toothpicks scattered over the mats.

The young wife had been too lazy to put her toothpicks away properly; and every day, after having used a new toothpick, she would stick it down between the mats on the floor, to get rid of it. So the little fairies who take care of the floor-mats became angry with her, and tormented her.

Her husband scolded her, and she was so ashamed that she did not know what to do. A servant was called, and the toothpicks were taken away and burned, and after that the little men never came back again.

THE WONDERFUL MALLET

ONCE upon a time there were two brothers. The elder was an honest and good man, but he was very poor, while the younger, who was dishonest and stingy, had managed to pile up a large fortune. The name of the elder was Kané, and that of the younger was Chô.

Now, one day Kané went to Chô's house, and begged for the loan of some seed-rice and some silkworms' eggs, for last season had been unfortunate, and he was in want of both.

Chô had plenty of good rice and excellent silkworms' eggs, but he was such a miser that he did not want to lend them. At the same time, he felt ashamed to refuse his brother's request, so he gave him some worm-eaten musty rice and some dead eggs, which he felt sure would never hatch.

Kané, never suspecting that his brother would play him such a shabby trick, put plenty of mulberry leaves with the eggs, to be food for the silkworms when they should appear. Appear they did, and thrrove and grew wonderfully, much better than those of the stingy brother, who was angry and jealous when he heard of it.

Going to Kané's house one day, and finding his brother was out, Chô took a knife and killed all the silkworms, cutting each poor little creature in two; then he went home without having been seen by anybody.

When Kané came home he was dismayed to find his silkworms in this state, but he did not suspect who had done him this bad trick, and tried to feed them with mulberry leaves as before. The silkworms came to life again, and doubled the number, for now each half was a living worm. They grew and thrrove, and the silk they spun was twice as much as Kané had expected. So now he began to prosper.

The envious Chô, seeing this, cut all his own silkworms in half, but, alas! they did not come to life again, so he lost a great deal of money, and became more jealous than ever.

Kané also planted the rice-seed which he had borrowed from his brother, and it sprang up, and grew and flourished far better than Chô's had done.

The rice ripened well, and he was just intending to cut and harvest it when a flight of thousands upon thousands of swallows came and began to devour it. Kané was much astonished, and shouted and made as much noise as he could in order to drive them away. They flew away, indeed, but came back immediately, so that he kept driving them away, and they kept flying back again.

At last he pursued them into a distant field, where he lost sight of them. He was by this



CHILDREN FOR EVERY DAY IN THE WEEK—IV WEDNESDAY:
Wednesday's child is full of woe.



By permission of V. A. Heek, Vienna.

AN UNWELCOME GUEST.

PICTURES OF CHILDREN AND CHILD LIFE BY FAMOUS ARTISTS—I.

time so hot and tired that he sat down to rest. By little and little his eyes closed, his head dropped upon a mossy bank, and he fell fast asleep.

Then he dreamed that a merry band of children came into the field, laughing and shouting. They sat down upon the ground in a ring, and one who seemed the eldest, a boy of fourteen or fifteen, came close to the bank on which he lay asleep, and, raising a big stone near his head, drew from under it a small wooden Mallet.

Then in his dream Kané saw this big boy stand in the middle of the ring with the Mallet in his hand, and ask the children each in turn, "What would you like the Mallet to bring you?" The first child answered, "A kite." The big boy shook the Mallet, upon which appeared immediately a fine kite with tail and string all complete. The next cried, "A battledore." Out sprang a splendid battledore and a shower of shuttlecocks. Then a little girl shyly whispered, "A doll." The Mallet was shaken, and there stood a beautifully dressed doll. "I should like all the fairy-tale books that have ever been written in the whole world," said a bright-eyed intelligent maiden, and no sooner had she spoken than piles upon piles of beautiful books appeared. And so at last the wishes of all the children were granted, and they stayed a long time in the field with the things the Mallet had given them. At last they got tired, and prepared to go home; the big boy first carefully hiding the Mallet under the stone from whence he had taken it. Then all the children went away.

Presently Kané awoke, and gradually remembered his dream. In preparing to rise he turned round, and there, close to where his head had lain, was the big stone he had seen in his dream. "How strange!" he thought, expecting he hardly knew what; he raised the stone, and there lay the Mallet!

He took it home with him, and, following the example of the children he had seen in his dream, shook it, at the same time calling out, "Gold" or "Rice," "Silk" or "Saké." Whatever he called for flew immediately out of the Mallet, so that he could have everything he wanted, and as much of it as he liked.

Kané being now a rich and prosperous man, Chô was of course jealous of him, and determined to find a magic mallet which would do as much for him. He came, therefore, to Kané and borrowed seed-rice, which he planted and tended with care, being impatient for it to grow and ripen soon.

It grew well and ripened soon, and now Chô watched daily for the swallows to appear. And, to be sure, one day a flight of swallows came and began to eat up the rice.

Chô was delighted at this, and drove them away, pursuing them to the distant field where Kané had followed them before. There he lay down, intending to go to sleep as his brother had done, but the more he tried to go to sleep the wider awake he seemed.

Presently the band of children came skipping and jumping, so he shut his eyes and pretended to be asleep, but all the time watched anxiously what the children would do. They sat down in a ring, as before, and the big boy came close to Chô's head and lifted the stone. He put down his hand to lift the Mallet, but no mallet was there.

One of the children said, "Perhaps that lazy old farmer has taken our Mallet." So the big boy laid hold of Chô's nose, which was rather long, and gave it a good pinch, and all the other children ran up and pinched and pulled his nose, and the nose itself got longer and longer; first it hung down to his chin, then over his chest, next down to his knees, and at last to his very feet.

It was in vain that Chô protested his innocence; the children pinched and pummeled him to their hearts' content, then capered round him, shouting and laughing, and making game of him, and so at last went away.

Now Chô was left alone, a sad and angry man. Holding his long nose painfully in both hands, he slowly took his way toward his brother Kané's house. Here he related all that had happened to him from the very day when he had behaved so badly about the seed-rice and silkworms' eggs. He humbly begged his brother to pardon him, and, if possible, do something to restore his unfortunate nose to its proper size.

The kind-hearted Kané pitied him, and said: "You have been dishonest and mean, and selfish and envious, and that is why you have got this punishment. If you promise to behave better for the future, I will try what can be done."

So saying, he took the Mallet and rubbed Chô's nose with it gently, and the nose gradually became shorter and shorter until at last it came back to its proper shape and size. But ever after, if at any time Chô felt inclined to be selfish and dishonest, as he did now and then, his nose began to smart and burn, and he fancied he felt it beginning to grow. So great was his terror of having a long nose again that these symptoms never failed to bring him back to his good behavior.

THE SELFISH SPARROW AND THE HOUSELESS CROWS

A SPARROW once built a nice little house for herself, and lined it well with wool and protected it with sticks, so that it resisted equally the summer sun and the winter rains. A Crow who lived close by had also built a house, but it was not such a good one, being only made of a few sticks laid one above another on the top of a prickly-pear hedge. The consequence was that one day, when there was an unusually heavy shower, the Crow's nest was washed away, while the Sparrow's was not at all injured.

In this extremity the Crow and her mate went to the Sparrow, and said: "Sparrow, Sparrow, have pity on us and give us shelter, for the wind blows and the rain beats, and the prickly-pear hedge-thorns stick into our eyes." But the Sparrow answered: "I 'm cooking the dinner; I cannot let you in now; come again presently."

In a little while the Crows returned and said: "Sparrow, Sparrow, have pity on us and give us shelter, for the wind blows and the rain beats, and the prickly-pear hedge-thorns stick into our eyes." The Sparrow answered: "I 'm eating my dinner; I cannot let you in now; come again presently."

The Crows flew away, but in a little while returned, and cried once more: "Sparrow, Sparrow, have pity on us and give us shelter, for the wind blows and the rain beats, and the prickly-pear hedge-thorns stick into our eyes." The Sparrow replied: "I 'm washing my dishes; I cannot let you in now; come again presently."

The Crows waited a while and then called out: "Sparrow, Sparrow, have pity on us and give us shelter, for the wind blows and the rain beats, and the prickly-pear hedge-thorns stick into our eyes." But the Sparrow would not let them in; she only answered: "I 'm sweeping the floor; I cannot let you in now; come again presently."

Next time the Crows came and cried: "Sparrow, Sparrow, have pity on us and give us shelter, for the wind blows and the rain beats, and the prickly-pear hedge-thorns stick into our eyes." She answered: "I 'm making the beds; I cannot let you in now; come again presently."

So, on one pretense or another she refused to help the poor birds. At last, when she and her children had had their dinner, and she had prepared and put away the dinner for next day, and had put all the children to bed and gone to bed herself, she cried to the Crows: "You may come in now and take shelter for the night." The Crows came in, but they were much vexed at having been kept out so long in the wind and the rain, and when the Sparrow and all her family were asleep, the one said to the other: "This selfish Sparrow had no pity on us; she gave us no dinner, and would not let us in till she and all her children were comfortably in bed; let us punish her." So the two Crows took all the nice dinner the Sparrow had prepared for herself and her children to eat the next day, and flew away with it.

THE STORY OF ZIRAC

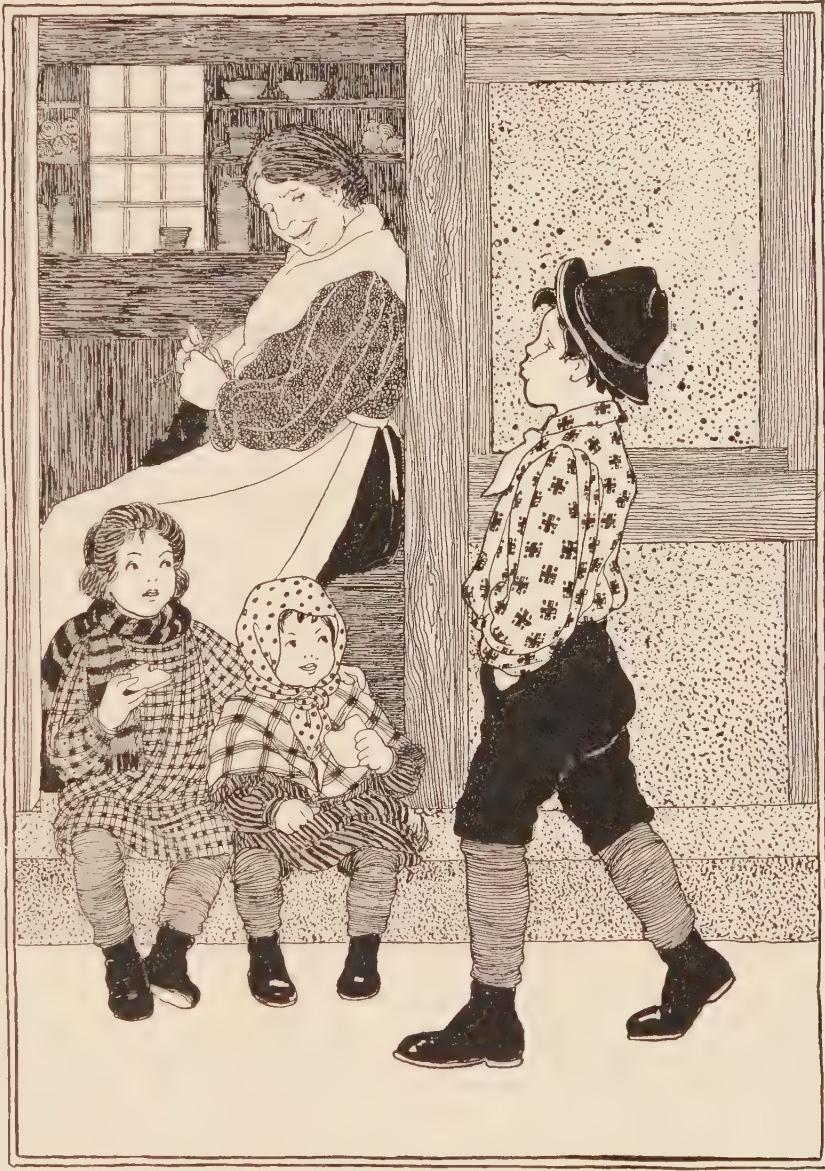
ONCE upon a time a raven, a rat, and a tortoise, having agreed to be friends together, were having a pleasant chat when they saw a wild goat making its way toward them with surprising swiftness. They took it for granted by her speed that she was pursued by some hunter, and they at once without ceremony separated, every one to take care of himself. The tortoise slipped into the water, the rat crept into a hole, which he fortunately found near at hand, and the raven hid himself among the boughs of a very high tree. In the meantime the goat stopped quite suddenly, and stood to rest herself by the side of a fountain, when the raven, who had looked all round and perceived no one, called to the tortoise, who immediately peeped above the water, and seeing the goat afraid to drink, said: "Drink boldly, my friend, for the water is very clear."

After the goat had done so, the tortoise continued: "Pray tell me what is the reason you appear in such distress?"

"Reason enough," said the goat; "for I have just made my escape out of the hands of a hunter, who pursued me with an eager chase."

"Come," said the tortoise, "I am glad you are safe. I have an offer to make you. If you like our company, stay here and be one of our friends; you will find our hearts honest and our company useful to you. The sages say that a number of friends lessens trouble."

After this short speech the raven and the rat joined in the invitation, so that the goat at once promised to become one of them, each promising the other to prove himself a real and true friend whatever might happen in days to come. After this agreement these four friends lived in per-



THE CAPITALIST.

I ALWAYS buy at the lollipop-shop,
On the very first day of spring,
A bag of marbles, a spinning-top,
And a pocketful of string.



fect harmony for a very long time, and spent their time pleasantly together. But one day, as the tortoise, the rat, and the raven were met, as they used to do, by the side of the fountain, the goat was missing. This gave great trouble to them, as they knew not what had happened. They very soon came to a resolution, however, to seek for and assist the goat, so the raven at once mounted into the air to see what discoveries he could make; and looking round about him, at length, to his great sorrow, saw at a distance the poor goat entangled in a hunter's net. He immediately dropped down in order to acquaint the rat and tortoise with what he had seen; and you may be sure that these ill tidings caused great grief.

"What shall we do?" said they.

"We have promised firm friendship to one another and lived very happily together so long," said the tortoise, "that it would be shameful to break the bond and not act up to all we said. We cannot leave our innocent and good-natured companion in this dire distress and great danger. No! we must find some way to deliver our poor friend goat out of captivity."

Said the raven to the rat, who was nicknamed Zirac: "Remember, O excellent Zirac, there is none but thyself able to set our friend at liberty; and the business must be quickly done for fear the huntsman should lay his hands upon her."

"Doubt not," replied Zirac, "but that I will do my best, so let us go at once that no time may be lost."

On this the raven took up Zirac in his bill and flew with him to the place where the poor goat was confined in the net. No sooner had he arrived than he at once commenced to gnaw the meshes of the net that held the goat's foot and had almost set him at liberty when the tortoise arrived.

As soon as the goat saw the tortoise she cried out with a loud voice: "Oh, why have you ventured to come hither, friend tortoise?"

"Because I could no longer bear your absence," replied the tortoise.

"Dear friend," said the goat, "your coming to this place troubles me as much as the loss of my own liberty; for if the hunter should happen to come, what would you do to make your escape? For my part I am almost free, and my being able to run will prevent me from falling into his hands again; our friend the raven can find safety in flight, and Zirac can run into any hole. Only you, who are so slow of foot, will become the hunter's prey." No sooner had the goat thus spoken, when sure enough the hunter appeared; but the goat, being free, swiftly ran away; the raven mounted into the air, and Zirac slipped

into a hole, and true enough, as the goat had said, only the slow-paced tortoise remained without help.

When the hunter arrived he was a little surprised to see his net broken and the goat missing. This was no small vexation to him, and caused him to look closely around, to see if he could discover who had done the mischief; and unfortunately, in thus searching, he spied the tortoise.

"Oh! oh!" said he. "Very good; I am glad to see you here. I find I shall not go home empty-handed after all; here is a plump tortoise, and that is worth something, I 'm sure." Thus saying, he took up the tortoise, put it in a sack, threw the sack over his shoulder, and was soon trudging home.

After he had gone the three friends came out from their several hiding-places, and met together, when, missing the tortoise, they at once judged what had become of him. Then, uttering bitter cries and lamentations, they shed torrents of tears. At length the raven broke the silence, and said: "Dear friends, our moans and sorrow do not help the tortoise. We must, if it be at all possible, devise some means of saving his life. Our sages have often told us that there are three persons that are never well known but on special occasions—men of courage in fight, men of honesty in business, and a true friend in extreme necessity. We find, alas! our dear companion the tortoise is in a sad condition, and therefore we must, if possible, help him."

"It is first-class advice," replied Zirac. "Now I think I know how it can be done. Let our friend the goat go and show herself to the hunter, who will then be certain to lay down the sack to run after her."

"All right," said the goat, "I will pretend to be lame, and run limping at a little distance before him, which will encourage him to follow me, and thus draw him a good way from his sack, which will give Zirac time to set our friend at liberty."

This plan appeared such a good one that it was at once approved of, and immediately the goat ran halting before the hunter, and appeared to be so feeble and faint that her pursuer thought he had her safe in his clutches again, and so, laying down his sack, ran after the goat with all his might. That cunning creature suffered him now and again almost to come up to her, and then led him another wild-goose chase till at last she had lured him out of sight; which Zirac seeing, began gnawing the string that tied the mouth of the sack, and soon set free the tortoise, who went at once and hid himself in a thick bush.

At length the hunter, tired of running after

his prey, gave up the chase, and returned to take up his sack.

"Here," said he, "I have something safe; thou art not quite so swift as that plaguing goat; and if thou wert, art too well confined here to find the way to make thy little legs any use to thee." So saying, he went to the bag, but not finding the tortoise he was amazed, and thought himself in a region of hobgoblins and spirits, since he had

by some mysterious means lost two valuable objects, a goat and a tortoise! He did not know, you see, what wonders true friendship can work when all are pledged to help one another.

The four friends soon met together again, congratulated one another on their escapes, made afresh their vows of friendship, and declared that they would never separate until death parted them.

THE LAMBIKIN

ONCE upon a time there was a wee, wee Lambikin, who frolicked about on his little tottery legs, and enjoyed himself amazingly.

Now one day he set off to visit his granny, and was jumping with joy to think of all the good things he should get from her, when whom should he meet but a jackal, who looked at the tender young morsel and said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The jackal thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

By and by he met a vulture, and the vulture, looking hungrily at the tender morsel before him, said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll EAT YOU!"

But Lambikin only gave a little frisk, and said:

"To granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

The vulture thought this reasonable, and let Lambikin pass.

And by and by he met a tiger, and then a wolf, and a dog, and an eagle; and all these, when they saw the tender little morsel said: "Lambikin! Lambikin! I'll EAT YOU!"

But to all of them Lambikin replied, with a little frisk:

"To granny's house I go,
Where I shall fatter grow,
Then you can eat me so."

At last he reached his granny's house, and said, all in a hurry: "Granny dear, I've promised to get very fat; so, as people ought to keep their promises, please put me into the corn-bin *at once*!"

So his granny said he was a good boy, and put him into the corn-bin, and there the greedy little Lambikin stayed for seven days, and ate, and

ate, and ate, until he could scarcely waddle, and his granny said he was fat enough for anything, and must go home. But cunning little Lambikin said that would never do, for some animal would be sure to eat him on the way back, he was so plump and tender.

"I'll tell you what you must do," said Master Lambikin; "you must make a little drumikin out of the skin of my little brother who died, and then I can sit inside and trundle along nicely, for I'm as tight as a drum myself."

So his granny made a nice little drumikin out of his brother's skin, with the wool inside, and Lambikin curled himself up snug and warm in the middle, and trundled away gaily. Soon he met the eagle, who called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Mr. Lambikin, curled up in his soft warm nest, replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you
On, little Drumikin. Tum-pa, tum-too!"

"How very annoying!" sighed the eagle, thinking regretfully of the tender morsel he had let slip.

Meanwhile Lambikin trundled along, laughing to himself, and singing:

"Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too!"

Every animal and bird he met asked him the same question:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And to each of them the little slyboots replied:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you
On, little Drumikin. Tum-pa, tum-too;
Tum-pa, tum-too; tum-pa, tum-too!"

Then they all sighed to think of the tender little morsel they had let slip.

At last the jackal came limping along, for all his sorry looks as sharp as a needle, and he too called out:

"Drumikin! Drumikin!
Have you seen Lambikin?"

And Lambikin, curled up in his snug little nest, replied gaily:

"Fallen into the fire, and so will you
On, little Drumikin. Tum-pa—"

But he never got any farther, for the jackal recognized his voice at once, and cried: "Hullo! you've turned yourself inside out, have you? Just you come out of that!"

Whereupon he tore open drumikin and gobbed up Lambikin.

MY LORD BAG OF RICE

LONG, long ago there lived in Japan a brave warrior known to all as Tawara Toda, or "My Lord Bag of Rice." His true name was Fujiwara Hidesato, and there is a very interesting story of how he came to change his name.

One day he sallied forth in search of adventures, for he had the nature of a warrior and could not bear to be idle. So he buckled on his two swords, took his huge bow, much taller than himself, in his hand, and slinging his quiver on his back started out. He had not gone far when he came to the bridge of Seta-no-Karashi spanning one end of the beautiful Lake Biwa. No sooner had he set foot on the bridge than he saw lying right across his path a huge serpent-dragon. Its body was so big that it looked like the trunk of a large pine tree and it took up the whole width of the bridge. One of its huge claws rested on the parapet of one side of the bridge, while its tail lay right against the other. The monster seemed to be asleep, and as it breathed, fire and smoke came out of its nostrils.

At first Hidesato could not help feeling alarmed at the sight of this horrible reptile lying in his path, for he must either turn back or walk right over its body. He was a brave man, however, and putting aside all fear went forward dauntlessly. Crunch, crunch; he stepped now on the dragon's body, now between its coils, and without even one glance backward he went on his way.

He had only gone a few steps when he heard some one calling him from behind. On turning back he was much surprised to see that the monster dragon had entirely disappeared and in its place was a strange-looking man, who was bowing most ceremoniously to the ground. His red hair streamed over his shoulders and was surmounted by a crown in the shape of a dragon's head, and his sea-green dress was patterned with shells. Hidesato knew at once that this was no ordinary mortal and he wondered much at the strange occurrence. Where had the dragon gone in such a short space of time? Or had it trans-

formed itself into this man, and what did the whole thing mean? While these thoughts passed through his mind he had come up to the man on the bridge and now addressed him:

"Was it you that called me just now?"

"Yes, it was I," answered the man; "I have an earnest request to make to you. Do you think you can grant it to me?"

"If it is in my power to do so I will," answered Hidesato, "but first tell me who you are?"

"I am the Dragon King of the Lake, and my home is in these waters just under this bridge."

"And what is it you have to ask of me?" said Hidesato.

"I want you to kill my mortal enemy the centipede, who lives on the mountain beyond," and the Dragon King pointed to a high peak on the opposite shore of the lake.

"I have lived now for many years in this lake and I have a large family of children and grandchildren. For some time past we have lived in terror, for a monster centipede has discovered our home, and night after night it comes and carries off one of my family. I am powerless to save them. If it goes on much longer like this, not only shall I lose all my children, but I myself must fall a victim to the monster. I am, therefore, very unhappy, and in my extremity I determined to ask the help of a human being. For many days with this intention I have waited on the bridge in the shape of the horrible serpent-dragon that you saw, in the hope that some strong brave man would come along. But all who came this way, as soon as they saw me were terrified and ran away as fast as they could. You are the first man I have found able to look at me without fear, so I knew at once that you were a man of great courage. I beg you to have pity upon me. Will you not help me and kill my enemy the centipede?"

Hidesato felt very sorry for the Dragon King on hearing his story, and readily promised to do what he could to help him. The warrior asked where the centipede lived, so that he

might attack the creature at once. The Dragon King replied that its home was on the mountain Mikami, but that as it came every night at a certain hour to the palace of the lake, it would be better to wait till then. So Hidesato was conducted to the palace of the Dragon King, under the bridge. Strange to say, as he followed his host downward the waters parted to let them pass, and his clothes did not even feel damp as he passed through the flood. Never had Hidesato seen anything so beautiful as this palace built of white marble beneath the lake. He had often heard of the Sea King's Palace at the bottom of the sea, where all the servants and retainers were salt-water fishes, but here was a magnificent building in the heart of Lake Biwa. The dainty goldfishes, red carp, and silvery trout, waited upon the Dragon King and his guest.

Hidesato was astonished at the feast that was spread for him. The dishes were crystallized lotus leaves and flowers, and the chopsticks were of the rarest ebony. As soon as they sat down, the sliding doors opened and ten lovely goldfish dancers came out, and behind them followed ten red-carp musicians with the koto and the samisen. Thus the hours flew by till midnight, and the beautiful music and dancing had banished all thoughts of the centipede. The Dragon King was about to pledge the warrior in a fresh cup of wine when the palace was suddenly shaken by a tramp, tramp! as if a mighty army had begun to march not far away.

Hidesato and his host both rose to their feet and rushed to the balcony, and the warrior saw on the opposite mountain two great balls of glowing fire coming nearer and nearer. The Dragon King stood by the warrior's side trembling with fear.

"The centipede! The centipede! Those two balls of fire are its eyes. It is coming for its prey! Now is the time to kill it."

Hidesato looked where his host pointed, and, in the dim light of the starlit evening, behind the two balls of fire he saw the long body of an enormous centipede winding round the mountains, and the light in its hundred feet glowed like so many distant lanterns moving slowly toward the shore.

Hidesato showed not the least sign of fear. He tried to calm the Dragon King.

"Don't be afraid. I shall surely kill the centipede. Just bring me my bow and arrows."

The Dragon King did as he was bid, and the warrior noticed that he had only three arrows left in his quiver. He took the bow, and fitting

an arrow to the notch, took careful aim and let fly.

The arrow hit the centipede right in the middle of its head, but instead of penetrating, it glanced off harmlessly and fell to the ground.

Nothing daunted, Hidesato took another arrow, fitted it to the notch of the bow and let fly. Again the arrow hit the mark, it struck the centipede right in the middle of its head, only to glance off and fall to the ground. The centipede was invulnerable to weapons! When the Dragon King saw that even this brave warrior's arrows were powerless to kill the centipede, he lost heart and began to tremble with fear.

The warrior saw that he had now only one arrow left in his quiver, and if this one failed he could not kill the centipede. He looked across the waters. The huge reptile had wound its horrid body seven times round the mountain and would soon come down to the lake. Nearer and nearer gleamed the fire-balls of eyes, and the light of its hundred feet began to throw reflections in the still waters of the lake.

Then suddenly the warrior remembered that he had heard that human saliva was deadly to centipedes. But this was no ordinary centipede. This was so monstrous that even to think of such a creature made one creep with horror. Hidesato determined to try his last chance. So taking his last arrow and first putting the end of it in his mouth, he fitted the notch to his bow, took careful aim once more and let fly.

This time the arrow again hit the centipede right in the middle of its head, but instead of glancing off harmlessly as before it struck home to the creature's brain. Then with a convulsive shudder the serpentine body stopped moving, and the fiery light of its great eyes and hundred feet darkened to a dull glare like the sunset of a stormy day, and then went out in blackness. A great darkness now overspread the heavens, the thunder rolled and the lightning flashed, and the wind roared in fury, and it seemed as if the world were coming to an end. The Dragon King and his children and retainers all crouched in different parts of the palace, frightened to death, for the building was shaken to its foundations. At last the dreadful night was over. Day dawned beautiful and clear. The centipede was gone from the mountain.

Then Hidesato called to the Dragon King to come out with him on the balcony, for the centipede was dead and he had nothing more to fear.

Then all the inhabitants of the palace came out with joy, and Hidesato pointed to the lake. There lay the body of the dead centipede float-

ing on the water, which was dyed red with its blood.

The gratitude of the Dragon King knew no bounds. The whole family came and bowed down before the warrior, calling him their preserver and the bravest warrior in all Japan.

Another feast was prepared, more sumptuous than the first. All kinds of fish, prepared in every imaginable way, raw, stewed, boiled and roasted, served on coral trays and crystal dishes, were put before him, and the wine was the best that Hidesato had ever tasted in his life. To add to the beauty of everything the sun shone brightly, the lake glittered like a liquid diamond, and the palace was a thousand times more beautiful by day than by night.

His host tried to persuade the warrior to stay a few days, but Hidesato insisted on going home, saying that he had now finished what he had come to do, and must return. The Dragon King and his family were all very sorry to have him leave so soon, but since he would go they begged him to accept a few small presents (so they said) in token of their gratitude to him for delivering them for ever from their horrible enemy the centipede.

As the warrior stood in the porch taking leave, a train of fish was suddenly transformed into a retinue of men, all wearing ceremonial robes and dragon's crowns on their heads to show that they were servants of the great Dragon King. The presents that they carried were as follows:

- First, a large bronze bell.
- Second, a bag of rice.
- Third, a roll of silk.
- Fourth, a cooking pot.
- Fifth, a bell.

Hidesato did not want to accept all these presents, but as the Dragon King insisted, he could not well refuse.

The Dragon King himself accompanied the

warrior as far as the bridge, and then took leave of him with many bows and good wishes, leaving the procession of servants to accompany Hidesato to his house with the presents.

The warrior's household and servants had been very much concerned when they found that he did not return the night before, but they finally concluded that he had been kept by the violent storm and had taken shelter somewhere. When the servants on the watch for his return caught sight of him they called to every one that he was approaching, and the whole household turned out to meet him, wondering much what the retinue of men, bearing presents and banners, that followed him, could mean.

As soon as the Dragon King's retainers had put down the presents they vanished, and Hidesato told all that had happened to him.

The presents which he had received from the grateful Dragon King were found to be of magic power. The bell only was ordinary, and as Hidesato had no use for it he presented it to the temple near by, where it was hung up, to boom out the hour of day over the surrounding neighborhood.

The single bag of rice, however much was taken from it day after day for the meals of the knight and his whole family, never grew less—the supply in the bag was inexhaustible.

The roll of silk, too, never grew shorter, though time after time long pieces were cut off to make the warrior a new suit of clothes to go to Court in at the New Year.

The cooking pot was wonderful, too. No matter what was put into it, it cooked deliciously whatever was wanted without any firing—truly a very economical saucepan.

The fame of Hidesato's fortune spread far and wide, and as there was no need for him to spend money on rice or silk or firing, he became very rich and prosperous, and was henceforth known as *My Lord Bag of Rice*.



STORIES FOR BOYS

BRUIN'S BOXING-MATCH

BY CHARLES G. D. ROBERTS

It was a dreamy, sun-drenched September afternoon. The wide shallow river was rippling with a mellow noise over its golden pebbles. Back from the river, upon both banks, the yellow grain-fields and blue-green patches of turnips slanted gently to the foot of the wooded hills. A little distance down-stream stood two horses, fetlock-deep in the water, drinking.

Near the top of the bank, where the gravel had thinned off into yellow sand, and the sand was beginning to bristle with the scrubby bushes of the sand-plum, lay the trunk of an ancient oak-tree. In the effort to split this gnarled and seasoned timber, Jake Simmons and I were expending the utmost of our energies. Our axes had proved unequal to the enterprise, so we had been at last compelled to call in the aid of a heavy maul and hard-wood wedges.

With the axes we had accomplished a slight split in one end of the prostrate giant. An ax-blade held this open while we inserted a hard-wood wedge, which we drove home with repeated blows of the maul till the crack was widened, whereupon, of course, the ax dropped out.

The maul—a huge, long-handled mallet, so heavy as to require both hands to wield it—was made of the sawed-off end of a small oak log, and was bound around with two hoops of wrought-iron to keep it from splitting. This implement was wielded by Jake, with a skill born of years in the backwoods.

Suddenly, as Jake was delivering a tremendous blow on the head of the wedge, the maul flew off its handle, and pounded down the bank, making the sand and gravel fly in a way that bore eloquent witness to Jake's vigor. The sinewy old woodsman toppled over and, losing his balance, sat down in a thicket of sand-plums.

Of course I laughed, and so did Jake; but our temperate mirth quieted down, and Jake, picking

himself up out of the sand-plums, went to recapture the errant maul. As he set it down on the timber and proceeded to refit the handle to it, he was all at once quite overcome with merriment. He laughed and laughed, not loudly, but with convulsive inward spasms, till I began to feel indignant at him. When mirth is not contagious, it is always exasperating. Presently he sat down on the log and gasped, holding his sides.

"Don't be such an old fool, Jake," said I, rudely; at which he began to laugh again, with the intolerable relish of one who holds the monopoly of a joke.

"I don't see anything so excruciatingly funny," I grumbled, "in the head flying off of an old maul, and a long-legged old idiot sitting down hard in the sand-plum patch. That there maul might just as well as not have hit me on the head, and maybe you'd have called *that* the best joke of the season."

"Bless your sober soul!" answered Jake, "it ain't that I'm laughing at."

I was not going to give him the satisfaction of asking him for his story, so I proceeded to fix a new wedge and hammer it in with my ax. Jake was too full of his reminiscence to be chilled by my apparent lack of interest. Presently he drew out a short pipe, filled it with tobacco, and remarked:

"When I picked up that there maul-head, I was reminded of something I saw once up in the Madawaska woods, that struck me as just about the funniest I ever heard tell of. I 'most died laughing over it at the time, and whenever I think of it even now it breaks me all up."

Here he paused and eyed me.

"But I don't believe *you'd* see anything funny in it, because you did n't see it," he continued in his slow and drawling tones, "so I reckon I won't bother telling you."

Then he picked up the handle of the maul as if to resume work.

I still kept silence, resolved not to ask for the story. Jake was full of anecdotes picked up in the lumbering camps, and, though he was a good

"It happened this way: A couple of us were splitting slabs in the Madawaska woods along in the fall, when, all of a sudden, the head of the maul flew off, as this 'ere one did. Bill, however, —Bill Goodin was the name of the fellow with



"A YOUNG BEAR WAS LOOKING AT THE MAUL, AS IF HE DID N'T KNOW WHAT TO MAKE OF IT."

workman, he would gladly stop any time to smoke his pipe, or to tell a story.

But he kept chuckling over his own thoughts until I could n't do a stroke of work. I saw I had to give in, and I surrendered.

"Oh, go along and let 's have it!" said I, dropping the ax and seating myself on the log in an attitude of most inviting attention.

This encouragement was what Jake was waiting for.

"Did you ever see a bear box?" he inquired. I had seen some performances of that sort, but as Jake took it for granted I had n't, and did n't wait for a reply, I refrained from saying so.

"Well, a bear can box *some*, now, I tell you. But I 've seen one clean knocked out by an old maul without a handle, just like this one here; and there was n't any man at the end of it either."

Jake indulged in a prolonged chuckle as the scene unrolled itself anew to his mind's eye.

me,—was n't so lucky as you were in getting out of the way. The maul struck a tree, glanced, and took Bill on the side of the knee. It keeled him over so he could n't do any more work that day, and I had to help him back to the camp. Before we left, I took a bit of cod-line out of my pocket, ran it through the eye of the maul, and strung the maul up to a branch so it would be easier to find when I wanted it.

"It was maybe a week before I went for that maul—a little more than a week, I should say; and then, it being of a Saturday afternoon, when there was no work to do, and Bill's leg being so much better that he could hobble alone, he and I thought we 'd stroll over to where we 'd been splitting, and bring the maul in to camp.

"When we got pretty near the place, and could see through the trees the maul hanging there where we had left it, Bill all of a sudden grabbed me sharp by the arm, and whispered, 'Keep still!'

"What is it?" said I, under my breath, looking all around.

"Use your eyes if you've got any," said he; and I stared through the branches in the direction he was looking. But there was



"THE MAUL SWUNG AWAY, AND CAME BACK QUICK."

sitting back on his haunches, and looking at the maul as if he did n't know what to make of it. Probably that bear had once been hurt in a trap, and so had grown suspicious. That there maul hanging from the limb of a tree was something different from anything he'd ever seen before. Wondering what he was going to do, we crept a little nearer, without makin' any noise, and crouched down behind a spruce-bush.

"The bear was maybe a couple of yards from the maul, and watching it as if he thought it might get down any moment and come at him. A little gust of wind came through the trees and set the maul swinging a bit. He did n't like this, and backed off a few feet. The maul swung some more, and he drew off still farther; and as soon as it was quite still again, he sidled around it at a prudent distance and investigated it from the other side of the tree.

"The blame fool is scared of it," whispered Bill, scornfully; "let's fling a rock at him!"

"No," said I, knowing bears pretty well; "let's wait and see what he's going to do."



"HE STOOD UP TO IT."

"Well, when the maul had been pretty still for a minute or two, the bear appeared to make up his mind it did n't amount to much after all; he came right close up to it as bold as you like, and pawed it kind of inquiringly. The maul swung away, and, being hung short, it came back quick and took the bear a smart rap on the nose.

"Bill and I both snickered, but the bear did n't hear us. He was mad right off, and with a snort he hit the maul a pretty good cuff; back it came like greased lightning, and took him again square on the snout with a whack that must have made him just see stars.

"Bill and I could hardly hold ourselves; but even if we had laughed right out I don't believe that bear would have noticed us, he was so mad. You know a bear's snout is mighty tender. Well, he grunted and snorted and rooted around in the leaves a bit, and then went back at the maul as if he was just going to knock it into the other side of to-morrow. He stood up to it, and he did hit it so hard that it seemed to disappear for half a second. It swung right over the limb, and, while he was looking for it, it came down on the top of his head. Great Scott! how he roared! And then, scratching his head with one paw,



he went at it again with the other, and hit it just the same way he'd hit it before. I tell you, Bill and I pretty near burst as we saw that maul fly over the limb again and come down on the top of his head just like the first time. You'd have thought



"A WHACK THAT MUST HAVE MADE HIM
JUST SEE STARS."

it would have cracked his skull; but a bear's head is as hard as they make them.

"This time the bear, after rubbing his head and his snout, and rooting some more in the leaves, sat back and seemed to consider. In a second or two he went up to the maul and tried to take hold of it with one paw; of course it slipped right away, and you'd have thought it was alive to see the sharp way it dodged back and caught him again on the nose. It was n't much of a whack this time, but that nose was tender enough, then! And the bear got desperate. He grabbed for the maul with both paws; and that way, of course, he

"WHILE HE WAS LOOKING FOR IT, IT CAME
DOWN ON TOP OF HIS HEAD."

got it. With one pull he snapped the cod-line, and the victory was his.

"After tumbling the maul about for a while, trying to chew it and claw it to pieces, and getting nothing to show for his labor, he appeared absolutely disgusted. He sat down and glared at the bit of iron-bound oak lying so innocent in the leaves, and kept feeling at his snout in a puzzled sort of way. Then all of a sudden he gave it up as a bad job, and ambled off into the woods in a hurry as if he'd just remembered something."



"HE TRIED TO CLAW IT TO PIECES."

JIMMY THE GHOST

(A STORY OF THE PLAINS)

BY DOROTHY JENKS

"FATHER, how did Jimmy the Ghost get his name?" I asked.

"I'll tell you," said the Colonel. And this is the story he told—of a strange adventure.

One night, last December, I sent Jimmy on

are roaming about between us and Captain Little. Let me know if you see any."

He took the papers, tucked them in his boots and rode out into the storm.

He rode along at a brisk trot, following the trail, and wondering what he should do when it became covered with snow.

He had been riding for about an hour when he suddenly noticed, through the falling snow, a dark mass on the horizon. It seemed to be moving slowly in his direction. At first he thought it was a herd of buffaloes, but as it came nearer he saw it was a party either of Indians or white men.

What could he do if it proved to be Indians? He would be taken prisoner and the valuable despatches would be lost, to say nothing of his life. He glanced about for a place to hide, but there was nothing except snow for miles and miles.

He soon came to a snow-drift and dismounting crouched down behind it. The well-trained horse at the word of command lay down beside him.

Jimmy unbuttoned his cavalry cloak and threw it over the horse, so that in case they should have to stay there long the animal would not freeze.

Sheltered from the piercing wind and from the driving snow Jimmy for the first time that night was warm. He was not to be left long undisturbed, for soon above the howling of the wind he heard, drawing nearer, Indian voices. His danger at once became so imminent that he lay on the snow motionless, scarcely daring to breathe. The voices grew louder and louder until Jimmy could hear everything they said. The snow was



"HE TOOK THE PAPERS, TUCKED THEM IN HIS BOOTS, AND RODE OUT INTO THE STORM."

horseback to carry despatches to Captain Little. It was snowing hard and the wind was blowing.

Just as he was starting out I said to him: "Jimmy, I have had reports from the scouts that some bands of Indians under Red Horse

had been seen near the trail. They were

very damp and packed easily. He took out his long knife and pushed the handle through the snow-drift to the other side, making a little hole through which he could see the Indians without being seen by them.

At the head of the line rode the Indian chief. He was almost a hundred years old, but he was more erect than any of his tribe. In spite of this Jimmy could see he was suffering intensely from the cold and exposure. When the head of the column was just opposite Jimmy it halted, and the Indians began an earnest consultation as to whether they should go on to their new camp or return to the one they had left that day. Some were afraid their chief would die before they could reach their destination, for the new camp was still many miles distant. The others said that if they went back the White Chief and his soldiers would attack them unprepared and encumbered with baggage, squaws and children. This last argument seemed most forcible, as the Indians would prefer the death of their chief to the total annihilation of their tribe, which might be the result of an attack now. So the whole column moved slowly forward.

Jimmy then mounted and rode on. It had grown so dark that Jimmy took out his compass, but it slipped from his fingers and fell into the snow. He got down from his horse and searched for it painstakingly, but in vain!

He was lost on the great plains of North Dakota, in the midst of a terrible snow-storm, with hostile Indians not far away. He remounted and rode forward, trusting to his horse's sense of direction to lead him to Captain Little's camp or home.

He had not gone far when he perceived a dark line of tents. They appeared so suddenly from behind a large divide that he was much startled.

After walking a little nearer, he saw it was an Indian encampment. Unless he could find shelter from the snow before night, he and the horse would surely perish. The camp was in all probability the one which the Indians had deserted, and so without further delay he went toward the camp. He found it empty, and chose the largest tepee for himself, putting the horse into the next one. He lit a match and cautiously entered. There were a few buffalo robes at one side, a hard dirt floor and some broken pottery. A huge, hideous-looking mask hung on the wall. Jimmy was very tired, so he rolled himself in the buffalo robes and immediately fell asleep.

After he had slept for about an hour he became conscious of a confused murmuring, at what seemed some distance. The snow was frozen on top and Jimmy heard the crunching of it as the thin crust was broken by many feet. He lay down and quickly drew the skins over him.

Finally the crunching ceased, and then a wild dirge, half chanted, half sung, broke in upon the strange silence. The voices of the savages, harsh and weird, arose upon the still night air. After the song and echoes had died away there was a moment's pause. Then Jimmy heard footsteps coming nearer, nearer, nearer. Then the flap of the tepee opened, and two Indians entered with the body of the old chief, who had indeed perished in the biting cold. They deposited their burden on the ground and stood a moment muttering a petition to the Great Spirit . . . and then withdrew.

Jimmy crept out from his blankets and examined the dead chief. He was wrapped in a blanket ornamented with beads; his hands folded on his breast, his fine features calm and fixed.

In a few minutes one of the Indians returned and peered into the chief's tepee, but the next moment he started back with the cry:

"Mani'ye Itive—Wanagh" (he walks, he comes, he comes, his spirit), and rushed headlong into his tent.

The cry alarmed the camp, and the Indians came pouring out of their wigwams. They saw standing in the door of the tent what they took to be the ghost of their chief, wearing a huge, hideous mask!

While they were standing open-mouthed with wonder and superstitious fear, the figure spoke:

"Wanma Yanko yo, Wagile miye Wanagh" (look at me, I am returned, I am the spirit).

"Hoshi hi" (he has come with a message), murmured the crowd of Indians. "He Tuwe'cha" (who can it be?).

"Is it an evil spirit?" they said.

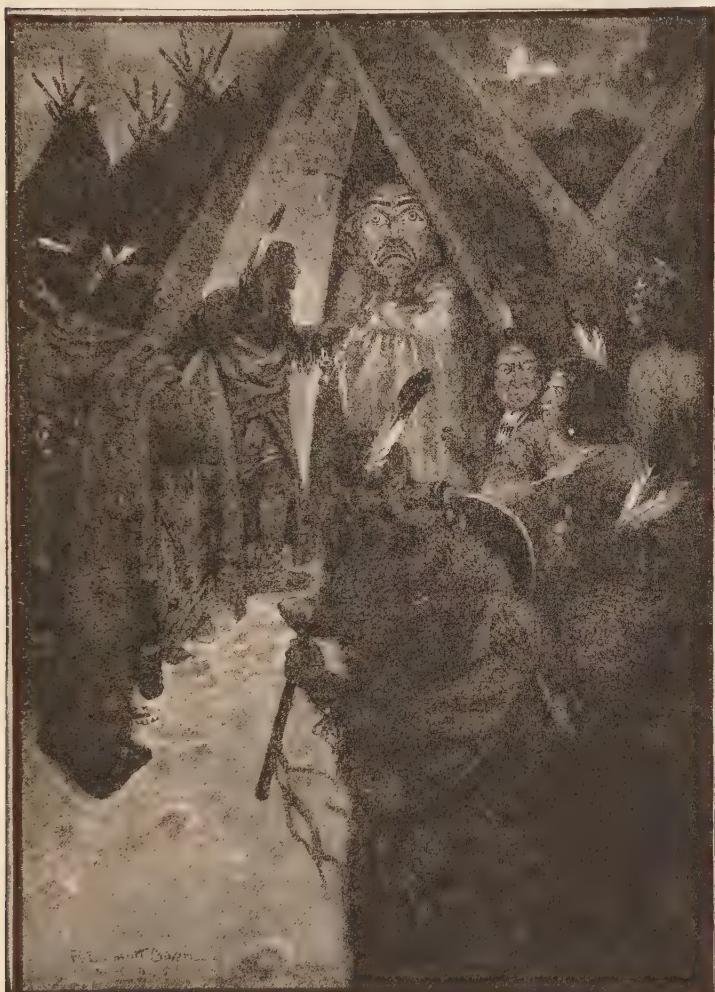
One of the Indians ran for the Pipe of Peace, which it is their custom to offer any one whom they think guilty of a crime. If the suspected person accepts it he is declared innocent, because they believe he would not dare to accept it if guilty. The Indian soon came back with the pipe.

One of the boldest of them took it from him, and advanced toward the figure, holding it out at some length, saying: "Waku' Chan-ompa" (I give him the pipe). The apparition

stood motionless. There was a moment's silence.

"It is an evil spirit," cried the Indians. "We cannot stay in a haunted camp."

They scattered to their wigwams, shouting: "Wahken Wanagh" (mysterious ghost).



"ONE OF THE BOLDEST OF THE INDIANS ADVANCED TOWARD THE FIGURE HOLDING OUT THE PIPE OF PEACE."

They hastily packed up their few belongings and deserted the camp crying:

"Wahken Wanagh—Wahken Wanagh."

CAPTAIN LITTLE'S camp was wrapped in slumber. The sentinel pacing his lonely beat was the only one awake. The captain had taken off all the guards but this one, because of the deep mass of snow and the intense cold.

As the man walked to and fro, he saw at first nothing but a vast expanse of snow and the vault of black sky which rose above it. But after one or two rounds he thought he saw a dark speck at a great distance.

At the next round it was bigger and he could see that it was coming toward him rapidly. He became alarmed.

He went to the captain's tent, awoke him, and told him what he had seen.

Little hurried out, spy-glass in hand. The figure was now in plain view and they could see it was on horseback. It looked exactly like an Indian except that it had an enormous head, about four times as large as usual.

"Well! What! Why! Just look! Of all strange things! He has taken his head off!" said the captain, the next minute, astonished in spite of himself.

Little handed the glass around and each one saw what seemed to be an Indian riding at full speed, holding the enormous head in his hand, and waving it with all his might.

As the horseman, if so it was, drew nearer they could see he had also a head of ordinary size on his shoulders. Then they saw him throw off the large Indian blanket which he wore, and he appeared in the dress of a white scout. Then the captain said:

"Why, it is Colonel Bale's scout, who is bringing despatches."

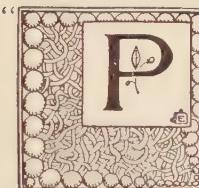
The officers stood anxiously awaiting the scout's arrival.

Jimmy, for it was he, rode up a few minutes later, delivered the despatches, and then in answer to numerous eager inquiries told officers and men of his escape from the Indian camp.

And from that day to this, he has been called "Jimmy the Ghost."

FRIENDS AND RIVALS

BY GEORGE H. FORD



OLLY BROWN did it."

"Don't believe it."

"Yes, he did. We saw him."

The individual at whose head these and a multitude of similar exclamations were hurled was a lad who at the moment was seated on the gate-post in front of a pretty cottage in the village of Browntown, industriously engaged in whittling.

He was surrounded by half a dozen or more smaller and younger boys whose costumes varied, from the country boy's accepted summer style of a cotton shirt, a pair of butternut trousers held by one suspender, and bare feet, to that of a well-dressed and booted city lad.

In one respect at least these boys were alike,—the hair of all was soaking wet. Proof positive that they had just returned from swimming.

Ned Saunders, for so our whittler was named, was a city boy and not a product of Browntown, but he had spent so many of the summers of his short life there,—he was just past fourteen,—that he regarded himself half a native, at any rate, and in fact was so regarded by the villagers.

The whole river on the banks of which Browntown stood was a magnet strong enough to draw any boy; and fishing and swimming formed the principal occupation of all the village lads.

In these sports, especially in swimming, Ned Saunders was an acknowledged leader among the boys. Of course he did not claim to vie with George Brush, who was eighteen years old. But within the limits of a boy's strength even George could not view Ned as anything but an equal.

When we say, however, that Ned was a leader we do not mean that he was *the* leader of his mates. There was another, the Polly Brown whose name opens our story.

What "Polly" stood for, no one knew. It might be Pollux or Polyphemus or Apollonius. The nickname certainly was not given for any trace of girlishness in his character, for if there ever was a strong, manly boy he was one.

Born in the village, the son of a boatman, Polly's life had been spent in the open air, and, straight as a lance-shaft and as lithe as a hare, he was a dangerous competitor at any sport, and divided with Ned the swimming honors.

Such were the rivals, both self-respecting boys, who also each respected the prowess of the other. Ned's brain then was continually racked to

"stunt" Polly in swimming, and the latter's ingenuities were no less taxed to down Ned.

Up to the day our story opens the accounts were even between them, each one having safely accomplished every task set by his mate.

"Well," said Ned, finally, when the babel of voices had ceased, "what did he do?"

"He went off the cedar pile!" shouted the chorus.

"Jump or dive?" queried Ned.

"Jump."

He inwardly heaved a great sigh of relief. Jumping into the water from a height is one thing and diving is quite another.

Ned, like most boys, had never figured out all the reasons why it was easier to jump than to dive, he only knew that it was, and it was a relief to him to know that if Polly had really set any new "stunt" for him it was a jump and not a dive from the cedar pile:

He turned to Bob Spencer and said: "Now, Bob, tell me honest. Did he jump off the cedars?"

"Yes, he did, Ned, but are you going to try it?"

"I've got to," gravely answered the older boy, "as long as Polly has."

The next morning, just as the first rays of the sun began to lighten the sky, the back door of the Saunders' house was stealthily opened and Ned emerged. Hastily proceeding along the deserted streets he soon reached Smith's Dock. With him he took some twenty-five thin wooden wedges made of old shingles which he had found in the woodshed the day before. Hastily climbing on the pile of logs from which Polly jumped, he inserted the wedges under the logs in such a way that a firm path was made to the very edge of the pile—if you knew just where it was.

Now, there was more than ordinary reason for Ned's taking all these precautions; he intended not only to take up Polly's "dare," but to give good measure and *dive* instead of *jump*. But of this he said nothing to his friends. Two hours later Ned answered the bell which summoned him to breakfast.

Breakfast over he strolled out of doors. He was too absorbed to play a game of tennis with his sister and her friend, who was their guest.

So after a stroll about the grounds he wandered out to the street and had barely mounted to his familiar seat on the gate-post when he spied little Spencer and Redney Foster coming down the street together.

Without a moment's hesitation Ned walked over to them.

"Redney," he said, abruptly, "you are a friend of Polly Brown, are n't you?"

"Yes, sir-ee," responded Redney.

"Well, you 're the fellow I want," continued Ned. "Will you come down and be witness if I do it?"

"When?" asked Redney, sarcastically.

"Right now," replied Ned.

"Let her go," assented Redney, with ready slang, and they then started off for Smith's Dock.

A walk of a few minutes brought the three boys to their destination and the two witnesses stationed themselves on the string piece at the outer end, while Ned, after carefully measuring with his eye the distance from the pile of logs to the edge of the crib dock, climbed to the top.

He walked carefully over his pathway, testing it to see that it was undisturbed, and then hailed his waiting companions.

"All ready down there?"

"Yes"; "All right," came up from below, and Ned retired to the further end of his path and turned to start. Then, swinging his arms two or three times, he leaped into the air, in a graceful curve cleared the edge of the pier, and, with both arms extended well over his head, took the water like an arrow.

The instant he felt the coolness of the water, out went his legs and arms to stop his downward rush. A few strokes and he emerged on the surface, and, amid thunders of applause from Bobby Spencer and a rather perfunctory hand-clap from Redney, swam quickly to and clambered upon the dock.

Polly, who, strangely enough, had come around the dock in a boat just in time to see him jump, called heartily, "That was a great dive, Ned. I guess we 're square now."

"Don't you think we are something *more* than 'square'?" replied Ned, ignoring Polly's attempt at being friendly.

Polly's resentment rose like a flash, and he walked over to Ned and said: "I 'll show you right now that you can't and never could 'stunt' me. But if I am hurt remember it 's your fault and not mine. I nearly rolled off those loose logs at the top, the last time I jumped"; and Polly began to pull off his few garments.

Ned watched this proceeding with varied emotions. Polly's warning troubled him, and he thought of the advantage his solid path had given him in a good firm footing. He knew he had not been fair about this, and now Polly would go up there ignorant of it, and over those rolling logs

—Ned shuddered. He must tell him. But how could he stand the ridicule of the boys. Polly might, but they never would forgive him. On the other hand suppose Polly should slip and fall. He glanced down at the jagged rocks with which the old crib was filled. He *must* tell him.

Polly was by this time at the foot of the inclined way which led to the top of the pile. Ned hastened after him and called, "Polly, don't try it. It 's too risky."

"Much obliged for your kind advice," replied the lad, without pausing in his climb nor deigning to glance back.

"Polly," continued Ned, "hold on, will you. I don't want you to try it. I 'll take back the dare. Come on down."

"I will stop him," he thought, as he began to climb the pile, "if I have to fight him for it."

But alas! As his head rose above the pile his first glance showed Polly running across the insecure logs right at the edge.

Ned's lips opened to shout a warning, but ere he could utter the words Polly was gone, leaving no trace of his presence behind, save, at the very edge, one cedar log, rocking ominously on its uneven base.

The group of boys watching from below had noticed the loose logs, and, relieved to see him pass safely beyond them, watched with absorbed interest his progress through the air.

They saw his head and arms turn down and at the same time his legs straighten out and begin to swing upward more and more slowly till his whole figure was in perfect line and flying downward to the rapidly nearing water.

A burst of applause greeted this clever performance but was quickly hushed as they noticed that the diver's legs were slowly passing the perpendicular.

They understood his efforts to control them, throwing back his head, following his back, drawing his arms back, but nothing availed, and slowly, but without a check, his feet went farther and farther from a straight line.

Then they noticed the agonized and helpless face, the final struggle, loss of control, and "splash"; he struck the water on his shoulders and back and disappeared.

They waited silently for him to come up—a second—two; he did not appear. Faces began to grow red, then white, till Jack Griffith broke silence with, "He 's fetchin' bottom to fool us."

"No, he is n't, he 's drowned!" exclaimed Ned, as he rushed to the edge of the dock.

He had heard of many rescues of drowning men and boys, and had witnessed the resuscitation of one such case, and he knew that if he

kept his head, with George Brush hastening to the rescue in the skiff, Polly might be saved.

"Here, Ned! I think I can see him on the bottom," shouted George to Ned, as the latter was pulling off his shoes.

"Where?" cried Ned.

"Right there," the latter replied, and in a moment Ned had plunged straight for the bottom.

To "fetch bottom" in fifteen feet of water was nothing to Ned, and ere the impetus of his dive was exhausted he struck out downward manfully. Looking ahead he could see the bottom plainly now, but nothing of what he was seeking. Where was it? He swung a trifle to the left and there at last it lay.

Stretched out flat on the rocky bottom lay that lithe form he knew so well. Horrified as he was at the sight he struck out wildly for it. That minute and a half seemed an hour to Ned. He never could well remember just what he did, but the first thing he can recall was seeing George Brush's face over the edge of the boat, and feeling his arm clutched, and being drawn into the boat, where he fell helpless and tense on the seat at the stern.

A few deep-drawn breaths of the fresh summer air revived Ned wonderfully, and he looked up and saw first Polly, laid across the middle thwart of the boat, resting on his chest, with his head and arms dangling on one side and his legs on the other, and beyond him George pulling his hardest to the dock, which they soon reached.

Here together they lifted out the lad as gently as possible and laid him first on his face, while George, kneeling astride, pressed firmly on his shoulder-blades and back to expel the water from his chest, under which he had placed a tightly rolled coat. Then, turning him on his back, he endeavored to induce respiration.

Ned, under George's direction, had already dispatched Bobby for Dr. Watt, whose house was near at hand, and had set Foster to chafing Polly's legs, and thus they worked for nearly ten minutes.

What's that? The flutter of an eyelid, another, a tinge of red on that deathly cheek, a faint sigh and, as Ned lifted his hands, a long-drawn breath, hurrying footsteps near and the doctor's cheery voice, "Bravely done, my boy; you've saved him," and Ned, past the limit of his endurance, fell like a log in a dead faint.

RETURNING consciousness found Ned in his own white bed at home with a vague remembrance of being carried and of riding in a carriage, but with a very real throbbing headache and a sore-

ness of body that he was at a loss, for a while, to account for.

Gradually, however, the whole exciting experience of the morning came back to him.

His first question was. "How is Polly, mother?"

"Alive, dear, thanks to your skill and courage. And now, not another word about it. The doctor says you must be quiet."

This scant information was, however, all that Ned needed to relieve his anxiety, and he dropped into a restful sleep which lasted till the doctor came to look him over.

This he did thoroughly, and pronounced Ned as "sound as a dollar. He is only exhausted from his own exertion and the mental excitement, and will be all right soon," he said.

Left to himself at an early hour that he might have a good sleep, Ned lay for a long time pondering the events of that exciting day, and the more he thought of it the less he was inclined to be satisfied with his own conduct.

It was all very well to be dubbed a "hero," and a "noble son," and all that, but that little performance of his in the early hours of that morning was certainly neither noble nor heroic. It was, he admitted to himself, "low down" and "sneaky," and he went to sleep with a firm determination to tell Polly all about it as soon as he saw him.

No evil effects developing in the morning, Ned was released from confinement and strolled in to breakfast with all the airs which he felt his present dignity required.

NED had called with numerous messages to Polly, who was improving daily. At last, one evening, Mrs. Brown told him that as Polly wished to see him, they thought he might do so the next morning if Ned would come up about eleven o'clock.

He was promptly on hand, and was ushered up to the sick-room by the nurse.

There was his friend, propped up on his pillows, with an eager smile of welcome on his pale face.

"Hello, Ned, I'm mighty glad they let you up. I've been awfully lonely," said Polly. "Sit down."

Ned took the chair which the nurse placed for him at the bedside.

"How is your back now, Polly? Does it pain you much?" he asked.

"Not half so much as it did when old Farmer Haskins got through with us the day he caught us riding his old mare. Do you remember?"

"Do I!" replied Ned, put at his ease at once

by this assurance of Polly's interest in earthly affairs, "I should say I did!"

"Polly," said Ned, after an interval of silence, "have you ever done anything so mean and sneaky that you were ashamed to tell of it?"

"No, I never have," answered Polly. "I'm

talk about," laughed the nurse, jumping up; "only don't get too interested, because Master Saunders will have to go in half an hour," and she retired.

"I want to tell you this thing, Polly," said Ned, when they were alone, "because—well, because I've been waiting to tell you; because—well, because I want you to know."

This was certainly a rambling preamble, but Ned did not know just how to start the confession he was about to make.

"Happen since I've been sick?" asked Polly.

"No—o, not since; in fact, Polly, it was just before. It was something I did to you. Oh, Polly! I'm so sorry I did it. It's all my fault that you hurt your back. I did n't mean it; I really did n't; and I tried to stop you, Polly, but you would do it. I want to tell you all about it and I will, so listen"; and Ned doggedly went over the whole story, and at its conclusion sat with averted face waiting the burst of anger which, from his knowledge of his friend's character, he felt he had every reason to expect.

Not a word came to his ears, however, and when Ned at last turned to look, Polly sat with hand outstretched to his unhappy friend.

Ned seized on it, and gave it such a squeeze that its owner winced, and in spite of the big lump in his throat Ned managed to gulp out, "Thank you, Polly."

"That's all right, Ned," and then they were interrupted by the nurse, who announced that time was up and abruptly hustled Ned off home, lighter hearted than he had been for many a day.

THAT evening Ned sought out his father as he was enjoying his quiet evening cigar alone on the veranda after dinner.

"Father," said he; "do you remember that you



THE RESCUE.

mightyashamedof somethings I've done, but I'd just as soon tell about them. Have you, Ned?"

"Yes," said Ned, "I have, once—"

"When was that? or don't you want to tell?"

"I'll tell you some time when—well—" with a side glance at the nurse who sat reading by the window—"when you get well," stammered Ned.

"Oh, I'll run away if you boys have secrets to

asked me some time ago what I wanted for my birthday present?"

"Yes, my boy, I do," responded Mr. Saunders; "and you modestly asked for a new breech-loading shot-gun."

"Well, sir, I would very much like to know if you had decided to give it to me," proceeded Ned.

"Now, Ned," said his father, "this is altogether too eager. Your birthday does not arrive until next Monday."

"No, father," persisted the boy; "that is not what I mean at all. I saw Polly to-day and I told him about the whole matter, just as I did to you last night, and he was so kind and generous, and so forgiving, that I thought as I had been so hateful to him I should like to do something for him. Now, he has no gun at all, and whenever we go shooting he has to borrow one from somebody, and I thought that if you meant to give me a new gun, I should like it better if you would give it to me to give to Polly."

"But, Ned, what will you do?"

"I 'll do very well. I can use my old single barrel still, and it is not so much of a nuisance after all when one is used to it. Please let me have my way about it, father; that is," he added, "if you did mean me to have the new gun."

"Very well, Ned; it shall be as you wish, and I 'll order the gun to-night from New York. How would you like it marked?"

"I had n't thought of that, but I will, and let you know in a little while," answered his son joyfully, as he started to go upstairs. "Thank you so very, very much."

Retiring to his bedroom he closed the door, emerging an hour later with a slip of paper which he handed to his father, saying, "That is what I should like, sir, if I may. Only it might be engraved better than that."

Mr. Saunders smiled as he read this legend laboriously traced on the slip of paper:

Polly Brown
from Ned Saunders
Aug 4 1866.

"I think I can understand this, Ned, but you have made a mistake about the date. Your birthday will be the tenth and you have written this the fourth of August."

"I know, sir. The reason I did that was that it should always be a reminder to Polly of our making up to-day."

"All right, Ned, but don't you tell Polly, and we will make it a surprise. I want to do some-

thing for him myself. We will have it all shipped by express to arrive Monday morning."

Ned could scarcely wait for Monday to come, so excited was he at the thought of the "surprise party," as he termed it, he was preparing for his friend.

On Sunday, Polly was pronounced fit to sit up, and the next day, in honor of Ned's birthday, he was to be allowed to come down-stairs.

It must be confessed that Ned, on his birthday morning, when he looked over the gifts laid out for him in the breakfast-room, did feel as if he was making a pretty big sacrifice.

His mother's present and his sister's, and those of an aunt or two, who still remembered to send him a necktie or pair of gloves, were there, but his father's gift, always the great prize of these occasions, was, of course, absent, and the boy felt for a minute rather like a martyr to duty.

This feeling, however, was only momentary, and after thanking them all he hurried through breakfast and ran off to the Browns.

He found Polly down-stairs at last, and after receiving his and Mrs. Brown's congratulations, they sat down to a game of checkers. Ned was usually the master at this game, but this time was disastrously beaten through his inability to attend to his play.

Several times he started up at the sound of approaching wheels, only to find that they were not attached to the vehicle he was so anxious to see; but at last, when his patience was almost exhausted, up drove the expressman and stopped at the door.

"Wonder what he 's got?" queried Polly. "Come for the nurse's trunk, though, I suppose."

"Probably that 's it," answered Ned, with wonderfully assumed calmness, considering his state of mind. "But, Polly, he seems to be taking something off. It 's a long box and there 's another, a square one."

"What in the world can it be," said Polly. "Suppose you call mother, Ned. Mr. Slocum will want his book signed."

Ned, choking with excitement, summoned Mrs. Brown from her housework and resumed his seat as she opened the door to Slocum.

"Morn', Mis' Brown," said the latter, as he stood on the door-step wiping his brow with his red bandanna handkerchief, for the morning was a warm one; "I got two boxes hardware from New York for ye."

"For me, Mr. Slocum? What can it be?"

"Wal, 't ain't marked for you, exactly; but I judged that P. Brown, Browntown, N. Y., came putty nigh meanin' Polly. Ain't he expecting nothing?"

"Not that I know of, but perhaps it is for him, Mr. Slocum. Is there no way of telling?"

"Let somebody open 'em up, Mis' Brown, and if they ain't for Polly you can have 'em nailed up again and I 'll put 'em in the office to be called

"I 'll tell you what I 'm afraid it is, Ned," replied Polly, solemnly.

"What?"

"Crutches. Doctor Watt said I might have to use them for a while, you know."



"'NED!' CRIED POLLY, 'WHAT DOES THIS MEAN?'"

for. Sign the book, please. No; no charges. All paid. Good day," and off went Slocum.

Ned volunteered to bring the boxes into the sitting-room, and did so, while Mrs. Brown went to get the ax and hammer.

"What do you think it is, 'Polly?'" asked Ned. "We must all guess, you know."

"Crutches nothing," responded Ned savagely, relapsing into slang under the pressure. "There is something heavy in both boxes. I guess it must be an electric fan. You know in those hot nights how you needed one. Perhaps they sent for it."

"If you will only hurry, we 'll soon find out," urged Polly. "I am almost dying with curiosity."

"Take it easy, pardner, I 'm almost ready with the long one. There, off she comes. Whatever it is, it is all wrapped up in paper. I 'll move it over and you can unpack it yourself now, while I open the other one."

He attacked the other box with seeming fury, under cover of which he slyly watched Polly as he carefully laid back the paper coverings and at length lifted out the flannel case containing, Ned well knew what.

"Why, Ned!" exclaimed Polly, a little anxiously, "come here! This can't be for me. I think it 's a gun, it feels like it."

"What?" responded his "innocent" companion. "Let me heft it. Why, it is, Polly, sure as you are born!"

"It can't be for me," said Polly. "I presume there are plenty of P. Browns in this world."

"Let 's have a look at it, anyway," cried Ned. "We can have that satisfaction. Slide off the case, Polly."

Off it came and disclosed a beautiful double-barreled, breech-loading shot-gun, with pistol-grip and safety-guard, all silver-mounted and inscribed on the side of the lock in letter and device inlaid with gold:

Polly Brown, from Ned Saunders,



Aug. 4, 1906.

"Ned," cried Polly, "what does this mean?"

"It means, Polly, that I had a new gun given me, and I just could n't bear to part with my old one yet, so I had the new one marked for you."

"Oh, Ned, how could you! But I can't take it, Ned, I can't indeed. You wanted a new one so much. You really must take it back."

"Impossible, old fellow. It 's marked now, and would n't shoot for any one but you."

"But, Ned, the date, August 4th, what does that mean? Why, that was last—I see now," he went on, after a pause, "what you mean and I 'll keep

the gun, Ned, and always remember. But it shall shoot for you, Ned, and we will use it together every day this autumn, if," he added, mournfully, "we can ever afford to buy shells for it."

"Father has settled that part of it. The square box is full of shells. That is his present to you. He is a brick, is n't he, Polly?"

"He has been very kind to me, Ned, and some day, when I grow up, I hope in some way to repay him. I 'll have to hurry up and get well, for I cannot stand it long to have that gun and not fire it. But, Ned, what in the world is this?" for Polly while talking had been fumbling in the gun box and now drew forth a second flannel case. "It 's another. Open it Ned, quick, quick! Oh, hoo-ray! hoo-ray!" he shouted as Ned tore off the enveloping flannel and disclosed a second gun, the counterpart of the first in all save the inscription, which read:

Edwin Saunders, from his Father,
August 10th, 1906.

Ned stood still for a few minutes gazing at the gun, which he held at arm's length, and speechless with delight, and rather sobered by this new token of his father's generosity.

"A brick! Ned, you said he was a 'brick.' I think he is a whole diamond mine. Hurry up and open the other box and let us feast our eyes on it all."

Duly opened, the second box was found to contain not only ammunition in abundance, but two fine cartridge-belts and two corduroy shooting-jackets, lined with blanketing, and proof against cold and storm, and with pockets everywhere of all sizes desired by a sportsman.

Two happier boys Brownstown never held than Ned and Polly that morning as they sat and fondled their new weapons and chattered away making plans for the future, so that, by the time Mrs. Brown came in to say that "Ned must run home to dinner as it was one o'clock," they had already, in spirit, become mighty Nimrods, and had even planned a hunting-trip to the Far West.



THE HERO

BY SAMUEL F. BATCHELDER

THE new organ in the South Parish Church at Weare Village was finished at last, and the "opening" was to be at four o'clock that August afternoon. Already the people were beginning to come. Franky Wilson had secured betimes a seat in the very middle of the very front row of pews. He was particularly interested in the occasion. To begin with, he was "musical" himself. At least his mother said he was, and had made him "take lessons" of Miss Tapper for a year. As a net result he could, on sufficiently urgent demand,

organ. He had seen the long boxes looking like giants' coffins unpacked, and their hundreds of pipes laid all over the tops of the pews. He had seen the strong clean-looking frame set up and bolted together. He had seen the rows of "trackers" fitted, like thin white nerves, to carry the orders from the keys to the pipes. He had seen the "swell-box" built, the "wind-chests" connected, and the "action" installed, and all the other wonderful secret doings that happen when the organ builders go to church. Then had come the rank-



"'THE STAIRS HAVE FALLEN IN,' HE CRIED." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

extract "The Happy Farmer" and the "Steel King March" from the cabinet organ in the "best room" at his home.

Besides, he was inquisitive, which is only another way of saying he was a boy, and by the favor of Uncle Seth Howe, the sexton, he had watched every step in the erection of the new

ing of the pipes themselves by families, wood and tin, long and short, fat and slim—the varied inhabitants in a beautiful city of music. As a great privilege, Franky had been sometimes allowed to blow the bellows while the "voicer" taught all the pipes of one family to speak the same language, and the tuner who followed insisted that

they speak it correctly. Franky was mechanical, which is again only *another* way of saying he was a boy; he had learned more about "levers," and "wind-pressures," and "friction," and "reverse-motions," and "acoustics" than he ever could have learned at school. Altogether, as he sat in the front pew and looked at the carved oak case and the silvered front-pipes and the creamy keyboards he almost felt as if that new organ belonged to him.

He was actually jealous of Mr. Short, the famous organist, who had come from Boston to give the opening recital. Franky had stolen in that morning and listened to him practise over his program and try all sorts of experiments with the organ. There was one piece on the program that had bothered Mr. Short a lot. It was called "Improvisations on Wagner's Fire Charm." Mr. Short played it without any music in front of him; but every now and then he had to stop and peep at a paper he kept in his pocket as if he was ashamed of it. Franky wondered whether he could get along without consulting that paper this afternoon. He was sitting on the platform now with the minister, Mr. Bloodgood; and the organist smiling and chatting and shooting out his cuffs two or three times a minute.

And the people were pouring in faster and faster; there were more than Franky had ever seen at "meeting." There were all the South Parish folks, including a lot who never came on Sunday. There were all the North Parish folks too. They had repainted their steeple and hung a new bell last year, and they felt a bit nervous now lest the South Parish had "gone them one better." Then there were all the summer boarders. Any change from sitting on the piazza or driving in a dusty carryall was welcomed by them. Franky couldn't help thinking how much better Sunday service would be if as many folks as this would come to it. They were crowding thicker and thicker up the narrow shaky stairs; for the auditorium was on the second floor. Even the gallery above it, where nobody had sat for years and years, was filled. No wonder the air felt close and hot. By the time every one was seated there was scarcely an empty pew to be found—a wonderful sight in a New England meeting-house to-day.

The big clock in the steeple struck four clangs with a jar that seemed to shake the floor. Mr. Bloodgood, the minister, who was noted for his punctuality, rose promptly as the final stroke sounded, and came forward to the edge of the platform. Everything was very still.

"Brethren and sisters," he began, in his deepest and smoothest voice, "we welcome you here to-

day. We welcome our good friends of a sister church. We welcome the strangers within our gates. To each and all we reach out the right hand of fellowship and say: 'Rejoice with us!' This is a memorable occasion for us all. It is indeed rarely that within these hallowed precincts there falls—"

He was interrupted by a long ripping crash from the back of the auditorium—a sort of wooden thunderclap, as if a dozen wagon-loads of planks were all being unloaded at once. Mixed with it were muffled shouts and screams. Everybody jumped up and turned round so simultaneously that you might have thought them all pulled



"PUMP, PUMP, UP AND DOWN, HE WAS PANTING FOR BREATH!"

by one string. Then there was a second of horrible silence. Franky suddenly felt an awful choking inside, as if he had swallowed a whole Thanksgiving dinner at one gulp. In the middle of the silence Uncle Seth, at the rear of the church, called out: "The stairs have fallen in!"

And as a white cloud of plaster-dust puffed through the doorway, Silly Billy, next to him, cried in a high squeak—

"Fire!"

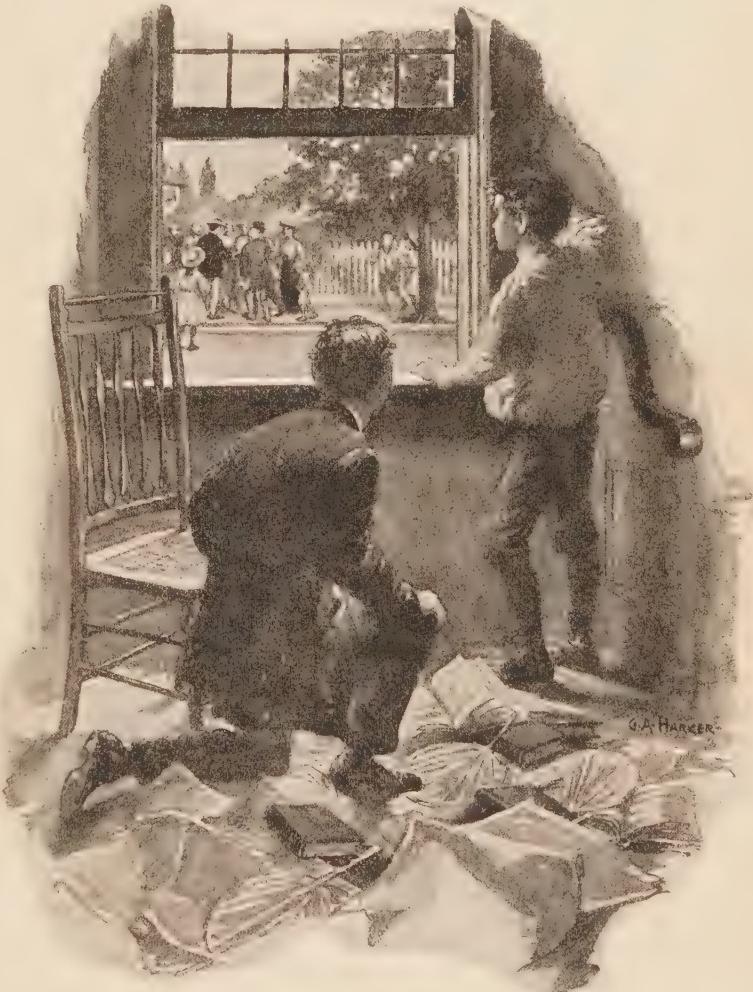
A sort of shudder seemed to run over the people, with a queer bubbling groan. Mr. Bloodgood raised his hand warningly.

"Keep cool! Sit down!" he shouted shrilly, as a herder shouts to a flock of sheep. Nobody paid the slightest attention. Silly Billy's cry echoed again—"Fire! Fire!" Other cries joined it. The aisles were full of people; those by the door were pushing toward the windows, those near the windows were struggling for the door. Some were standing on the seats, some were crawling under them. Franky had lost every idea he ever had. He stood stock-still, watching Mr. Bloodgood. Mr. Bloodgood spun round to Mr. Short, with a half-scream, "Play something, quick!" Mr. Short's face was very white and his answer sounded very far away—"I can't. The blower has n't come!"

Franky never knew how it happened. His head felt just as vacant as before, but he heard himself cry out, like some other boy, "I'll pump!" At the same time he discovered himself climbing over the edge of the platform and dashing into the narrow crooked passage that led behind the organ to the little closet for the blower. He fell upon the bellows-handle like a young maniac, and the slim white finger of the wind-indicator slid down in a moment to show that the bellows were full. At the same instant the pipes around him began to sound: Mr. Short was playing. Excited as he was, Franky recognized the piece at once; it was the "Improvisation." He was quite close to the player, though separated by the panels of the organ-case; the music

was not very loud, and he could hear Mr. Bloodgood's hoarse exclamation, "For mercy's sake don't play that! That's the *Fire Music!* Give us something brisk and cheerful!"

There was an instant's pause. Franky saw all the stop-actions beside him move outward, and then the full organ burst into a roar of sound. It was his own best show piece, the "Steel King!" All the pipes were at it, big and little,



"'THERE HE IS ACROSS THE STREET, SHAKING HANDS. FOLKS SAY HE'S A HERO.'"

tooting and blaring and whistling. The sound was almost deafening, and Franky had all he could do to keep the bellows full. As for the hub-bub in the auditorium he heard no more of it than if he were in a boiler-shop a hundred miles away. He began to wonder if people were getting hurt. Was that shouting, jostling crowd a

"panic?" And how about the fire? No time to think now! There was that white finger sliding up, and he must keep it down! Pump—pump! Up and down! He was panting for breath. The "Steel King" had finished and was beginning all over again as loud as ever. What a blast those big bass pipes made close to his head, and how they used up the wind! Faster with that handle there,—faster, faster! Up and down, up and down! His face was in a perspiration. It was terribly hot in that little closet. Was there something besides the summer afternoon that made it so? Was that smoke or dust creeping in? No time to think now! His job was at that pump-handle, up and down, up and down, fighting that old wind-indicator that jumped and jeered at him without a pause. And what a roaring! Suddenly he found it was not perspiration alone that was running down his face—he was crying from sheer excitement and fatigue. He would have been sobbing had he had the breath, but his lungs seemed absolutely breathless.

Pump! pump! pump! Could he hold out much longer? It was getting very dark around him. Should he be burned up all by himself there? His back felt like a rusty hinge; his arms he could not feel at all. Up and down, up and down! He had a sudden burst of foolish anger against that sickly white finger that was beckoning him on every moment to further trouble. There was another beginning of the "Steel King." How many times did that make? He hated that tune, and always had! The fire must be very near now. What had become of Mr. Bloodgood and all the people? Was he all alone in the world? Pump, pump, for very life! It was for life, for he knew now that he was a sailor on the reeling deck of a ship in mid-ocean—a ship that was both afire and aleak, with all hands at the pumps, up and down, up and down! The roar of the flames and the roar of the water and the roar of the wind filled his head to bursting. Everything was roaring and reeling and turning black, the ship was sinking—sinking—

WHEN he awoke he was doubled up across the floor of the blower's little closet. Everything was quiet. Outside, it was getting dark. His head ached fearfully. He felt as if he had been playing a dozen foot-ball games at once, and getting horribly pounded in every one of them. He was so stiff he could hardly stand. He crept

painfully out of the little alleyway into the auditorium. It was empty and not at all burned! Ladder-heads at several of the windows showed the way that many of the people had got out. Down near the door Uncle Seth Howe was poking among a pile of pew-cushions, hymn-books and palm-leaf fans.

"Why, hello, Franky," said he, rather crossly. "What you doin' here? Ain't nobody allowed in; 't ain't noways safe, they say."

Franky peered down into the empty staircase-well at the pile of rubbish covered thick with plaster-dust.

"Then there was n't any fire?" he asked. "Was n't there any fire?"

"Fire? No," snapped Uncle Seth, "no more 'n my cat's tail 's afire. If folks had only acted half-ways sensible, they would n't ha' been all this Billy-oh!"

"Was n't anybody hurt?"

"More scart than hurt, I guess. Ol' Mis' Spencer's lost her false teeth, but I'll be jiggered 'f I c'n find 'em!"

"Then there was n't any need of all that playing the organ?"

"Oh, yes they was, too. That's what kinder heartened folks up and stiddied 'em till the ladders was got h'isted, and somebody remembered the side stairs was all right. I guess that organist feller saved the bacon. It beats all how some folks is always handy when they're wanted. Everybody's wild about him. The reporter fer the Boston papers has got his photygraph to put on the front page. Folks is talkin' about gettin' up a testimonial for him. There he is acrost the street now, a-shakin' hands still. Folks say he's a hero."

Franky dug his toe into the pile of hymn-books meditatively.

"I'd like to be a hero," he said. "Some day I mean to try."

Uncle Seth shook his head.

"I come nigh bein' a hero onct, myself," he observed, "only another feller could swim faster, and pulled the gal out afore I reached her. He got a medal, too. But I dunno. I don't take much stock in this hero business—it's too uncertain. They ain't much in it."

"No, I s'pose not," said Franky, wondering what the "hero" would have done without a volunteer to keep the air in the organ-pipes. "Well, I guess I'll go home."

THE DOG THAT RETURNED TO MEXICO.

BY ELLIS PARKER BUTLER

SAMUEL DAZZARD was a great friend of mine and when I was working in the garden he often

all the way back to Iowa carrying a Mexican carved leather saddle and a braided hair bridle, which were all he had to show for a herder's outfit that he assured me was the finest a man ever owned. He had a dog, a coal black one that he had brought from Mexico, but it was a surprisingly mixed breed of dog, and not at all the kind that he could trade for a horse.

As a money-maker Sam Dazzard was a failure, but he was a powerfully lively thinker and he had a mechanical bent that would have made him rich if it had turned toward anything useful, but it did n't.

Sam—we all called him Sam—was a lank man, with innocent blue eyes and light hair. He had always a far-away expression, as if he was thinking of Mexico, and he was the most deadly serious man I ever knew.

I could hardly believe my ears when Sam came to me one day and offered to trade me the braided-hair bridle for the old buck-board that we were letting rot to pieces in the barn-yard. One wheel of the buck-board was badly dished, and it had been a cheap vehicle when new.

"Have you got a horse, Sam?" I asked.

"No," he said. "No, I would n't have a horse in this country if you gave me one. A horse is all right in Mexico, but up here they eat their heads off. It does n't pay to keep horses in Iowa."

"Then what do you want the buck-board for?" I ventured to ask.

Sam shook the bottom of the buck-board to see how sound it was.

"Well," he said, slowly, "I'll tell you. I am going to make an automobile. An automobile is the thing to have in this country. What a man wants up here is speed. Horses are all right in Mexico, where everybody takes plenty of time, but up here we have to move about fast. You mark my word; in ten years there won't be a horse left in Iowa."



came and leaned over the fence and told me how the peons made gardens in Mexico.

Indeed, he told me many things about Mexico, for he had been there, and had walked

He sat down and studied the buck-board for a while, and we waited.

"How are you going to run it?" I asked, after a while.

"Gasoline," he said, simply. "I prefer gasoline. You get more speed with gasoline, and that's what I'm after. I've got as fine a little gasoline engine as you ever saw—as soon as I get it in shape."

"Oh yes," he continued, "I've got some ideas that I'm going to use that will surprise some people. I do wish that hind wheel was a little better, but I guess I can fix it up. It's got to stand a lot of speed. Maybe," he said, dreamily, "I'll buy a new wheel if it does n't cost too much."

We boys spent a great deal of our spare time for the next month or two at Sam's cabin



"THE HIND WHEELS OF THAT BUCK-BOARD REVOLVED SO RAPIDLY YOU COULD N'T SEE THE SPOKES." (SEE NEXT PAGE.)

"Why, I thought that engine blew up and wrecked the launch!" I said, surprised.

"Well, it did blow up some," Sam admitted, reluctantly. "It blew up some! But I can put it in good shape again in no time, and it was a mighty fine engine when it was new. Two horse-power engine. Why!" he said, enthusiastically, "One horse could run away with this buck-board and not know it had anything behind it; and when I get *two* horse-power in it, it will fly! That's what I want—speed."

He paused, thoughtfully.

watching the progress of the automobile. It took no little ingenuity and a great amount of patience to patch up the gasoline engine, but, while Sam had some ingenuity, he seemed to have more patience than anything else.

It was no trick at all for him to rig up a steering gear, but it troubled him to connect the engine with the rear wheels of the buck-board. He explained to us what he needed, and it seemed to be nearly everything he did n't have and could n't get, and he admitted it frankly and said that if he just had a couple of

good cog-wheels and a piece of endless chain he could do without the other things, but he did n't have the cog-wheels and chain either, and he finally rigged up a rope to drive the wheels.

He had the engine screwed to the floor slats of the buck-board and, for the test, he had the rear axle jacked up on a barrel so that the wheels were a foot or so above the ground, and there were almost tears in his eyes the first

there was no place to put it on the buck-board.

Sam's cabin was by the river bank, surrounded by brush and undergrowth, so we boys all lent a hand to carry the automobile to the road, which was not far. It was a good road for speeding an automobile, level as the top of a table—and we begged Sam to let the automobile go full speed, but he firmly refused. He



"I SHOULD SAY SAM WAS MOVING AT THE RATE OF ABOUT ONE MILE AN HOUR."

time he started the engine. The hind wheels of that buck-board revolved so rapidly you could n't see the spokes. Sam said he figured they were going at the rate of at least one hundred miles an hour, but that he would n't drive the automobile that fast at first. He said it took some time to learn how to handle an automobile, and that until he learned he would not think of going over ten miles an hour, especially as he had n't rigged up a brake yet. He explained that he could easily make a brake, if he had a few articles he did n't have, but

said we might enjoy seeing him dashed to pieces, but that he was not going to trust himself at any hundred miles an hour until he learned to handle the machine properly.

He climbed in and braced himself firmly on the seat and turned on the power a little. The engine chugged and chugged away, as gasoline engines do, but nothing happened. Then Sam turned on more power, but the automobile sat still in the road and did not move. I could see that Sam was chagrined, but he said nothing. He turned the gasoline engine on at full power.

That engine certainly was a good one. It was full of life and vim, and it fairly jumped up and down on the buck-board, like a child romping on a spring bed, but the buck-board seemed frozen to the road. It did not move an inch.

Sam stopped the engine and got out and crawled under the buck-board, which was so much like what a man with a real automobile would have done that we all cheered. Then Sam got up and shook his head.

"It beats me!" he exclaimed, sadly. "I can't see what is wrong. I can't for a fact."

He leaned over the engine and turned on the power at the lowest notch and what do you think! The automobile moved! It did not run away; it did not dash off at a hundred miles an hour, but it moved. It went about as fast as a baby could creep.

Sam got in again and gave it the full power once more but the automobile would not budge. Then he got out and gave it half power and it started off so fast that he had to dog-trot to keep up with it, but the moment he got in, it stopped dead still. We found, by experimenting that when Sam was in the automobile and the engine doing its best it was just an even balance. One of us boys could push the automobile along with one finger, but the moment we stopped pushing, the automobile stopped going. If the engine had been one fraction of a horse stronger the automobile would have run itself, or if Sam had been a couple of pounds lighter the engine would have been able to propel the automobile, but, as it was, it would not go alone. It would almost go, but not quite; but an automobile that will almost go is no better than one that will not go at all.

The first minute Muchito—that was the dog's name—heard the gasoline engine he crawled under Sam's cabin and refused to come out, and, when he found that Sam meant to keep the engine and make a sort of pet of it, Muchito took to going away during the day. He would come back to the cabin at night, with his coat full of burrs, but early the next morning he would run away again.

The next morning after that I was starting for a good day's fishing and had just got to

the edge of the town when I heard a noise down the road like a steamboat trying to get off a sand-bar, and coming toward me I saw Sam in his automobile. He was holding to his steering bar with both hands and his hat pulled down over his ears to keep it from shaking off, and the engine was bouncing the bed of the buck-board so that Sam's teeth rattled like a stick drawn along a picket fence. Sam was jiggling up and down on the seat, like a man with the chills and the whole outfit was palpitating as if it would be shaken to pieces the next minute. Everything was going at the rate of one hundred miles an hour except the wheels, and they were moving about as slowly as a tired turtle travels in the sun. I never saw so much noise and rattle and energy produce so little forward motion. I should say Sam was moving at the rate of about one mile an hour, but he was moving and his face showed his triumph.

I could walk so much faster than he could ride that I might say that I met him before he met me. He did not see me until I was right in front of him, for he was too busy being shaken, but the minute he saw me the automobile stopped.

Muchito saw me at the same moment, and jumped up on me, as a dog will. I never saw a dog so glad to see anyone as Muchito was to see me. We had always been good friends but not affectionate, but this time he wanted to love me to death. Sam had him fastened to the front axle of the automobile with a ten-foot rope.

"Hello, Sam," I said; "got the automobile so that it runs all right now, have n't you?"

"Yes! Oh, yes!" he said quickly. "She runs fine now. Not fast, but steady. That's what a man wants in an automobile—steadiness. This idea of speed is all wrong. You get too much speed and you run over people. It is n't safe. Steadiness is what a man wants in this country; a good, steady automobile that will go where he wants it to go. I was just going up to town," he added.

"You must have started pretty early," I ventured.

"Yes," he admitted, "Pretty early. About four o'clock. I want to take my time. I want

this machine to get down to good, steady work before I try any speed."

He looked anxiously over the front of the buck-board at Muchito, who was cowering close to my legs.

"Well," he said, "I guess I'll move on. I've got quite a way to go yet."

He turned on the power and the buck-board began to palpitate and bounce and jolt, but it did not move. Sam stood up and looked over at Muchito. Muchito was sitting on his tail looking sad and scared.

"Well, so long!" I shouted, "I want to get to the dam before the fish quit biting this morning."

I moved off down the road and Muchito followed me as far as the rope would allow. I looked back when I had gone a few yards and saw Sam get out of the automobile and take Muchito in his arms and carry him around to the front of the automobile and point him toward the city. Six times Sam carried Muchito to the front of the automobile and six times Muchito turned back and strained toward me at the end of the rope. Then Sam stood up and called to me.

"Hey!" he shouted. "Wait!"

I waited and saw Sam lift the rear wheels of the automobile around and straighten it out so that it was headed *away* from the city. Then he got in and turned on the power. Muchito was still straining toward me. The automobile moved toward me, slowly, but as Sam desired, steadily.

I understood Muchito was running away from the automobile, and if Muchito did not run neither did the automobile. His slight pull on the rope was all that was necessary to change

the automobile from an inert but jolting buck-board into a slow but steady forward-moving vehicle.

"I guess I won't go to town to-day," chattered Sam, when he was near enough to make me hear; "I don't want to go to town much anyway. I enjoy riding one way as much as the other."

If he enjoyed being joggled I could admit it. I waited for him to come up with me, but as soon as Muchito reached me the dog sat down and the automobile stopped. Sam looked at me and at the dog.

"Suppose," he shouted, "suppose you walk on a little ahead. That dog—I don't want to run over that dog. If you go on ahead he won't lag back. I would n't run over that dog for a good deal. That dog came from Mexico."

I started forward and whistled to Muchito. The dog jumped forward and the automobile moved, but the rope Sam had used was an old one and it snapped.

For one moment Muchito stood in surprise. The next moment Sam had jumped from his automobile and made a dash for Muchito, but the dog slipped quickly to one side, glanced once at the automobile which was moving rapidly into the fence at the side of the road, and then tucking his tail between his legs started down the road at a gallop. We saw him turn the bend in the road and we never saw him again. He was tired of being an assistant motor to an automobile and he was headed for Mexico, where there are peons and haciendas and rancheros, but no buck-board motor cars.



FATHER'S WHALING VOYAGE.

(As told and illustrated by Father. N. B.: Father is a whaler, not an artist.)

BY JOSEPHINE GRANT

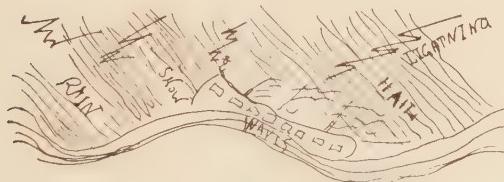
FATHER went to New Bedford in 1854. He shipped on a vessel which was to start the next morning to catch whales.

The next morning the ship started. There was hardly any wind. The captain said the



ship went too slow, so he tied a rope around father and fastened the other end to the ship, and made father get out in the water and swim and pull on the rope.

Very soon the wind began to blow, and the ship sailed faster and faster. Father was afraid the ship would run over him and rub the skin off his back, so he made a dive, and the ship sailed over him without doing him any harm. He came to the top of the water behind the



ship. But by this time she was going so very fast that when the rope became tight it gave such a tremendous and sudden jerk that it yanked my father clear out of the water and sent him flying through the air, and he came down on the ship in good shape.

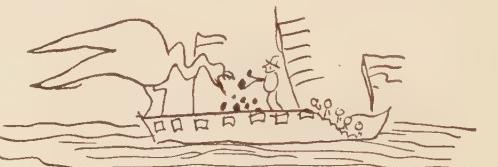
The vessel was then passing Nantucket, and very soon entered the Gulf Stream, when a big



storm came on. For fourteen days the ship was at the mercy of the storm, driven to and fro by the winds and tossed up and down by

the waves. They were all afraid except my brave father.

At ten minutes past one o'clock in the afternoon a great thing was seen in the air. Whatever it was, it was evidently tired, for it alighted on the ship. All the sailors were so scared, and the captain also, that they ran down below, leaving my father alone on deck with the great bird. The bird noticed that my father looked surprised, and my father's astonishment was greatly increased upon hearing the bird speak.



The bird said, "Good afternoon; may I trouble you for something to eat?" Father at once shouted to the sailors to bring up some food for the bird. After eating all he wanted, the bird said, "Thank you; can I be of any service to you?"

My father had confidence in the bird, because he was so polite, showing he had been well brought up, and the bird loved my father because he was not afraid and had fed him; so the

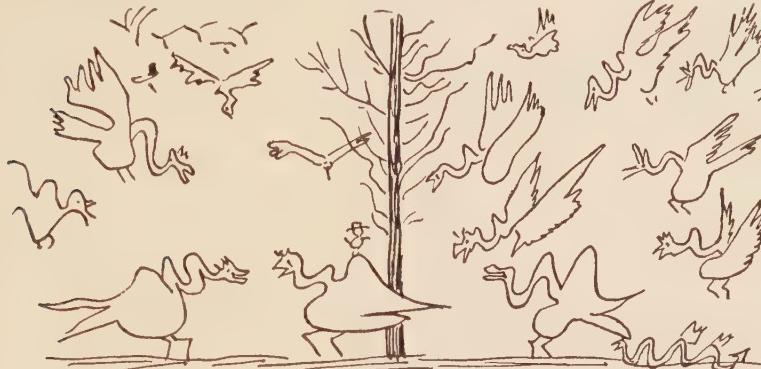


bird was told all about the trip, and how they were after whales, and how the storm had blown them far from their course.

My father then asked the bird what his name was and where he came from. He said he was of the family of Whipper-whoppers from the south pole. He offered, if my father would ride on his back, to go and bring assistance.

My father at once accepted this kind offer, which led the procession carried my father, and got up on the Whipper-whopper's back.

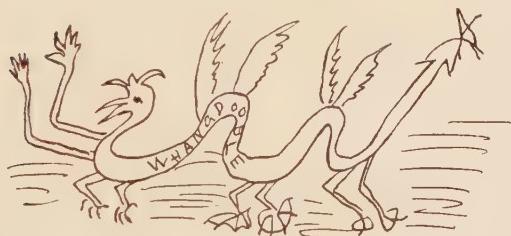
About noon of the second day the ship was dis-



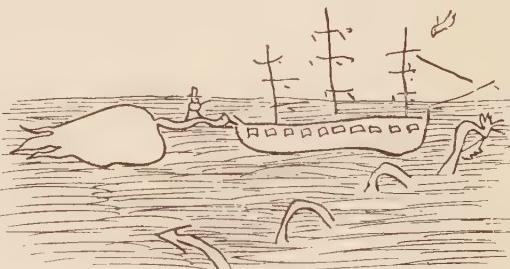
On the morning of the third day they arrived at the south pole. Notice was sent for all the Whipper-whoppers to meet together. They came the next day — more than two hundred of them. They consulted together how they could

in safety to the ship. He found the sailors hid in empty oil-barrels. They came out when they heard my father's voice.

It seems that the sight of the Whang-doodles had scared them. My father reassured them and they followed him up on the deck. Now they all had a big talk as to what was the best thing to be done next. The Whipper-whoppers



help my father. It was decided to send a relief expedition composed of twenty Whipper-whoppers, each one of them to be accompanied by a Whang-doodle. The Whang-doodles acted as body-servants to the Whipper-whoppers, waiting upon them and helping them in various ways.



and some of the Whang-doodles were opposed to helping any one on the ship except my father. It was finally settled that they would help fill the barrels with oil if my father could have half of it.



Each of the Whipper-whoppers carried on his back a Whang-doodle. The Whipper-whopper

clear, and large whales were to be seen in every direction and in great numbers. The Whipper-

A long rope was then fastened to the bow of the ship, and the Whipper-whoppers with great force pulled it along at about forty miles an hour.

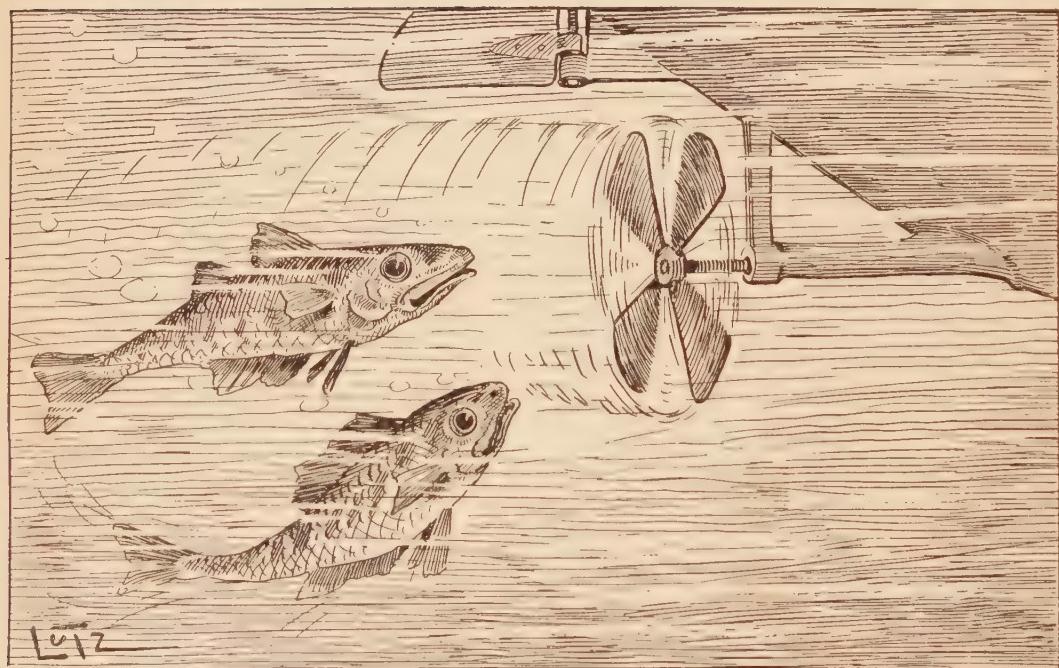
The morning of the fourth day was bright and

whoppers, knowing that what my father wanted was whales, commenced at once to catch them. It was a very exciting scene,—one which my father has often described to us.

As his illustration shows, it took two Whipper-whoppers to carry each whale; and they brought several whales to the ship and placed

them on the deck. However, the ship was soon full of oil, and the Whipper-whoppers kindly offered to tow it to New York, where the oil was sold for a lot of money.

By this stroke of good fortune my father gained sufficient wealth to enable him to retire from the whaling business.



"MY! WHAT A REFRESHING BREEZE COMES FROM THAT FAN!"

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